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GLORIA VIRTUTIS UMBRA

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MEMOIRS OF GEORGE ELERS

CAPTAIN ELERS.

12th Regt

MEMOIRS

GEORGE ELERS

[illegible] REGIMENT OF FOOT

[illegible]

[illegible]

Correspondence and other Papers with
Genealogical Notes

[illegible]

MEMOIRS

OF

GEORGE ELERS

Captain in the 12th Regiment of Foot

(1777—1842)

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

Correspondence and other Papers with Genealogy and Notes

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS.

BY

LORD MONSON AND GEORGE LEVESON GOWER

With Two Portraits and Map

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND CO.
1903

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INTRODUCTION

THE MS. of these Memoirs of Captain George Elers, of the 12th Regiment of Foot, was found in the library at Burton Hall by my relative, Mr. George Leveson Gower, to whom I am also indebted for his assistance in preparing this volume for publication; and as they seemed to me to present a truthful and interesting picture of life in society and in the Army at the end of the eighteenth and at the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, I decided on publishing them.

Captain Elers had renewed early in 1841 his acquaintance with my grandfather, the sixth Lord Monson (then Mr. William Monson), with whom he was connected through the family of Debonnaire. My grandfather, who succeeded to the title by the death of his cousin in October of that year, subsequently rendered certain services to Captain Elers. Captain Elers died at St. Heliers, in Jersey, in January, 1842, from a stroke of apoplexy, having appointed Lord Monson his heir and executor; but the inheritance was not a profitable one, as practically his sole means of subsistence was a trifling annuity from his cousin, Mrs. Tennant. In fact,

beyond a few watches and a little jewellery (now in my possession) he had only a small sum of ready cash at the time of his death. Lord Monson subsequently erected a tablet to his memory.

A genealogical table, showing the author's relationship to my grandfather, will be found at the end of the volume, as well as a map of India, showing the different places mentioned in the narrative.

With reference to the correspondence which follows the Memoirs, and which, together with them, came into my grandfather's possession, a selection has been made of such letters as would seem to possess enough interest to justify their publication. Of the letters from the Duke of Wellington, that written in India when he was Colonel Wellesley (stated by the Captain to have been written in 1802, but which is dated November 19, 1801) corroborates the statements made by Captain Elers in his autobiography of his intimacy with the Duke in early days; whilst those addressed to Captain Elers by his cousin, Miss Maria Edgeworth, may confidently be expected to possess a certain attraction for all who admire the writings of that talented authoress. I am also fortified in my estimate of the interest of the Memoirs by the testimony of Miss Edgeworth herself, as expressed in one of her letters.

After careful consideration, it has seemed to me better to leave the text as it was written by the author, with the exception of a few necessary verbal

alterations. The course of his narrative is, it is true, occasionally somewhat involved and disconnected, but the inconvenience attendant upon this is, in my opinion, outweighed by that of attempting to rearrange the order of the text without always being in possession of sufficient materials to give one complete assurance that such a task has been carried out with perfect accuracy. I have further felt that it was preferable not to introduce changes into the author's somewhat peculiar style, except where this was absolutely necessary for ready comprehension. Such changes would, to my mind, rob the narrative of much of the quaintness which brings out so well the character and idiosyncrasies of the author.

The valuable footnotes to the Memoirs and correspondence are contributed by my friend, the Rev. Arthur Roland Maddison, Canon of Lincoln Cathedral, to whom my warm thanks are due for the care and interest which he has given to a task which he is so admirably qualified to fulfil. A few notes have been added by Mr. Leveson Gower, these being distinguished from Canon Maddison's by the editorial signature.

MONSON.

BURTON HALL, LINCOLN,
March 19, 1903.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

THESE recollections of my life, family, and connections are written for the information of my nephew, Edward Hungerford Delaval Elers, commonly called Napier, a Captain in the 46th Regiment, by his uncle,

GEORGE ELERS

(formerly a Captain in the 12th Regiment).

SEYMOUR PLACE,
September 19, 1837.

CHAPTER I

Author's birth—His two brothers—German ancestry—Queen Henrietta Maria—Elector of Maintz—Queen Christina of Sweden—Staffordshire Potteries—John Philip and David Elers—Josiah Wedgwood—Grandfather's marriage—Bourton—Father's marriage—Gordon riots—Northamptonshire—School at Chiswick—Lord Lyndhurst.

On May 14, 1777, in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square, I first saw the light, an elder brother, Hungerford Richard, having preceded me by four years. I was about four years old when my mother gave me a brother named Edward, while I flourished under the name of George. These were all the children my mother ever had.

The old baronial family of Elers were long settled in the northern parts of Lower Saxony, where many places preserve lasting memorials of the fact by the names they bear, as Elersdorf, Elerswolf, Elersdorpt, and others of similar terminology. In Hamburg some hereditary posts of honour and distinction were long held by the family; one of them was Admiral of their Fleet, which during the existence of the Hanseatic League in its full vigour was the most considerable maritime force in Europe. He married a daughter of the Prince of

Baden, in Germany, some of the honours of which family the son of that marriage asserted his right to in a long and expensive lawsuit, which in the Aulic Council of the Empire was determined against him. Disgusted with the decision, the family suddenly removed into Holland, where my great-great-grandfather, Martin Elers, was born, in the year 1621, and in 1650 married a daughter of Daniel van Mildert, a merchant of eminence, who brought with her a large fortune. Van Mildert was a person of such mercantile importance that the Queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria, during her residence in Holland in the time of her misfortunes, occasionally resided with him, and his little daughter, afterwards the wife of Martin Elers, recollects sitting in Her Majesty's lap eating sweetmeats at her father's table. This Martin Elers afterwards went as Ambassador from Holland to the Emperor of Germany. The eldest son of this marriage was my great-grandfather, John Philip, a godson of the Elector of Maintz,[1] of the illustrious family of Schönbrunn, who is honourably mentioned in Lord Clarendon's History. This John Philip associated much with men of science; was a great chemist, and the intimate friend and associate of Joachim Becker, the most distinguished person in chemical researches of his time, and of whom Boerhave, in his 'Chemical Lectures,' speaks with the greatest respect and

[1] The Elector of Maintz was instrumental in raising a subsidy for Charles II. during the Commonwealth.

regard. Their pictures were mutually exchanged, and some of his books were dedicated to my great-grandfather. The celebrated Christina, Queen of Sweden, was his godmother, and held him in her arms at the baptismal font, and we had a family picture recording the fact. She treated him with the greatest kindness and affection, and constantly called him her cousin, in remembrance of his descent from the royal House of Baden. The Elector of Maintz presented him with a service of plate and his picture set round with large rubies and diamonds, which my grandfather possessed. This John Philip Elers was born at Utrecht, September 7, 1664. He had an elder brother named David, born at Amsterdam, June 13, 1656. He also was a man devoted to the sciences, and particularly to chemistry. He travelled all over Europe, and visited Moscow among other places. His brother, John Philip, also travelled a great deal, associating with men of science. Both of them being great chemists, they in Holland were taught, or found out, the secret of mixing clay, and on their settling in England they introduced it into Staffordshire, and imparted their discovery to Mr. Wedgwood, who there established his famous potteries, which are still in existence. On their arrival in England, about the time of the Revolution, they settled in Staffordshire, and took up their residence at a large house called Brada Hall, which they rented of Mr. Sneyd, of Keele, where my great-grandfather married Miss Elizabeth Banks,

whose sister at that time was married to the Rev. Edward Vernon,[1] an ancestor of the noble Baron of that title. The Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., honoured him with his esteem and friendship, and granted to a brother of his wife a pension of £300 per annum. His sister Sarah was the second wife of Sir William Phipps, Governor of New England, who founded the present noble family of Mulgrave.

My great-grandfather was married in Leicestershire August 26, 1699, and soon afterwards went to reside at Battersea, in Surrey. In 1701 my great-grandfather removed from Surrey to Dublin, where he remained until his death in 1738. The other brother, David, resided in London, and was buried at Battersea, 1742. Whether my grandfather was born in England or Ireland I know not, but he finished his education at the University of Oxford,[2] and was considered a very accomplished scholar. He made the law his profession, and was called to the Bar soon after he left Oxford. Among other young men of fashion, he was on terms of intimacy with a Mr. Grosvenor (about to be married to a young heiress), who asked him to accom-

[1] Edward Vernon, son of John Vernon, and grandson of Sir Edward Vernon, Knt., of Houndshill, married Lettice, daughter of John Banks, of Uttoxeter, and was father of Rev. Edward Vernon, Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, who died unmarried 1765.

[2] His name does not appear in the matriculation books of the University.

pany him into Oxfordshire for the purpose of giving him his professional assistance in drawing up the marriage settlements. Mr. Grosvenor and the bride-elect quarrelled, and Mr. G., in joke, proposed that his friend should supply his place. And 'upon that hint he spake.' Miss Hungerford soon after became the bride of the young barrister, and brought him, with the old family seat of Bourton, an estate that then produced about £1,500 per annum, and which at this time yields £6,000 a year. On the marriage of my grandfather he relinquished his profession, his wife generally presenting him every year with a 'sweet little pledge,' while he sat in his library, like Dominie Sampson, enjoying the beauties of Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, etc., with his knees, in the winter months, literally in the fire, leaving the management of his estate to the steward and servants, and when money was wanted down came a fall of timber to supply immediate needs. Things could not long go on in this manner. The result was that my grandfather became in the course of a few years much embarrassed. To relieve him my father, on coming of age, joined him in cutting off the entail of the estate, and it was all sold with the exception of the mansion and fifty acres of land surrounding it. His son, my father, Paul George Elers, entered the army, and the interest of Simon, Earl of Harcourt, a great and kind friend of our family, procured him an ensigncy, and afterwards a lieutenancy, in the 70th Regiment.

On his marriage with my mother he retired on half-pay. I have reason to believe that it was through the interest of Lord Harcourt that my grandfather obtained a pension of £500 per annum on the Irish establishment after the loss of his estate. This kind-hearted nobleman accidentally lost his life in his park at Nuneham, in Oxfordshire, by falling into a well. I experienced much kindness from a relation of his when in the army, Major-General George William Richard Harcourt, a Lieutenant-Colonel of my regiment, who afterwards died Governor and Commander-in-Chief at St. Croix, West Indies.

My father married, about the year 1772, Miss Elizabeth Debonnaire,[1] of French extraction, whom he met at the house of his relations, the Miss Blakes, descendants of the famous Admiral, and also of the ancient family of my grandmother, the Hungerfords. There were in this family three or four sisters, all unmarried, and living in Great Russell Street. They kept much company, particularly among their own family connections and relations. Among the latter I perfectly recollect the Duchess of Leeds;[2] her mother, Mrs. Anguish;

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of John Debonnaire, of Bromley, married to Paul George Elers, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, July 16, 1772.

[2] The genealogical details given by the writer are rather difficult to verify. His grandfather Elers is said to have married an heiress, Mary, daughter of Anthony Hungerford, of Black Bourton, County Oxford. Her mother was a Blake, and Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the writer's uncle by marriage, in his 'Memoirs' (vol. i., p. 88), gives a graphic account of her, and also mentions the

Mrs. and Miss Hungerford (the latter afterwards married the Hon. General Crewe, and the son by that marriage is the present Lord Crewe); Mr.

Miss Blakes of Great Russell Street, where he used to see Captain Elers.

But in the 'Howard Papers,' written by H. Kent Staple Causton, a pedigree is given of the Blakes which seems at variance with the above.

Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of Sir Francis Blake, Knt., of Coggs, County Oxford, and Ford Castle, Northumberland, is said to have married Edward Digby Gerard Hungerford, of Black Bourton, son of Sir Edward Hungerford, Knt., by his third wife, Jane, daughter of George Digby, of Sandon, County Stafford, and relict of Charles, Lord Gerard, of Bromley.

R. L. Edgeworth expressly mentions a portrait of Sir Edward Hungerford being at Black Bourton. Again, in Playford's 'Baronetage' (*sub Blake*, of Twizel Castle), Miss Elizabeth Blake is said to have married simply Edward Hungerford, of Black Bourton, and to have had *no issue*.

It must also be remembered that R. L. Edgeworth, in his account of his wife's father marrying the heiress of Black Bourton, alludes to some difficulty in the title to the property.

Enough has been stated to show that some difficulty exists in making out a correct Hungerford pedigree. The connection with old Lady Moira, of which Miss Maria Edgeworth speaks, would be a strain even to Scotch cousinship, as the common ancestor must have lived in early medieval times.

As for the Miss Blakes of Great Russell Street, their identity must remain a problem.

They were elderly when R. L. Edgeworth, as a young man, frequented their house, and he was born in 1744, so that they must have been probably born early in the eighteenth century. But who was their father? Not Sir Francis Blake, of Coggs, who died in 1718, for he had seven daughters (coheirs), who all married. One of them married a Blake—Robert Blake, of Galway—and had a son created a baronet, Sir Francis Blake, of

George Keate, a cousin, at that time known as an author; Sir Francis Blake Delaval, a wild young man of fashion; his friend, Mr. Edgeworth, married to an aunt of mine; a Mr. Ogle; a Mr. Foyle; and Charles, Lord Dormer. All these were related to the old ladies, together with the Parkhursts, of Catesby Abbey, Northamptonshire.

I was about three years old when I perfectly recollect seeing the encampment in the Museum Gardens, occasioned by the riots in London, in the year 1780.[1]

The next event that made a great impression upon me was getting a severe whipping from my father for walking across some iron bars in the yard, which, I recollect, caused great grief to my mother, as I did it at the particular request of my brother, and merely to oblige him. I had an Aunt Charlotte, married to the Rev. John Kerby, of Bulwick, Northamptonshire. They had no children, and soon after their arrival in London I accompanied them, together with a Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of Bulwick Hall, into Northamptonshire.

Soon after I was born I was sent into Hertfordshire to be nursed by a woman named Holmes, living at Berkhampstead, in that county. I perfectly

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Twizel; but he died as late as 1780, and his children can all be accounted for. They may possibly have been daughters or granddaughters of a brother of Sir Francis Blake, of Coggs, but this is pure conjecture.

[1] The Gordon riots.

recollect my trip into Northamptonshire, and sleeping at an inn on the road with the lady's-maid. I had several aunts, and they all married, with the exception of one, the eldest. Louisa married the Rev. Alexander Colston, of Filkins Hall, Oxon; Maria, to Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq.; Diana, to the Rev. R. Welchman; Rachel, to Captain Hopkins, Royal Marines, killed on board the *Bellerophon* in Lord Nelson's action at the Nile; and Amelia, married to J. Baldey, Esq., an officer in the Navy, lost at sea.

With my uncle and aunt I became a great pet, and experienced every indulgence. I at that early age, little more than four, used to ride, with the groom, the horses to water in the village, without a saddle, and accompany my uncle shooting when I grew bigger. Nothing delighted me more than carrying home the game. Mr. and Mrs. Clark lived not more than a quarter of a mile from us, just through the village; crossing a small stream of water, you entered their park. With them I passed whole days together, and called them uncle and aunt. Mrs. Clark had been married previously to Mr. Tryon, a gentleman of ancient family and fortune, and she had by him two sons, whose children are now living at Bulwick Hall. They had also a residence at St. Martin's, Stamford, and one winter I accompanied them thither, where Mrs. Clark presented me with the first boy's suit of clothes I ever wore. I full well recollect how im-

patiently I lay in bed the morning they came from the tailor's, waiting for my favourite maid to dress me in them. Mr. and Mrs. Clark were on terms of great intimacy with Brownlow, the ninth Earl of Exeter. He was particularly fond of music, and I perfectly recollect staying a few nights at Burleigh to hear the celebrated Madame Mara sing there, where a large party of all the fashionables in the neighbourhood were staying. At this time Mr. Clark had not any deer in his park, while his fish-ponds were full of very fine carp. I remember Lord Exeter sending over to Bulwick Park a covered waggon filled with bucks and does; and a large quantity of fish were conveyed to Burleigh to stock the ponds and stews in return. At Mr. Clark's I remember often seeing the present Earl of Westmorland and the late Countess; Sir James Lowther, now Earl of Lonsdale; the Earl of Harborough; Sir Samuel Fludyer; Lord Cardigan; and many others. Lady Westmorland was very fond of driving a phaeton with four small ponies, and one evening, going through our village, her little postillions contrived to overturn the carriage, and threw out her ladyship and Lady Augusta Fane, the sister of Lord Westmorland. It happened Mr. and Mrs. Clark were at dinner at our house, and the two ladies came over to us, while an express was sent over to Apethorpe to inform Lord Westmorland of the accident. They fortunately were more frightened than hurt; but they slept at

Bulwick that night, and returned home with his lordship in the morning.

About three miles from us lived the Hon. Colonel and Mrs. Monckton, at Fineshade. Her maiden name was Adams, and she was an heiress. Her brother died, having acquired a large fortune in India in the military service; report stated it at £100,000. The Colonel had three daughters—fine young women. The eldest, Jane, died many years after I first saw them, unmarried. Elinor married the Earl of Harborough, and Mary Ann Sir George Pigott, Bart. They had an old French governess, a Madame Du Barré. They were very kind to me, and as I was a mere child I had the free entry into all their rooms. I used to spend several days together there.

About a mile from us lived a Mr. O'Brien, at Blatherwick Hall. This gentleman had a large Irish as well as an English property,[1] and had a large family of children by an Irish woman of the name of Kitty Flannigan.[2] Mr. O'Brien gave them all his name, and the eldest was my playmate, and a sad pickle he was. When he was old enough he would go into the army; he was soon sent to the West Indies, where the yellow fever finished him. His next brother, Stafford, after his father's death inherited the family estates. Many years after this,

[1] Blatherwycke, in County Northampton, and Cratloe Woods County Clare, Ireland.

[2] Margaret Flenary.

and some years after I returned from the East Indies, I went on a tour with Lord Berners into Northamptonshire, and among other gentlemen's seats we visited Mr. O'Brien's. I recollected many of the principal rooms, and particularly the nursery and stables; but where were the laughing, squalling children? Some dead, and the rest married. They all married well, and some into noble families. Mrs. Stafford O'Brien was the Hon. Miss Noel, and, when I knew her, young, gay, and handsome. But since that she has become what they call very evangelical.

To return to the scenes of my childhood. Notwithstanding the delight I took in beating the covers after game, riding, fishing, etc., my education was not neglected. I was taught writing by an old schoolmaster of the name of Rowell, and by the time I was six years old could both read and write and repeat the first dozen pages of my 'Accidence,' a little book that was destined afterwards to be the source of great torment and grief to me at the school I afterwards was sent to. Thus passed the really happy days of my childhood, indulged by my uncle, idolized by my aunt, and petted by the servants, when one fine day my mother arrived in a hack-chaise, and I was given to understand that I must be off for London with her in the course of a few days for the purpose of being sent to school. Of my poor mother I had not the smallest recollection. She was very tall and thin and pale, and

much marked with the small-pox, and in many other respects the reverse of my aunt, who was inclined to be fat, and had a fine colour. It was a heart-breaking parting for all of us except my mother.

It was in the autumn of the year 1785 that we left these happy scenes of my childhood, and my mother and self arrived at my father's house in Great Russell Street on the evening of the second day. My father was a handsome, dark-bearded man, with remarkably fine white teeth, very good-natured, but very passionate. My mother was a most pious and excellent woman, but of a most irritable disposition, letting very little matters vex her; and I feel conscious that from this unfortunate disposition of hers I was the source of great annoyance to her, not only as a child, but also when a big boy, the reflection of which has often, *even to this hour*, been a cause of bitter sorrow and repentance to me, for which, and all other of my numerous sins and transgressions, I beg pardon of Almighty God. I honoured and respected both my parents; but from being separated from them ere I knew them, I never felt that unbounded affection and love for them that I felt for my dear Aunt Charlotte. Such are the impressions, never to be eradicated, of our childhood.

On my arrival at home my two brothers were absent, the elder at a boarding-school, the younger, Edward, your father, at that time four years of age, on a visit with two of his aunts at

Twickenham. Christmas at length arrived, which brought home my elder brother from school for the holidays, and my father went to Twickenham with me for my aunts and little brother. I remember it was a severe frost, and I rode upon the box with the coachman and was nearly frozen. I recollect my little brother Ned was a fine little fellow in petticoats; large blue eyes, a fine fair skin, and light straight hair, very saucy and very passionate, bold and daring—in short, a boy that any mother might well be proud of. My elder brother was a fine boy of twelve years old, and from having been at school at Mr. Crawford's at Chiswick for three years was in comparison to us quite a man, at least in knowledge and experience. He took care during the holidays to give me my lesson how I was to conduct myself, and the line of conduct I was to pursue on my arrival at the school. On my first entrée he told me it was indispensable that I should establish my character for courage by taking the very first opportunity of fighting a battle, at the same time candidly telling me that if it was found out by any of the ushers or masters, a good flogging would be the consequence.

With this pleasant assurance, one fine winter morning my father and mother took us both in a glass coach to Mr. Crawford's school at Chiswick. I had but one consolation: my little pockets were stuffed out with oranges, nuts, apples, and sweetmeats, and a large purse filled with half-crowns,

shillings, and sixpences. In the course of the first hour, on my arrival in the school-room, the head usher, a tall, pale-faced young man in the last stage of consumption, by the name of the Reverend Mr. Lancaster, took me by the hand, opened his desk, and pointing to a large rod, hoped I never should be better acquainted with it. The school-room was a large one, capable of holding 100 boys; folding-doors divided it from the dining-room, which was also devoted to dancing, drawing, and fencing—twice a week. Monsieur Toutel presided over the first, Mr. Noble and his nephew over the second, and the justly celebrated Angelo taught us the use of the foils. The dwelling-house, a very large one, was devoted to the parlour boarders and as sleeping rooms for the rest of the boys. In the room in which my brother and self slept were about eight beds, each containing two boys; among them were some very big ones. Among the oldest of the boys was one by the name of Holroyd, and he gave me to understand that I was to be his fag, and that among other things I was to do for him was to clean his shoes, and fetch his water in a large pitcher to wash himself with, and to do any other jobs that he might require. At first the novelty of the thing amused me, but afterwards, being obliged to get out of my warm bed half an hour earlier than the usual time of rising proved to be a hardship and a source of annoyance. Among other methods of tyranny which the elder boys practised upon the younger

ones was to force them to strip themselves naked, go downstairs, and when the frost and snow had been on the ground to run round the playground three or four times while they lay snug in their warm beds. Tossing the little boys in blankets was another favourite diversion ; pulling off the bed-clothes and giving them what they called 'cold pigs' another. All these freaks, they said, were to make them hardy and tough. It appeared to me very severe discipline, brought up as I was from my earliest recollection with so much care and indulgence.

I had been at school but a few days, when an opportunity offered to indulge my pugnacious disposition, or rather to follow the instructions of my brother. During the hour allowed us for our breakfast and play, I got into a quarrel with a little boy about my own age of the name of Vansittart, and we adjourned to the playground, in front of a high wall where we used to play fives, to decide it. We had only fought two or three rounds, when one of the ushers captured us both and took us into the dwelling-house, where the master, Mr. Crawford, and his family were at breakfast. But instead of being punished I got caressed and praised, in consequence of some happy speech I made about my *honour*, and that I should not be thought a coward by the school on my first arrival. My next battle was with a little stout boy of the name of Richard Parry, one of the sons of the East India Director.

There were several brothers at the school, but George was the elder, a fine, manly young fellow. He, seeing us quarrelling, took one in each hand, and declared we should settle it as gentlemen. Whether I found Richard too strong for me, or was cowed by the presence of the elder brother, I cannot recollect, but I soon gave up the contest. Poor Richard afterwards went to India or China, and made and was left by his father an immense fortune; married and left an only son, Thomas, a very fine young man, heir to all his wealth. George, the elder, I met afterwards in the East Indies; he is dead, with all his brothers, my school-fellows, with the exception of Henry, who is now living, and whom I have often the pleasure of seeing and talking over with him our schoolboy adventures. Henry had a brother, William, and those two, dressed precisely alike and with not above one year of difference in their age, I remember as distinctly as yesterday.

As a proof of the strength of my recollection, I was breakfasting at Fladong's Hotel about three or four years ago with a friend of mine, when he said a Mr. Henry Parry from India was living there. I said I made no doubt it was my old school-fellow, and although he wore spectacles I instantly recollected him. It was about forty-seven years since we had seen each other. Among other boys who in after-life rose to distinction was Copley, the present Lord Lyndhurst; he was a tall boy of thirteen years of age. Also the two Fullers, the

eldest, William, killed at Waterloo. His brother Joseph, who went by the name of Sleepy Joe, is now Sir Joseph Fuller, commanding a regiment of infantry. The three Reads, the youngest of whom gave me a severe beating. The two younger Reads went to India, made large fortunes, and returned home; and many others I now recollect who are too numerous to mention. I afterwards met several of my old school-fellows in civil and military situations in the East Indies. I endured much cruelty from an Irish usher by the name of Sullivan. He had the charge of the little boys, and used to teach them the Latin grammar. This brute used to walk into the country of a Sunday afternoon, and amuse himself with cutting from the hedges ash sticks sufficient to last for the week, until they got broken upon our little backs and arms. He then concluded his evening by getting drunk at some hedge alehouse, the effects of which were visible on the next day, Monday; for he was always half asleep the whole of that day, and being afflicted with an inveterate asthma, he had a most disgusting way of expectorating on the floor. This is the only instance I can mention of the severity of the undermasters, who were in general kind and good-tempered, particularly Mr. Crawford, who wore a large, bushy Johnsonian wig, and in person was not unlike, but not so tall as, the great lexicographer. I remained at school until the autumn, when I went home ill with the measles, and before Christmas poor Mr. Crawford died of the dropsy.

CHAPTER II

Dr. Barrow's school—The middy schoolboy—Liston, the actor—Oxfordshire—Cousin Sophia—Oxford—Blenheim—Hungerford Elers gazetted to the 43rd Regiment.

My father after Christmas sent my brother and self as a half-boarder to the Rev. Dr. Barrow in Soho Square.

I must conclude with my recollections of Chiswick, and in doing so must not forget a clean, respectable, middle-aged woman that attended the school twice a week with a wicker basket covered over with a white napkin, containing apples, oranges, gingerbread, nuts, elecampane, and nice lollipops. Every Sunday a friend of my father's called upon my brother and myself, and took us into the village to a pastrycook, by name Rabbinell, and stuffed us with good things, afterwards bringing us home and invariably dismissing us with a shilling apiece in our pockets, which as constantly found its way into those of our friend Molly. Every Saturday night the junior part of the school underwent a thorough good scrubbing from two damsels standing and presiding over a large tub of water, with yellow soap and towels coarse enough for a mainsail of a man-of-

war. These two nymphs used to scrub us most unmercifully. My skin was particularly tender and delicate, and the rough and pitiless Hannah caused me to roar out most lamentably. The other girl was called Peggy—pretty, though slightly marked with small-pox. Our man-servant was called Billy Beaks, and with him I conclude my reminiscences of Mr. Crawford, of Chiswick.

Dr. Barrow's school in Soho Square had from about eighty to a hundred boys. It was not of such aristocratic pretensions as that of Chiswick, yet there were a few boys of good family and connections. Among them were the two Honourable Mr. Dormers (both of them succeeded to be Barons); William Jolliffe, father of the present Baronet; Sir Philip Belson, long commanding the 28th Regiment, and one of the heroes of Waterloo; a fine, brave, and clever boy of the name of Andrew Allen, his father an American loyalist, and he born in America (he was the great champion of the school); the two Durnfords, both afterwards Lieutenant-Colonels in the Guards; the two Douglases, the elder of whom is a great favourite with the present Duke of Rutland, a good sportsman, and formerly a good gentleman rider at races, which obtained for him the name of 'Split-post Douglas,' from shaving the posts so close; a boy called Boys, who left school for two or three months to go to sea, and joined as a jolly 'mid' the *Queen Charlotte* just before Lord Howe's victory on June 1. He got his

leg shot off in the action, and immediately he got well he returned to school to finish his education. You may suppose how all the boys stared when he stumped into school with his wooden leg, for he was so short a time absent he was scarcely missed. I shall never forget my astonishment. He afterwards rapidly attained the rank of Post-Captain, and died with the reputation of a good officer.

Soho Square has produced some good actors. Before my time Fawcett, Holman, and Morton (the celebrated dramatic author) received their education there. They are now all dead, the latter very lately. The inimitable Liston, about my own age, but I think one or two years my senior, I remember well. I have every reason to recollect him. The master, Dr. Barrow, a very good man, but severe and passionate when provoked, was sitting at his desk gravely admonishing me from time to time for some fault of omission, or perhaps commission, when directly over and behind the Doctor's shoulder my eye was attracted by the grimaces of Liston, and I absolutely screamed with laughter. The consequence was a shower of hard blows from the enraged master, that made me scream to quite another tune. I once asked Liston if he recollected the circumstance, but he has been too much accustomed to make people laugh to remember so trifling a circumstance. We were allowed every Christmas to get up one of the plays of Shakespeare, together with a farce, which I believe gave the first impulse

to the celebrated actors I have mentioned in making the stage their profession. The tragedy of 'Lear' and the farce of 'The Mayor of Garrett' were the last pieces ever acted there. We afterwards had every Christmas speeches and orations, together with a prologue written by Dr. Barrow, instead of the play and farce, which were attended with too great a sacrifice of time to get up. Among the other boys were the two sons of Mr. Boswell, the author of the 'Life of Johnson.' These boys were clever, but with a strong Scotch accent. The eldest, Alexander, I had a battle with. I forget how it terminated; but I dare say I was beaten, as he was both older and bigger than myself. Poor fellow! he was killed in a duel a few years since (March 26, 1822). He was created a Baronet August 16, 1821.

I had not been at school in Soho more than two months ere I was seized with a dangerous fever, and the celebrated Dr. Turton attended me. I was reduced so much that I had strong symptoms of consumption, and I was sent into the country to a pretty house at Sunbury, where my two aunts, Amelia and Jane, resided. I was ordered to get up before breakfast, and walk about two miles to a farmhouse and drink warm milk from the cow; then return home to breakfast, after which, about twelve o'clock, I had some famous jelly that went by the name of the Duke of Gloucester's, having been of service to him on his recovery from some illness.

What with fishing, cricket, riding a pony, bird-nesting, and a little reading, I contrived to pass away my time. The only drawback was that I had no playfellows of my own rank, only one quiet, good boy of the name of Woodward, whose father was an honest carpenter in the village. He knew his place, and although I treated him with kindness and condescension, never forgot his situation or presumed upon it. After having re-established my health, I returned home and resumed my studies at Soho Square.

I perfectly recollect the French Revolution of 1789, and how our morning paper was filled with it. At first, I remember, it was hailed with enthusiasm, particularly the destruction of the Bastille. I well remember my brother and self going, under the care of our faithful servant, James Pearson, to Sadler's Wells to see the representation of the storming of the Bastille.

In the course of the next summer the Rev. Alexander Colston, who had married one of my aunts, came on a visit to my father. He had lately lost his mother, and had come into large estates and ready money. He was a kind-hearted creature, and very good-humoured to us boys. One evening I was walking with him in the Museum Gardens, when he proposed to me to come down and spend my midsummer holidays at his house in Oxfordshire. I was delighted, and it was settled that I was to come down with my aunt and my cousin

Louisa — a fine-grown woman of about twenty-four — in a post-chaise. He said: 'My dear George, you will be so happy; there's your two cousins—Sophia, just sixteen, and Mary, fifteen—perfect little loves! Then there's Edward, Alexander, Tom, and Will, your cousins. And we shall all be so happy. You will sing and dance with the girls, and ride and play billiards with the boys.' I was delighted with the anticipation of all this fun, and got my wardrobe all ready; among other fashionable parts of my clothing was a pair of leather unmentionables that I had the greatest difficulty of getting into—a feat I accomplished not without assistance. Our servant, I recollect, fairly lifted me off the ground in the operation. And then the buttoning of them, and, when once buttoned, the difficulty of undoing!

After passing a sleepless night and encasing myself with the utmost difficulty, the chaise arrived at the door. I shall never forget the lashing on of the trunks and the piling up of the bandboxes, hat-cases, etc., all belonging to the ladies, to astonish the country folks with the last London fashions; and my poor, unfortunate little person wedged in between two (to me) large ladies in my tight leathers. Oh the misery I endured in a hot, broiling day in the month of June travelling seventy-two miles!

At last we arrived by supper-time, and two lovely girls and some of the young men were waiting to receive us. I shall never forget how much they

made of me, for, not having any sisters, it was the first time in my life I was domesticated with any young ladies, with the exception of the Miss Moncktons when I was a mere child, and they were approaching womanhood. At this time I was just past fourteen years of age. My cousin Sophia was a lovely girl of sixteen, with most beautiful dark eyes, long hair in ringlets of the darkest brown hanging over her face and down her back, according to the fashion of the day, a skin delicately white, her cheeks like new-blown roses, and her figure slight and symmetrical. Mary was one year younger—a blonde, with a lovely complexion, and rather inclined to *embonpoint;* what, moreover, raised her in my estimation was the great likeness she bore to my dear aunt Charlotte Kerby. Notwithstanding all this, my heart was irrecoverably lost to Sophia. It seems that when my poor dear mother parted from me, she gave me into the special charge of my cousin Louisa, making her promise to see to my linen, and, above all, to attend upon me to my bedroom at night, and to see the candle taken away safely, as the maids always did at our house in town. I proposed to her, very innocently, that she should delegate this authority to my dear Sophia; but she would not hear of it, as she said she had made my mother a promise, and that she would perform it. I gave up the point, and received a chaste salute as a reward for my docility.

I think it was from my mother that I inherited an

ear for music; I am sure it was not from my father, notwithstanding his German descent. So I used to sing, accompanied by Sophia on the piano. She had a little thoroughbred mare she called Fanny, a little racer in miniature, and when she rode out, which was generally every day, I went with her on a smaller pony called Little Dick. Burford Downs were only about four miles off, where the famous racecourse called Bibury existed. Here we used to gallop and ride our races.

It happened during the summer that I was down there that the musical meeting took place at Oxford. I really think it was on the occasion of the installation of the late Duke of Portland as Chancellor. We formed a good party to go over there; the distance was about twenty miles. I rode Sophia's beautiful pony, and she went in the carriage with her sisters and my aunt. I never shall forget how much the young ladies were admired by the young Oxonians, and what pride and delight I took in the prancing and curvetting of my little pony as we entered the High Street of Oxford, and turned into the inn, the Star and Garter, at that time the best inn in the town. I recollect, and, indeed, never can forget, the crowded theatre, filled with lovely women, and the attention paid to the orations of the different students. All was order and decorum. The next day was the music, and I recollect Billington, Mrs. Crouch, Signora Storace, and Kelly singing there with Harrison.

We made a party to see the famous house and park at Blenheim. I never can forget the entrance into that princely residence. I had seen and lived at Burleigh, but this far surpassed it. The magnificent entrance out of the little town of Woodstock, and the palace instantly bursting on your view in front and on your right; the superb and noble bridge, one arch stretching over the immense lake; the deer grouped about the rich, verdant lawn; the masses of noble trees in the distance; and the broad, gravel, slightly-winding road up to the house, which was so hard that our carriage-wheels made no impression upon it, and not a leaf to be seen upon it, thirty gardeners being constantly employed about the pleasure-grounds—I thought all this perfect enchantment. I remember it was intensely hot, and we sought a delicious cool grotto near a cascade, and here with a book, reclined on the turf, lay a remarkably handsome young French nobleman. He got up with all the grace of a Frenchman in those days (soon after the Revolution), and announced himself as the Marquis de Romanville. He paid the most marked attention to my beautiful Sophia, and I could not but feel my inferiority and the contrast between the accomplished man and the little schoolboy. I was consoled, however, by the shyness of my lovely cousin, who never quitted my side. However, she acknowledged to me afterwards she had never seen any man with such elegant manners. And this I can very well

believe, brought up as she was in rural retirement.

After spending three or four days at Oxford, seeing all the lions, and escorted about by many of our young friends — for two of my cousins belonged to Trinity—we returned home to dear Filkins Hall. At length my holidays terminated. It was arranged that a servant was to accompany me early in the morning (six o'clock) to the town of Lechlade, three miles off, to meet the London coach. After supper I took a final leave of the happy party. The three sisters slept in different beds in the same large room. Now, notwithstanding that I had both given and received many affectionate kisses from the young ladies at parting after supper, I could not resist, as I passed their room door in the morning, just peeping in to take one last fond look. And there I saw them, all fast asleep. On tip-toe, without shoes, in I crept, and on the rosy lips of my lovely Sophia I breathed one kiss. I did not give her time to scold, for I made a most hasty retreat. I never can forget how dull and monotonous my father's house appeared to me after the delightful five weeks I had spent at my uncle's.

When at school I thought of nothing but Sophia. At the same desk sat with me a boy of the name of Glegg. He was about three years older than myself. I confided to him my melancholy, and told him I no longer took delight in those amusements

that I once was so fond of. He said: 'I know what is the matter with you. I have experienced the same uneasiness. You are in love.' And so I certainly was. I have since thought I caught the infection *rather early*—little more than fourteen years of age. Lord Byron, I think, says he *began at nine.* However, so it was; my time was come, and I took it as I did the measles—all in the natural way. I promised my fair cousin to write to her, and she sent me an answer filled with all the chit-chat of the day; but all my professions of love she invariably used to laugh at, and said it was all fancy, that I should get over it, etc. I am convinced I never made the slightest impression upon her, or ever should have done, as I have since been informed by ladies who knew her well. After I went abroad she formed a most romantic attachment to a young lady by the name of Arabella Ross. At that time Lady E. Butler and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby lived in Wales together. Their affection, I presume, was founded on similar principles. I only received one letter from poor Sophia in the East Indies, in answer to one of mine. She wrote in good spirits, but said she was ill, with a bad cough. Very soon after I read of her death of a rapid consumption, and she died at Brompton at the early age of twenty-five, leaving the whole of her fortune to her friend, Miss Ross, for her life. My cousin Louisa married a clergyman of the name of Bell, and lived near Oxford. Mary married the

Hon. George Browne, third son of the first Lord Kilmaine.

My father was on terms of great friendship and intimacy with the family of Streatfield, an old Kentish family. Mrs. Streatfield, I think, was a natural daughter of the last Earl of Leicester. My father was executor to Mrs. Perry, of Penshurst Place in Kent, grandmother to the present Sir John Sidney, Bart. She was great-niece of the last Earl of Leicester.[1] Hence, I suppose, his intimacy and friendship with Mrs. Streatfield, who was always very kind to myself and brothers. She had two daughters, one of them married to a Mr. Bracebridge, who had an only daughter. Mrs. B. was a lovely woman, while her daughter was a very plain but clever girl. This was a great fault in the eyes of her grandmamma, Mrs. S., whose great weakness, like that of King James I., was the love of handsome young people. Her eldest daughter had a pale, intellectual countenance, very clever and accomplished, unmarried, and very intimate with the families of the Snows, the Ogles, and also with Porteus, Bishop of London, whom I used often to meet there.

[1] Mrs. Perry was niece, not great-niece, of Josceline, seventh Earl of Leicester.

Henry Streatfield, of Chiddingstone, Kent, married, at Enfield, Anne, natural daughter of Josceline, seventh Earl of Leicester, September 25, 1752; their daughter Harriet married Walter Bracebridge, second son of Abraham Bracebridge, of Atherstone, and died March 4, 1824.

My elder brother, Hungerford, had always a strong predilection for the Army, and at sixteen used constantly, whenever he could steal into the Park, to attend the reviews and drills of the Guards. I rather think he got one of them to teach him the manual and platoon exercise. It so happened that he expressed how much he should be delighted to get an ensigncy in a regiment in a conversation he had with Mrs. and Miss Streatfield. Lord Amherst at that time (1794) was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and Miss Streatfield mentioned my brother's name to him and his great desire to become a soldier, adding that he was already one in a very essential point, that of *knowing* his *duty* and *exercise* by attending the drills in the Park as an amateur. This pleased the old General, and shortly after my brother saw himself gazetted to an ensigncy in the 43rd Regiment, under orders for the West Indies. At this time that country was afflicted with the yellow fever, and few escaped who went there. My poor mother was quite horror-struck. However, my brother did not go there at that time, but was ordered down to Shrewsbury to recruit.

CHAPTER III

Edward Elers enters the Navy—The Queen and Edward's miniature—Mother dies—Her jewels—Gazetted to the 90th Regiment—Exchanges into the 12th—Sartorial splendours—Colonel Aston.

It was about this time my poor father became involved in great pecuniary difficulties by becoming security for a friend for a large sum of money. His friend fled to the Continent, leaving my father answerable for his debts. My youngest brother at this time having long before evinced a desire to enter the Navy, and as it had become absolutely necessary we should (I mean we boys) be sent into the world to push our fortunes, Edward was fitted out for sea as a midshipman, and was confided to the care of Captain Moss, of the *Mermaid* frigate, about to proceed to the North Seas. I believe this brave officer fell after, in one of Lord Nelson's actions. My brother Edward at this time was a tall, thin, pale-faced boy of about twelve or thirteen years old. He was the whole of a hard winter in the North Seas, feeding on salt beef and drinking his allowance of grog. He became in that cruise a

fine, handsome boy, so grown and altered for the better that his poor mother did not know him.

At this time an artist was painting a miniature of me, and my little brother accompanied me in his blue jacket, white trousers, dirk and cockade in his hat to the painter's house. The artist was so much pleased with his appearance that he made a water-colour drawing of him, which satisfied him so well that he sent it among other drawings to Saint James's Palace for the inspection of Her Majesty and the Princesses. The Queen was delighted with the sketch of the little sailor, and asked many questions about his name, etc. My brother afterwards sailed with Captain Warre, and saw some fighting. He was one among the other gallant fellows who took a French vessel, and enclosed a tri-coloured cockade to my mother as a trophy.

My poor mother had for many winters suffered very severely from asthma, and each winter it grew worse. The misfortunes of my father, added to the separation from her two children, I think, hastened her death. She died one evening after being confined to her bed for about a week. This was about the middle of December, 1795. You may imagine my feelings, left alone by myself, my father and two brothers absent, no one but the three servants with me —the faithful James Pearson, his wife, my mother's maid, and the cook. They (the females) were quite

worn out by their attendance, and by a desperate effort I resolved to pass that night in sitting up in the same room with my poor dead mother as the last mark of my respect to her. My mother was buried in the vault of her family at Bromley, where her brother, John Debonnaire, was placed the September preceding. I wrote to my brother, who was then at Shrewsbury, and he came up to my mother's funeral. My aunt and cousin, the Debonnaires, were very kind to us during this melancholy period, and Miss Debonnaire,[1] with the assistance of a Mr. Hutchinson, a worthy, good man, notwithstanding that he was a lawyer by profession, was my mother's trustee. He arranged the disposal of the lease and furniture of the house, as also of my mother's diamonds, the produce of which was to be divided among us three children. We were shamefully cheated with respect to the jewels. As a proof, there were three jewellers appointed to value the diamonds and trinkets. It so happened that a bracelet containing my father's picture, set round with sixty brilliants, a most exquisite painting by the famous Smart, was valued at ten guineas only. My brother expressed a wish to have this picture and bought it in. Many years after, on the death of my brother, this picture came into my possession, and I found that the diamonds were

[1] 'My aunt'—*i.e.*, Ann, *née* Tennant, wife of John Debonnaire; and 'cousin,' their daughter Anne, who married William Tennant, of Little Aston Hall, County Stafford.

worth four times that amount. If, therefore, this one article of small value was so far underestimated, how much must we have lost upon earrings, necklace, etc., which were worth much more? I was between eighteen and nineteen when I lost my mother, and the little property I acquired by that sad event I could not receive until I was of age. The same kind friend who procured my brother his commission procured me one also through Mr. Greenwood, the Army agent.

When our house was disposed of, I had an introduction to an old lady of the name of Leigh, who had a neat, small house in Store Street, Bedford Square. She resided with her unmarried daughter, an old maid. With these ladies I lodged until the month of April. I used to breakfast with them, and I had an invitation from my kind friend Mr. Hutchinson to dine with his family and pass my time with them whenever I was disengaged. In those days, although seventy years of age, he could drink his wine and enjoy the company of young people, and his wife was just as good-humoured as himself. They had three daughters; one a decided old maid, the second about thirty-two, and the youngest about twenty-eight. I used to ride about the town with the ladies in the morning, and played cards with them in the evening, generally getting home to Store Street by midnight.

I was taught to expect that I should see my name in the *Gazette* very shortly, when to my great joy

one Saturday in the month of March I saw: 'George Elers, gent., to be Ensign without purchase in the 90th Regiment.' I was highly pleased, and read it over and over again—the first time I ever saw my name in print. I dare say there are many old officers who, if they confessed the truth, once felt as I did on a similar occasion. It was the fashion in those days to be dressed in the evening at the theatres in shoes and stockings and a cocked hat. I was already provided with the hat, and, as you may suppose, I lost no time in mounting the cockade and a rosette for my hair. Colonel Graham was our Colonel; he raised the corps, became Lord Lynedoch, and is still alive. The regiment was stationed in the West Indies. I had not been a fortnight an Ensign when I had the offer of a lieutenancy in the 12th Regiment under Colonel William Picton, one of the Minden heroes. The two Lieutenant-Colonels were Henry Hervey Aston and Thomas Grey, the former about thirty-five, the latter about twenty-four. They were two of the handsomest men I ever saw, particularly Aston, who was so celebrated as a man of *ton* and fashion. Grey[1] was the son of General Sir Charles Grey, and brother to the statesman, Earl Grey. I purchased this commission, and gave £100 above the regulated price; but it was a great step to get so early, and, besides, I had the advantage of a most particular

[1] No 'Thomas Grey' is to be found in the 'Peerage' *sub* 'Earl Grey'; possibly it is an error for 'William.'

introduction to Colonel Aston, who, until his lamented death, ever treated me like a father. My outfit cost me about £300. I had nothing to do but order what I wanted, and the bills were sent in to Mr. Hutchinson, who paid them. No officer, with the exception of Colonel Aston, had such a kit. I had six regimental jackets, besides dress-coats, great-coat, shirts about twelve dozen, and everything in the same proportion. My lieutenancy was dated April 12, 1796. I waited upon my Colonel, who at that time was living at Nerot's Hotel, King Street, St. James's. I was aware, even in those days, of the effect of first impressions, and took great pains to be dressed well on my first appearance before him. His features and fine figure I knew perfectly by sight. I was dressed in black coat and waistcoat, white worsted pantaloons, and neat Hessian half-boots, with a crape hat-band. I was ushered into his dressing-room, where he was putting the last finish to his toilet. I told him who I was. He shook me by the hand, eyed me most critically from head to foot, said I *turned out well*, and finished by asking me the name of my tailor. I was ashamed to confess it was an obscure one by the name of Weston, then not known, but afterwards the celebrated artiste for the Prince of Wales. He recommended me strongly to join my regiment without delay, adding: 'I shall be down myself in a day or two, and I should wish you to learn a little of your duty before we embark for the East Indies,

to which place we are under orders.' I saw him step into his curricle with all the grace of an Apollo; he once more shook me by the hand, and told me I should make a very fair light infantryman, and wished me good-morning.

CHAPTER IV

Joins his regiment at Newport—Placed in light infantry company —A pugnacious Irishman—Embarks for India—Lady passengers—The Prince of Wales's commendation—The wine limit—An unlucky accomplishment.

In a very few days, by the kind assistance of one of my fair friends, Miss N. Hutchinson, everything was packed up in my trunks—canteens and camp equipage, with various letters of introduction and recommendation, among others one from Lady Burnaby to Rear-Admiral Rainier, commanding the Indian Fleet; Sir William Burnaby, an old Post-Captain, was my brother Edward's godfather, and a very old friend of my father's. Lady Burnaby's sister, a Miss Molyneux, afterwards was married to my first cousin, Dr. William Colston, who is now living, and has the excellent living of West Lydford, Somersetshire.

I started by one of the Gosport coaches, and arrived at the Indian Arms at Gosport in the evening. The inn was all bustle and confusion—plenty of officers, like myself, on the route to join their respective regiments. My regiment was stationed at Newport, Isle of Wight. The next

morning I was much disgusted at the dirty bed and room I had been put into; the chambermaid, I conclude, saw that I was a young Johnny Raw, and that anything would do for such a young one as me. I proceeded to Cowes, hired a chaise, and was put down at the Bugle. I inquired for the regiment, and was told that they were at exercise a short distance out of town. I strolled out to them, when I saw the regiment formed into square and a punishment taking place. I got into conversation with a handsome young officer I had seen in London with some friends of mine a few days before, though I then did not know who he was. He proved to be the Hon. John Meade, a son of the Earl of Clanwilliam. The punishment over, the commanding officer gave the word: 'Attention! Numbers four, five, six, will stand fast. Remaining companies will wheel back four paces. Right about face! Quick march!' And then, as if by magic, the regiment was formed into open column of companies. The band struck up, the word 'Quick march!' was given, and I, by the side of my honourable friend, marched into Newport, keeping the step like an old soldier instead of a raw recruit. I shall never forget the shrillness of the fifes, the effect of the hollow, martial sounds of the drums which played, and on their ceasing at intervals being taken up by the band. I literally trod on air. The battalion having been dismissed, my new friend the Honourable introduced me to all the

officers, I having previously told him my name and rank. The officers crowded round me, and dear old Jack Picton, the Major, came up to me, shook me by the hand, and said: 'You will, of course, join us at our mess at five o'clock?' Next to him came up our paymaster and second, Captain Allen, together with the Captain of Grenadiers, Captain Craigie. All of these were the oldest veterans in the Service, and had served with the regiment at the siege of Gibraltar. I shall never forget their fine martial figures and swarthy complexions. Major Picton was the very image of his gallant brother, Sir Thomas, who fell at Waterloo, though not so tall—a compact, strong man of about forty years of age, and in height about 5 feet 9 inches. I dined at the mess, and notwithstanding that I drank wine with all the officers who were drinking wine, I did not get tipsy. I was sufficiently on my guard not to make a fool of myself on my first *entrée*. I observed that the officers who drank wine were chiefly the senior ones, and that the subalterns, chiefly very young men and almost all young Irish officers, had lately joined from Irish regiments reduced of very high number—I really think from a regiment numbering as high as 130.

In the course of two or three days Colonel Aston joined the regiment, and redeemed his promise to me, for I was immediately appointed to the light infantry company. I was obliged to send up to London for a sabre and wings instead of epaulettes,

and lots of narrow gold lace for my scarlet waistcoat. We wore blue pantaloons edged with scarlet, hats covered over with the finest black ostrich feathers, with a stand-up feather composed of red and black. They looked very handsome, but were expensive, particularly when those who could afford it had about three times the quantity they needed to wear. A good hard shower of rain soon took their smartness off, but they were only adopted by ourselves and the 80th Regiment expressly for the East Indies. I never shall forget the first time I saw Colonel Aston in his regimentals—his fine military figure, and all his appointments fitting so well. How many hundred officers have I since seen, but not one to be compared with his noble, chivalrous bearing, not even his friend Arthur Wellesley, now the great and illustrious Duke!

I was put in orders for the light company, commanded by Captain Woodall; my brother subalterns were two Irishmen, George Nixon and Perceval. Colonel Aston exercised the regiment every morning for about a couple of hours, and the young subalterns were drilled by the second Major, Bellairs, a very kind, brave, but indifferent officer. He had been at Gibraltar, but he would have been sadly puzzled to put the regiment through any of the manœuvres. I think at this time I puzzled the young men of the regiment and made the old ones smile. My looks and slight figure made me appear about sixteen, when in fact I was near nineteen;

having, moreover, led a gay life in town, I had acquired quite the manners of one of the initiated in fashionable life, and was very different from the raw Irish lads who composed the greater part of the subalterns. One of them, of the name of George Eld Derby, a youth of about my own age, thus very gravely addressed the mess one evening after dinner: 'By Jasus, gentlemen, I am conscious you must have the meanest opinion of my courage. Here have I been no less than six weeks with the regiment, and the divil of a duel have I fought yet. Now, Captain Craigie, you are the senior Captain of the regiment, and if you plase I will begin with you first; so name your time and place.' Now, very many of these subaltern officers were of the stamp of my friend Mr. Derby. So a man could not be too guarded in his conduct with such heroes. Nothing, however, occurred unpleasant previous to embarkation; but in the two months spent on board some of the ships' quarrels occurred that were settled by an appeal to the pistols. Several duels took place at the Cape, but none terminated fatally, though some officers got badly wounded. We had no quarrels on board our ship. It is true that within three weeks of our arrival at Madras I received an insult, and immediately sent a challenge to the officer who had given it, and he very wisely made me a most satisfactory apology. My second was a regular Irish duellist, and he was perfectly satisfied with it, as well as myself.

But to return once more to Newport and the charms of the island. I think their market-day was Saturday, when the rural beauties, with their fresh butter, eggs, and chickens, appeared in the market, blooming with youth, freshness, and innocence. What pleasant rides have I taken, and generally by myself, in the most unfrequented and romantic parts of the island, often dining in a fisherman's hut or little, neat, sanded parlour off eggs and bacon and a pint of ale, attended by some of the rural beauties of the island! How well I remember Shanklin Chine, and, looking over the high cliff, contemplating the blue and sparkling sea that I was so soon to be floating over to distant climes, in all probability never again to return! But these melancholy reflections were not of long duration. I had youth, health, and was naturally of a sanguine disposition, and I had, moreover, money sufficient in my purse to bear all reasonable expenses, with some besides for my less affluent brother officers. I soon found out that some of the juniors found it a hard matter to pay their mess bills, for which I was extremely sorry. I believe it was generally thought that I was a man of fortune, from my *apparent indifference to expense* and my anxiety of having the opportunity of purchasing a company. The first surmise was quite a mistake, for I kept in my pocket-book a regular account of my expenditure and receipts, only I took care that no one should know it.

The day at length arrived for our embarkation. The two flank companies, the colours of the regiment, the band and Colonel Aston, were embarked on board the *Rockingham*, East Indiaman, 800 tons, the Hon. Hugh Lindsay commander. The other part of the regiment was distributed on board the *Hawkesbury*, *Melville Castle*, and *Airlie Castle*, all Indiamen of about the same size. I think the *Fox* frigate, Captain Malcolm, was to proceed with us to the Cape, and the *Tremendous* (74) into a certain latitude. For it was the very height of the war, and the Dutch fleet was at sea looking out for us. They must have been near us, as they arrived at the Cape only about ten days before us, and the first news we heard on our arriving there was that they had been all captured by Lord Keith.

The bustle and confusion getting on board, which was in the first week in June, the decks covered with knapsacks, officers' baggage, etc., ducks, pigs, poultry, sheep, etc., all quacking, squeaking, crowing and baaing at the same time, was quite ludicrous. The chief officer showed us our cabin. Colonel Aston's cabin was divided from ours, and had a quarter gallery. We had the remaining part of the cabin, with a partition for the other part of the quarter gallery, for our own use and that of the officers of the ship. We were eleven officers stowed away in standing berths and cots in a cabin not more than, I should think, ten feet square, besides the rudder-head, which took up very considerable

room. I swung in a cot, as well as Captain Craigie and the surgeon, Dr. Campbell; Meade, Crawford, Robert Nixon, his Lieutenants, lay in the standing berths. Woodall, George Nixon, and Perceval were stowed away in the same manner, and Ensign King in a cot. This was our party. In the morning we were attended by our servants, which just doubled the number of our party in the small cabin of ten feet square, or at most twelve. Eight o'clock was the hour of breakfast, three o'clock dinner, six o'clock tea and coffee, nine o'clock supper; and meals were punctual to a minute. Both subalterns and men kept watch on deck, from eight to twelve, from twelve to four, with two what they call dog-watches—that is, two hours from four to six, and six to eight. After breakfast the men were put through the manual and platoon exercise, and we had parades twice a day, when every man was expected to be perfectly clean. A subaltern of the day was appointed whose duty it was to see the hammocks all stowed away on deck, the decks swept and perfectly clean, and the lights extinguished at nine o'clock.

We had among our passengers four ladies: two very fine girls, the two Miss Smiths, about seventeen and nineteen, just come from the fashionable schools of London, Queen Square and Bloomsbury (they were the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Petrie, the second in Council at Madras); a Miss Payton and a Miss Chinnery, her friend—the first a very

handsome old maid about thirty-six, the other a good-tempered but very plain girl of about my own age. The superiority of the two Miss Smiths was very obvious. Jemima, the eldest, was a most incorrigible flirt, very clever, very satirical, and aiming at universal conquest. Her sister, Henrietta, was more retiring, and I think more admired; at least, I know Colonel Aston was much struck with her pretty little figure and lovely neck, and she afterwards made a conquest of the future hero, Colonel Arthur Wellesley, who arrived at the Cape with the 33rd Regiment a few months before us. Mamma Payton, too, had her admirers. She was very quiet and matronly, and rolled about her fine black eyes at dinner in every direction. Without being absolutely vulgar, she had no polish or refinement, and had evidently not been used to fashionable company, while the two Miss Smiths clearly had. As to poor Miss Chinnery, no one ever thought of her. Poor soul! she had neither beauty nor talent; but she was good-natured and inoffensive, and thankful *when* she received attention. There were some fine young men going out as writers, particularly John Byng. His father was afterwards Lord Torrington.[1] He was about my age, and had seen the best and highest society. He was remarkably handsome and a favourite of the Prince of Wales. Writing of that illustrious

[1] 'John Byng,' third son of the fifth Viscount Torrington; died in 1811.

personage, I cannot resist repeating—pardon my vanity—what I overheard him say to Lady William Russell in the crush-room at the Opera—'Look, Lady William, at that handsome boy!' I was then about seventeen. I am conscious it is a great piece of ridiculous vanity recording this trifling circumstance, which I hope will be the last, as it is the first, instance of such folly on my part.

We had all our respective places at dinner—Captain Lindsay in the centre; at his right hand were placed the two Miss Smiths, and on his left the other two ladies. Opposite the Captain sat Colonel Aston, and I on his left. Crawford and Captain Swinton (74th Regiment) sat together on my left. Poor Captain Lindsay a day or two after we were on board said: 'Gentlemen, I propose we should limit the consumption of wine to a pint per man, as I shall not have sufficient otherwise to last out the voyage.' Now, that ought to have been quite sufficient, but in those days it was the fashion to drink, and as our young gentlemen did not like to be limited to any particular allowance there was a dead silence. Captain Lindsay then said: 'It is not the wine I care for, but, as we are now fairly off, I have not the means of getting a fresh supply.' 'Pray don't make yourself uneasy on that head,' said Colonel Aston, 'as I happen to have about a couple of thousand pounds' worth in the fleet, and should you run short I shall be happy to supply you.' We heard nothing further about the wine after that.

Our band played generally every day during dinner and in the course of the evening, when the other ships would sail close alongside of us and exchange a few words, they being attracted by the band and our young ladies. Twice a week we had dancing, and every Saturday night we drank a health to our sweethearts and wives, according to custom. I was always fond of singing, and had a friend who had the most beautiful tenor I ever heard. We used to meet at a friend's chambers in the Temple, and many is the merry night we passed there until morning warned us to depart. Our principal beverage was punch. My friend was only a clerk in the Stamp Office, but well connected, the protégé of Mr. Tickell, patronized by Sheridan, Richardson, etc., and nephew to Mr. Sober, of Baker Street, Portman Square, with whom he lived. His name was Sampson Tickell Wood. He soon sang away the heart of Sarah Sober, his pretty cousin, and ran off with her and married her. Just at this time I mentioned to my kind friend Mrs. Streatfield the indiscretion of the youthful couple, and introduced the lovely Sarah and her spouse to her and Miss S. The Bishop of London was enchanted with his singing, and through my introduction he at length found his way into Carlton House, and from his connection with Sheridan, together with his accomplishments, the junior clerk in the Stamp Office at Somerset House got into many of the gay parties that were given by His Royal High-

ness. The consequence of all this was that my friend Sam got into the King's Bench, and his pretty little wife Sarah took the opportunity of again running away; the partner of her flight this second time was Tom Thornhill,[1] a young man of large fortune in Norfolk, who, after Sam's death, married her. I understand Thornhill paid Sam's debts and gave him £2,000 on the condition that he did not prosecute him. All this I learned on my return from India. I saw poor Sam after, but never spoke to him, as I did not approve of that sort of compromise.

When we—that is, the fleet—were lying at the Mother Bank, Colonel Aston kept a sailing vessel, about thirty tons, in case the fleet should get under way, in readiness to convey him on board from Portsmouth, where Mrs. Aston was living. The night before we sailed I was walking the deck in the afternoon, when he said: 'Come, young one, will you come with me and take *your last look* at Portsmouth?' (Poor fellow! it was *his last look.*) I said I should like it much. When we arrived at Portsmouth, he said: 'Call upon me at nine o'clock at Hammond's, in the High Street, as I am now going to take leave of Mrs. Aston. Take care you are not later, and go and amuse yourself till then.' I was punctual, and we went on board the yacht. He was silent all the time we were on board, and, I thought, melancholy.

[1] 'Tom Thornhill,' Thomas Thornhill, of Fixby, County Yorks, and Riddlesworth, County Norfolk.

CHAPTER V

Crossing the Line—Arrival at the Cape—Captured Dutch men-of-war—Dutch fare—Constantia—Colonel Arthur Wellesley—His gratitude—A timely loan—Arrival at Madras—Fort St. George—The Nabob of Arcot—A Minden veteran—Lord Hobart, Governor of Madras—A lovely termagant.

THE next morning, June 10, we made sail. In the course of a few days we got into very warm weather—warmer than I ever felt it before. But we amused ourselves, some with walking the deck, others reading, some playing backgammon, others chess, the ladies playing on the piano or drawing. In short, it appeared quite a party of pleasure. We passed Madeira about twenty miles off, and saw the Peak of Teneriffe and the Cape Verd Islands. We only saw one small Portuguese vessel, which we boarded, and got some delicious oranges. We passed the equinoctial line, and went through the wonted ceremony of receiving old Neptune, and paying the usual forfeit by those who passed it for the first time. Here we were becalmed for ten days or a fortnight. It was intensely hot, and we suffered from a most tormenting skin eruption called the prickly heat. At length the long-wished-for breeze

came, and we were once more in motion. Nothing can possibly be more grand and sublime than the rising and setting of the sun in these latitudes, and the moonlight nights are quite delicious. The phosphoric particles in the sea are wonderful, and truly beautiful. Off the Cape we experienced a gale, and the sea ran very high. It assumed a form I never before saw; what they call the trough of the sea appeared at least a mile long between one wave and the next, which obliged us to fasten down our dead-lights. At length one fine morning the man at the masthead sang out 'Land ahead!' This was very early in the morning, and by sunset we had cast anchor in Table Bay, after a voyage of two months. It soon got dark, but the next morning I was up betimes, and the town and huge mountain looked as if hanging over the ship, although we were at least two miles distant. The houses looked very neat and white, though we were too far off to see anything very distinctly.

The regiment did not disembark, but the officers were allowed to go on shore, and a few of the men by turns. We found the Bay full of ships of war: Lord Keith's squadron and the Dutch ships he had captured, together with our little fleet. I only recollect one of the Dutch ships, the *Van Tromp*, where were some officers of the Scotch Brigade. I went to dine with a Major Ewen of that corps, when it suddenly came on a gale of wind, and I was detained there all night. These gales often

come on very suddenly, and will in an instant lay a '74' on her beam ends. I met two old school-fellows at the Cape; one an Acting-Lieutenant on board the *Van Tromp* frigate, who had lost a leg in the service. His name was Fisher, and he was son to Dr. Fisher, who lived with Storace, the singer. The other, a young man, was a surgeon of the garrison, who invited me to spend a few days at his quarters, and mounted me upon one of his unshod Cape horses. The horses are never shod. I found it pleasant riding out in the cool of the evening. We used to dine at the house of a Dutch officer by name of Scholts. It was very unpleasant sitting down to such immense quantities of meat swimming in oil, and such a variety of dishes, not one fit to eat, and the Cape wine was execrable. He kept a board and lodging house, where I occasionally met officers of our different regiments quartered at the Cape. There were the 33rd, newly arrived; the Scotch Brigade; the 78th; 86th—all, like ourselves, destined for India, as also the 80th, a regiment very much resembling ours. I think it was raised by Lord Paget, the present Marquis of Anglesey. The only difference in dress was this: the 80th wore a white ostrich feather, and we black and red. These two regiments were, in point of uniform, exactly alike, and it is not to be wondered at, as Lord Paget and Colonel Aston were great friends, and both had the best possible taste in dress; and I dare say they laid their heads

together to dress their regiments as alike as possible.

The regiments of the line in those days were very badly dressed, and on our arrival at Madras we were the pattern for all the East India regiments on the coast. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the dress of the Company's officers at that period, some wearing shoes and buckles on guard; others shoe-strings, their facings not more than two inches broad; epaulettes not fastened to the shoulder, but hanging down upon their breast. One of their Generals I have seen with a pair of black silk smalls and stockings to match, white waistcoat, and a General's red coat. The name of this officer was Sir Eccles Nixon. There were also at the Cape several regiments above the number of ninety-two that I cannot recollect, also the 28th Light Dragoons. We used to make up parties in large waggons to go into the interior. Some of ours went as far as eighty miles. The farthest I went was on horseback, broiling in the sun, as far as Constantia, the vineyard where they make the celebrated wine. The oranges here were delicious. In the evening we used to dance. Some of the Dutch girls were very pretty, and some wealthy. One of them fell in love with one of our subalterns, and offered herself and I know not how many thousand dollars to the young gentleman. But they were not accepted.

The slave girls are, in general, fine girls, and

some very fair, being the offspring of Dutchmen by native women. They (the proprietors) rather encourage than otherwise the intercourse between the officers and their slaves, as a matter of traffic. When Dutch women get married they are pretty, rosy girls of some shape; but no sooner do they get married and have a family than they grow enormously fat and out of all grace and proportion. They are very fond, when young, of dancing.

Captain Ruding, one of ours, a young man of ancient family, and heir to a Leicestershire estate of five thousand a year, just of age, fell in love with Jemima Smith, and after a ten days' courtship was led, nothing loth, to the altar.

Captain Lindsay, on our arrival at the Cape, took a very commodious house in the town for himself and the four ladies. With their attraction the house was filled with all the principal officers, visiting and paying their respects from morning till night, among others the afterwards celebrated hero, Colonel the Hon. Arthur Wellesley, at that time (September, 1796) just turned twenty-seven years of age. At this time he was all life and spirits. In height he was about 5 feet 7 inches, with a long, pale face, a remarkably large aquiline nose, a clear blue eye, and the blackest beard I ever saw. He was remarkably clean in his person, and I have known him shave twice in one day, which I believe was his constant practice. His features always reminded me of John Philip Kemble, and, what is

more remarkable, I observed, many years after, the great likeness between him and the performer, Mr. Charles Young, which he told me he had often heard remarked. He spoke at this time remarkably quickly, with, I think, a very, very slight lisp. He had very narrow jaw-bones, and there was a great peculiarity in his ear, which I never observed but in one other person, the late Lord Byron—the lobe of the ear uniting to the cheek. He had a particular way, when pleased, of pursing up his mouth. I have often observed it when he has been thinking abstractedly. He got his brevet rank of Colonel on May 1, 1796, as did also his friend Colonel Aston; but Aston was just senior to him. I believe they were both Lieutenant-Colonels of 1793, and were only three years in that rank.

I believe Colonel Wellesley was very much in debt and embarrassed when he left England, and a small tradesman in Dublin was of great assistance to him by the loan of four or five hundred pounds, which on his arrival in India in due course of time was repaid; and I have heard that on his return from India he walked into the shop of the tradesman, a boot and shoe maker, and asked him if he recollected him. The man said 'No.' 'Well,' said Sir Arthur, who was Secretary to the Duke of Richmond, 'can I be of any service to you?' The man said: 'I want nothing for *myself*, but I have a son.' 'Give me his name,' said Sir Arthur; 'you did me a kindness once, and I do not forget it.' He got

the man's son a place of £400 per annum. It gives me pleasure to record this anecdote of the Duke of Wellington, who has not a very tender or feeling heart. And in this instance I think he felt himself under an obligation to the man he did not forget, and it was his pride as well as principle, together with the man's answer, 'I want nothing for myself,' that determined Sir Arthur to provide so handsomely for his son. I know of another instance of his liberality of which he told me himself, but without any ostentation, only from my being a friend of the husband of the fair lady to whom his kindness and liberality were directed. Major William Ashley Sturt, of the 80th Regiment, a young man from the Guards, just before he left England, after committing all sorts of follies, concluded by marrying a beautiful woman of the establishment of a notorious woman living in Berkeley Street, a house much resorted to by men of fashion. Mrs. Sturt arrived in the year 1801 at Madras without a sixpence. I at this time was living, on a visit with Colonel Wellesley, at a palace of Tippoo Sahib's, just outside the fort of Seringapatam. Major Sturt was with his regiment a great distance from Madras, and was far from rich, so in her distress, and being a stranger in a foreign country, she wrote to her old friend Colonel Wellesley, who by return of post sent her an order upon his banker for £400. My dear friend Colonel Aston was on terms of great friendship with Colonel Wellesley, and introduced

me to him, which is the only way I can account for his distinguishing me five years after in the way he did in preference to other officers of my regiment.

After spending two months very pleasantly at the Cape, we proceeded to Madras under convoy of the old *Trident*, a 64-gun ship. We left behind us sick poor Lieutenant-Colonel Grey, who shortly after died there of an abscess. At Eton he received a blow from a cricket-ball, and that eventually caused his death. We carried on with us the 33rd Regiment, commanded by the Honourable Colonel Wellesley, destined for Calcutta. Colonel W. proceeded in the *Princess Charlotte* Indiaman. I had a very narrow escape, some years after, of being captured by the French in this vessel at Vizagapatam. We lost one of our ladies, Jemima Smith, now Mrs. Ruding, having embarked on board her husband's ship, the *Melville Castle*. We continued our voyage, and in about two months anchored in Madras Roads on January 9, 1797. The day was too far advanced to disembark that evening, so it was arranged that the regiment should land the next day after an early dinner. The appearance of Madras from the roads is not very interesting. The coast is flat both to the north and south as far as the eye can reach, relieved by no object save the cocoa-nut trees and palmyras, and the white foam from the tremendous surf constantly rolling in shore, the outer surf commencing at least 200 yards from shore. No ship's boat, I think, could possibly avoid

being swamped at Madras. But they have very safe and commodious masulah boats, entirely made of the cocoa-nut tree, and manned by four or five Lascars, who sing in chorus a song that enables them to pull all together ; these boats they manage with a dexterity which no English sailor could equal. By way of additional security in case of a capsize, they are attended by two or three catamarans—long pieces of wood lashed together, on the top of which are perched two natives. They are in no danger of being drowned even if they fall off ; they float like cork. But the greatest danger is from the sharks that abound near the shore.

We ate our last dinner on board the *Rockingham*, and the regiment landed on the beach of Madras between five and six o'clock in the evening. The men were marched into the barracks in Fort St. George, vacated by the 74th Regiment, while the officers received us on the beach and escorted us to their mess-room in the fort, where a very handsome dinner was provided for us. We had all of us previously dined on board of our respective ships ; this second dinner, followed up by large quantities of madeira and claret, had the natural effect of making many of us much the worse for it. Then came at a late hour the providing us with beds for the night. Each officer of the 74th seemed to vie with the other as to who should show us most hospitality. I was taken care of by a Lieutenant Macleod, the Adjutant of the regiment. And now

my misery commenced from the mosquitoes. Not having been provided with mosquito-curtains, I was really devoured, hands, feet, and legs, and as for my face, when I looked in the glass I was swelled and disfigured to such a degree that I did not know myself. Colonel Aston was quite sorry to see me such a martyr, and sent me down some curtains which he had by him when he expected to go out to the West Indies. But the mischief was all done in one night. The torment I experienced from these insects drove me almost mad. I tore my flesh to pieces, particularly my legs and feet. These bites, from contact with the stocking, became small ulcers, the marks of which I now bear about me, and prevented me from wearing boots for many weeks, and of course I could not mount guard and take my turn of the garrison duty.

We formed an excellent mess. We had, of course, our own regimental plate. We found two black men, brothers, who agreed to find us an excellent dinner, a dessert, and a pint of madeira each man for ten pagodas a head monthly; also twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, a better dinner, consisting of European articles, such as hams, tongues, cheese, etc. But if we exceeded the allowance of wine, beer, etc., we had to pay extra. Thursday and Sunday were the days we received guests. Our members consisted of nearly the whole regiment, amounting to between forty and fifty officers. I have often seen on the days we had company our

guests nearly three times out numbering ourselves. It once occurred to me that I sat up all night and went from the mess-table to the morning drill at five o'clock. But that happened to me but once.

The drills, the guards, and the regimental duties of the subalterns were rather severe. For instance, the first five months, during the hottest part of the season, the regiment was formed in the fort, ready on the first dawn of day, when the gun was fired and the gates opened, to march out of the garrison and form on the glacis of the fort. After the reports were collected, we marched round several times both in slow and quick time, saluting, etc. Afterwards many of the eighteen manœuvres were gone through. Then the senior officers were drilled by Major Picton and the junior by Major Bellairs. After that a few more manœuvres, and then, the sun getting very powerful, we were marched back to our quarters. I used on getting to my quarters, when I breakfasted at home, to throw off all my clothes and lie down on my cot fairly done up and go to sleep. I was obliged to get up and dress at twelve to attend the Major to practise the sword exercise for an hour; then home, undress, and lie down for a couple of hours; then dress again for a three o'clock dinner, and at five the regiment again formed for exercise, when we continued till it was too dark. And this system continued with little intermission until the month of July, when we were delighted at the prospect of the regiment going on an expedition

to capture the island of Manila in conjunction with other troops.

As I have before mentioned, I had a few letters of introduction to the people of Madras. I got some dinners, and that was all. I presented my letter to the old Admiral from Lady Burnaby. He said to me : ' Young gentleman, you are in the Army, and I can be of no use to you. Had you been in the Navy, from the regard I have to Lady Burnaby, I would have taken care of your promotion.' Now, if my poor brother Edward had had the good fortune to have delivered this letter to the Admiral instead of me, he would have been pushed on to the rank of a Post-Captain instead of dying, after hard and gallant services, a Lieutenant. Such are the lucky or unlucky events of our lives.

The garden-houses about Madras are for the most part inhabited by the Civil Servants, who live in as much luxury as the climate will allow. Their houses vary in splendour according to the means of their occupiers. For instance, a Member of Council will have a house like a man of large fortune in this country, while the Writer will have a much smaller one, consisting of an entrance-hall, wherein he dines and breakfasts, and two bedrooms, one on each side. The largest and best houses are all built on the ground-floor. None of the houses have ceilings, but cloth of pure white is the substitute. But these substitutes for a ceiling are only used in the best houses by the Civil Servants, who live in every

respect better than the subaltern ranks of the Army. Glass windows are seldom used in India, but venetian blinds and doors are substituted for them to get the benefit of the current of air. I have seen glass doors and windows at Negapatam and Pondicherri, the former a Dutch settlement and the latter a French one; but even there they are not common. The sea-breeze sets in about 2 p.m. and continues until about 4 a.m. Nothing can be more refreshing than that delightful breeze. Every house has a veranda attached to it, where the custom is to take exercise by walking in the extreme heat of the day. The thermometer in the coolest part of the morning is generally in the shade as high as 72°, and increases to 82°. In an officer's tent it generally is from 90° to 100°, and in the tents used by the private soldiers at least 10° higher. When the sea-breeze dies away at night the heat is insupportable, and the stings of the mosquitoes enough to drive one mad.

I was truly miserable the first three years I was in India; my last thought as I lay down to sleep, and the first when I awoke, was England. After that period I got more reconciled to the country. I used to ride in the evening, when we relaxed in our drill, upon the Mount Road and in its environs. The perfume from the hedges was delightful, and the trees are always green and flourishing, notwithstanding the constant heat and never-failing sun. The birds and little gray squirrels are quite tame. I had one of the latter,

who used very often to sleep for hours in my coat-sleeve, even when on parade. I had also a small monkey, which was very amusing with its tricks. My dear friend Colonel Aston had only four horses—a pair of large bay horses which he used to drive in the curricle he used in England, wherein I used sometimes to ride, and two saddle horses; one, a dark iron gray, was a heavy, quiet horse, remarkably steady with troops—he was called Blueskin—and the other was a very fine gray Arab, bought of Colonel Winch of the 36th for 500 pagodas, and named Diomed. This horse afterwards became the property of Colonel Wellesley, and was left to him by Colonel Aston just before he fought his last and fatal duel.

India in these days is as well known as the Continent of Europe. I shall not, therefore, enter into any particular detail of it, particularly to you, who have passed four or five years there in a similar situation as myself. I have only mentioned my first impressions. How well I recollect the old Nabob of Arcot taking his evening drive on the Mount Road in an old-fashioned English post-chaise with black postillions, his long and venerable white beard, his yellow complexion, turban, and silk dress! He always made every officer he met a profound salaam. He lived in some state about two short miles from the fort, at or near a place called St. Thomé. The Mount was distant from Madras about ten miles. Here was the station of the

Artillery, and also of the 22nd Light Dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Stapleton Cotton, since for his long and gallant services to his country ennobled as Viscount Combermere. The Major was the Honourable George de Grey, afterwards Lord Walsingham. This unfortunate nobleman was, together with his lady, burnt to death about six or seven years since at their house in Harley Street. He fell asleep, and the candle ignited the curtains of the bed. De Grey, when I first knew him, was not above twenty years of age. Colonel Cotton was about five or six years older. The Colonel was regarded as a good regimental cavalry officer, and was considered so by the old veteran, General Floyd, commanding the cavalry, who had served as a cornet at the famous Battle of Minden, where my regiment was one of the six who gained a glorious victory over the French, August 1, 1759. We used to have the words 'Minden' and 'Gibraltar' on our regimental colour, and the latter on our breastplates, a great and proud distinction in those days. In these times, under the great modern hero, there is scarce a regiment in the service that has not at least half a dozen such honourable memorials. When my Colonel, General William Picton, received the command of the 12th Regiment, he went to Court to return his thanks for the honour conferred upon him by George III. His Majesty said: 'You must thank Captain Picton, who commanded the Grenadiers of the 12th Regiment at the

Battle of Minden.' I have seen the original return of the killed and wounded on that glorious day. They were very severely handled, very few escaping being either killed or wounded.

When we arrived at Madras we found Lord Hobart the Governor of the settlement. He had lately lost his wife, formerly a Mrs. Adderley. With her arrived Miss A. and her brother. Miss A. was one of the most beautiful young creatures I ever saw, and married only a few months later Captain Gardner[1] of the Navy. He was son to Lord Gardner, the Admiral. I never in my life saw any woman with so beautiful a complexion. When in England I thought Lady Charlotte Campbell very lovely, but she was far surpassed by Mrs. Gardner. They lived very unhappily together; they soon after left India, and on their passage home they had so violent a quarrel that she flung his picture on the deck, stamped her foot upon it, and threw her wedding-ring into the sea. There was also a Mrs. Campbell, the wife of Captain C. of the Company's Artillery—a very fine woman. Both these ladies were much admired by Colonel Aston. There was a good deal of what the ladies call flirtation going on among these ladies with their admirers, but nothing more—at least, not at that

[1] 'Captain Gardner,' Hon. Alan Hyde Gardner, afterwards second Lord Gardner. Married, March 9, 1796, Maria Elizabeth, only daughter of Thomas Adderley, of Innishannon, County Cork. Divorced 1805. She married, secondly, Henry Jadis.

time. They both went home at the same time, if not in the same ship. The lovely Mrs. Gardner afterwards eloped with Mr. Jadis. It is only a few years since a child, born before a formal separation took place, tried to establish his claim to the Gardner peerage. But he lost his claim after a long and severe investigation. It all turned on the possibility of the period of gestation extending to ten months. We used to have very pleasant balls at the Mount. Colonel Aston often drove me over to them, and we used to sleep at Colonel Cotton's house.

CHAPTER VI

Expedition against Manila—A naval hero—Penang—Expedition abandoned—Captain Winstone's death—Return to India—Camp life—Conjeveram pagodas—Tanjore—Vellum—Suttee—Revolution at Tanjore—Arnee—A regimental quarrel—A duel in Ceylon—Colonel Aston killed in a duel.

It was the beginning of the month of August, 1797, when an expedition was prepared to proceed against Manila. I never shall forget the considerate kindness of Colonel Aston respecting my comfort on that occasion. I could not get any native servant willing to embark with me. They have a prejudice against going on board ship. I was embarked on board H.M.S. *Trident*, 64 guns, Captain Milner. Only half the regiment was to proceed at first with the first division. I remember our Captain-Lieutenant was Captain William O'Brien, the present Marquess of Thomond. He was on board the same ship with me, a truly noble and high-spirited young man, a great favourite of mine, universally beloved and respected by the regiment. Colonel Aston sent me a Portuguese servant, but he was so stupid he was not of the smallest use to me. I was obliged to get one of our men to attend upon me. I did

not require much—merely cleaning my boots and slinging my cot, fetching water, etc. I messed with the Lieutenants in the gun-room; Captain O'Brien messed with Captain Milner. There were several large Indiamen taken up for the troops, some of 1,500 tons burthen. I had a very comfortable berth in the gun-room—so cool, and no mosquitoes, it appeared quite a paradise. I found the officers excellent good fellows, the senior Lieutenant a short, sturdy young man, whom I have often heard say that if ever he got into action he never would strike his colours, whatever disparity of force should exist. He blew his ship up after in action, when he could no longer defend her against a superior force. This young hero's name was Rowe. The second Lieutenant's name was Gordon, a gentleman, quite young. And the third, Houston, a remarkably handsome young Scotchman, and a great favourite of the Duke of Hamilton's. The Lieutenant of Marines' name was Wilson. The master was an old man, as was the surgeon. All the rest were little more than boys, but good officers.

We had a pleasant voyage of about three weeks to Prince of Wales Island, or Penang, as it is sometimes called; we found here the 33rd Regiment and other troops from Bengal. The settlement of Penang lies at the foot of high land, covered with jungle that looks very beautiful from the sea. It is inhabited by Malays and Chinese. At this time it had not been an English settlement above ten

years, and was then in its infancy. I renewed my acquaintance with Colonel Wellesley. The troops were not disembarked, but the officers and a few men were allowed to go on shore. I slept on shore two or three times. Some of the Madras native regiments were encamped there. In consequence of the hostile demonstrations on the part of Tippoo Sultan, the Governor-General was obliged to give up his intention of proceeding against the Manilas, and we had to lie quietly in the roads of Penang until the monsoon was over on the coast of Coromandel. The monsoon commences about the middle of October, and it is not safe for ships to enter the Madras roads ere the first week in January. So we all led a very quiet, stupid life on board our respective ships until the middle of December, when we of the coast troops returned to Madras. My chief recreation was visiting the opposite shore of Kedah, shooting pigeons and sea-gulls, visiting the troopships, fishing out of the stern gallery, sometimes bathing at the foot of a delicious waterfall under the shade of the palmyra, the plantain, and other Asiatic trees. This lovely bath was situated about two or three miles from the town. The approach to it was up the mountains, and all under the shade of large forest trees. It is, indeed, a truly delicious retreat. No one ever visited Prince of Wales Island without going there.

A change took place before we left Penang with respect to the quartering of the troops on board the

ships. I was sent on board the *Princess Mary*, an extra Indiaman of 500 tons, commanded by Captain Nash, and manned solely by Lascars, with the exception of the officers. The ship appeared so small, so dirty, the duty done so slovenly both by men and officers, so very different from the smartness and discipline of a man-of-war, that it formed a miserable contrast. It was only for about three weeks, but they passed long and wretchedly. On arriving on shore my kind friend Captain Ruding gave me a room in his house. I forgot to mention during our short stay at Penang that we lost one of our Captains, Thomas Hayward Winstone, of an old family in Gloucestershire, and related to my friend Sir Thomas Hayward of Berkshire. He drank very hard. I had spent the evening with him only a few nights before. He allowed the land wind to blow upon him during his sleep. He awoke ill, and never recovered. I saw him as he lay dead; he had a most stern and severe expression in his countenance. He was opened, and his liver was entirely decayed. His complexion was very similar to Colonel Aston's. His funeral was a military one, the first I ever attended. It made a great impression upon me at the time, he being the first officer we had lost since leaving England. Alas! the loss of how many more shall I have to recount!

I had not been on shore many days when I was taken ill with a decided attack of liver. I was ill

about three weeks, and after having taken repeated doses of calomel I recovered. At this time, about February, 1798, some of the old regiments, such as the 36th, 52nd, and 75th Regiments, were ordered home. And some of our officers, being heartily sick of India, effected an exchange. Among those who left were Captains Ruding and O'Brien. In them I lost two kind friends. Alas! in after-life what different fates awaited them—one the heir-apparent to £5,000 per annum, the other presumptive heir to an Irish earldom! They each of them succeeded to the fortune and honours they were heirs to, but with far different results. My dear and kind friend Colonel Aston, ever mindful of my comfort, bought a horse of Lieutenant Meade for me, together with a new saddle and bridle, as we received orders to proceed to garrison Tanjore, a distance of about two hundred miles from Madras. O'Brien was much beloved by the regiment, and he was very much attached to it. But he had too much at stake to stay longer in so precarious a situation as the East Indies. He had a very narrow escape in the West Indies a short time before. The flank companies of the army in 1794 were embarked at Cork for the West Indies. Both of ours went, and Lieutenant O'Brien went also. Our flank companies stormed St. Lucia, and those who were not killed all died of the yellow fever in nine months, with the exception of O'Brien and two of the private soldiers. O'Brien, when he left the regiment, presented some

little memorials of his regard to those officers with whom he was most intimate. To me he gave an emerald pin, which I preserved for ten years, and happened to prove to him the care I had taken of it by wearing it at Ascot races, where by chance I met him. It was stolen a few days after this out of my shirt.

We marched out of Fort St. George at gun-fire one morning the latter end of the month of February, and encamped on Choultry Plain, in the vicinity of the fort. Thus I made my début under canvas in the East. I started with a very modest establishment: a head servant, a second ditto, a boy to carry my chair, and coolies for my cot, table, etc., a Cooderry currah and grass-cutter. These two native servants were for the purpose of attending upon one horse, the only one I had. The novelty of a camp life amused me much at first. We were obliged to be up before daylight; the bugle sounded an hour before dawn. The Lascars were then busily at work knocking loose the tent-pegs, the servants packing up the trunks, attending their masters and helping them to dress, loading the bullocks with trunks, etc. In the course of another hour the second bugle sounds. The regiment is formed in marching order, the drums and fifes begin to play, and the officers are shortly after allowed to mount their horses and ride by the side of their companies. The Quartermaster and his staff precede the regiment, and fix the encampment

about nine, ten, or twelve miles from the last ground, according as he finds favourable ground. One thing is indispensable: the vicinity of water, and it should be near a village. We had a fine large mess tent, and our mess man gave us a good dinner every day, as he used to do in quarters. In the evening the villagers used to come out to our lines to indulge their curiosity, oftentimes accompanied by the dancing-girls, particularly if in the neighbourhood of any celebrated pagodas. I think it is about thirty miles from Madras we came to the celebrated pagodas of Conjeveram. They are, from their size, architecture and magnificent tanks, really wonderful objects of curiosity. Immense quantities of monkeys inhabit these pagodas, where they are considered quite sacred, and jump about these temples in perfect security.

We arrived at Pondicherri, and encamped in the neighbourhood. And here was stationed a native regiment I had met at Penang; with some of the officers I renewed my acquaintance. At this place I acquired the accomplishment of swimming, taught me by one of my company. I was very fond of this refreshing exercise, but never felt comfortable, from my constant dread of water-snakes and alligators. I was bathing once in the vicinity of Tanjore, and heard my servant in earnest conversation with an old Brahmin. I asked him the subject of their conversation. He said: 'Brahmin say, master, that he knows an *old* alligator that has lived in this tank

upwards of one hundred years.' I never bathed there afterwards.

We at length arrived at Tanjore. An immense fort it was, and with a still larger pettah. There was a regiment of Native Infantry doing duty in that part, commanded by a Colonel Innis. Colonel Aston had a very good quarter in the fort, which had an excellent garden attached to it, with a fine vineyard. The grapes abounded there, and it was a source of great profit, I have heard, to officers whose object it was to make and save money. Not so with the liberal, noble-minded Aston.

The weather on our first arrival was dreadfully hot, and the nights were most oppressive; we were worn out by the heat of day, and unable to get any refreshing sleep from the closeness of the nights, as no cool sea-breeze was to be had here. It was here that Colonel Aston got an attack of liver complaint. I used often to dine with him in his room and take his horse out for exercise in the evening. I think he began to get tired of the climate and the monotony of the life, and I believe, had peace been permanently established in India, he calculated being at home in the summer of 1799, and had made arrangements to that effect. But man proposes and God disposes. His sun was nearly set.

About seven miles from Tanjore was a military station called Vellum. There our flank companies were removed under Major Picton. It was a wild and cheerless place, situated on a large, sandy plain,

the few rocks in the neighbourhood infested with large snakes of the most dangerous description, among others the cobra de capello, the most venomous. After being bit, if no application is made, you die in half an hour. These snakes are of a dirty brown, and are generally from 5 feet to 7 feet in length. When irritated they expand a fleshy substance from each side of the head, which is marked like a pair of spectacles. They throw themselves upright, and can then spring some distance upon you. I had the most miraculous escape of being bitten by one some years after.

During my short stay at this dull and miserable station I had the opportunity of seeing a young widow burn herself by the side of her deceased husband. The funeral pile was about 10 feet high; in the middle of the pile lay her deceased husband, an old and miserable-looking man. The devoted victim was a young creature about seventeen, dressed in white, with all her jewels on and various ornaments of gold. There was a confused noise of singing and shouting, intermixed with the sound of tom-toms—that is, a sort of small drum—and at intervals the hollow and sonorous sound of gongs and trumpets. The priests and her friends crowded round her, all speaking to her at once, apparently to distract her attention and to prevent her shrinking at the last moment from sacrificing herself. There was a small tank of water close to the funeral pile. They led her to this. I was very near her when

I saw her quietly take the jewels from her ears, her nose, unclasp her gold bracelets, as well as the bangles from her ankles and every ornament she had on, which were received by her relations. She then stepped into the water, divested herself of her clothes of pure white, and replaced them with clothes of a yellow colour. She then performed her ablutions, came out of the water, and unassisted walked three times round the pile, followed by the priests and her friends, who at this period appeared to be more urgent and loud in their discourse to her to distract her attention. She then, unassisted, mounted the pile, laid herself down by the side of her husband, and put his head under her arm, turning herself towards them. They then sprinkled large quantities of oil and straw on the pile. The fatal fire was then applied, and amid loud shouts and while the fire reached her I distinctly heard her utter the words 'Narina, Narina.' Fortunately, during this horrid ceremony a very high wind was blowing, and I consoled myself in the hope that she was suffocated ere she suffered much pain. I was very near her during the different parts of the ceremony, and could have saved her life by merely touching her, as she would then have been defiled, and would not have been permitted to have the honour of sacrificing herself. But in saving her life I stood the chance of being torn to pieces, and I certainly should have been brought to a court-martial for disobedience of orders, for the English

in those days were strictly forbidden to meddle with the customs and prejudices of the natives.

In the neighbourhood of Vellum, on the arid and sandy plains, small stones abound which, in course of ages, get chipped at the angles by accident. These, if given to a lapidary and cut and polished, produce a stone frequently of value, and in polish and lustre far superior to our Bristol stone. I used to amuse myself collecting these sometimes. Major Picton had a leash of English greyhounds, and we used at early dawn to take the dogs out and run foxes and jackals. They run for a mile or two very swift, but I have got several severe falls by my horse getting into false ground and holes and coming suddenly across watercourses and ravines.

An important revolution occurred during our stay at Tanjore. The old Rajah was deposed, and the young one, by the name of Suffrajeh, brought up and educated by a German missionary of the name of Schwartz, was placed on the musnud in his room. At this time he was one of the handsomest natives I ever saw. This revolution took place without any confusion, noise, or bloodshed, and, I believe, had justice on its side, which is not always the case in political revolutions. The young Rajah—about twenty-four—gave us a grand dinner according to the English custom, and as soon as the dessert was placed on the table he was led into the room by Colonel Aston and the Civil Resident, Benjamin Torin, and took his seat at the centre of the table,

between the two. I shall never forget the splendour of his dress. It reminded me of the Sultans, Caliphs, and Princes I used to read of in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' His turban was richly decorated with jewels, and he had an ornament somewhat like a heron's feather entirely composed of diamonds issuing from his turban. He had a close jacket of the richest kincob, a splendid sash, in which was stuck his dagger, ornamented with precious stones, and also a scimitar, the handle and scabbard of which were similarly ornamented. He spoke English very well, and was dignified and graceful in his manners. All the officers got presents; the Colonel got a splendid star, and the other officers according to their rank. I got a cloth of gold sufficient for a dress. All went off extremely well. This ceremony took place soon after we left Vellum. Mr. Benjamin Torin, the Civil Resident, lived a short distance from the Fort of Tanjore. He had come out for the second time in the same fleet that we came in to India. My kind and good guardian, Mr. Hutchinson, who had a house in the vicinity of Englefield Green, where Mr. Torin's family had long resided, was so kind, unknown to me, as to mention my name to him. The consequence was Mr. Torin never gave a dinner-party that I did not get a card of invitation to meet all the senior officers, and among the rest Colonel Aston. These two dons used to endeavour to outdo each other in the elegance of their entertainments, and they

always, as if by mutual consent, invited me to them.

It was during our stay at Tanjore we lost two officers: Lieutenant Cassidy and Lieutenant William Gahan, the latter one of the finest young men in the regiment. He was much lamented. Our men during our stay at Tanjore were very sickly; every evening we had two or three funerals. I used to amuse myself by looking at the Hindoo women bathing themselves morning and evening, and fetching their water in brass vessels upon their heads, holding and balancing them most gracefully with one hand, the other hanging down or holding up the robe clinging wet and tightly round their symmetrical figures. Here from early dawn till the shades of night were females of all ages, from the child of ten to the venerable matron. What practice for the chisel of a Canova or a Thorwaldsen! Nothing could be finer than the busts of these women, and as far as the knees they were perfect; but their legs were in general faulty. They had not that lovely roundness that distinguishes the legs of the European women. Yet their hands and feet were certainly small. The large tank, with some hundred or more steps leading to the water, was just opposite to my quarter, and I used to amuse myself by endeavouring to copy their Grecian attitudes and graceful figures. It was at this place that I acquired great skill in shooting with a pellet bow. I could with some certainty hit anything

twenty or thirty yards off. I one day espied one of our officers' servants squatting down smoking a cheroot. I fired, and hit the poor fellow in the mouth. Away vanished the extinguished weed. I was delighted, and laughed very heartily at the man's astonished looks; but I never after repeated the foolish experiment.

We received orders to march from Tanjore to a station called Arnee about the month of October, as the army was to be formed in that neighbourhood to be in readiness to act against Tippoo Sultan if he did not comply with certain requisitions made to him by Government in February ensuing. We arrived at Arnee during the rains, and here, unfortunately, my dear Colonel Aston left the regiment, and proceeded on leave to Madras, leaving the regiment under the command of Major Picton. Among the officers we received in exchange from other regiments was a Lieutenant Hartley of the 36th. He was a middle-aged man, and from having been some years in the country had acquired a good deal of local information and experience. He was a fine looking fellow, with honest and blunt manners and good temper. He was frequently consulted by the Colonel on matters connected with different customs pursued by the 36th Regiment, and by degrees acquired some influence and favour with the Colonel. Most unfortunately for the latter, they corresponded during this temporary absence of the Colonel from the regiment. It appears that Lieutenant Hartley

had some difference with Major Allen, who was our paymaster, on the subject of his accounts, and represented the business in his letters to Colonel Aston in his own way. Colonel Aston in his reply to Hartley said: 'If Major Allen has used you as you say, I think he has not treated you *liberally*,' or words to that effect. There is no doubt that Colonel Aston, when he made use of this term, never dreamed that Hartley would have so far abused his confidence as to read his letter to different officers of the regiment, which he did; and this coming to the ears of Major Allen, a man of a high sense of honour, he immediately consulted his friend and countryman, Major Picton. Major Picton at once issued an order for all the officers to assemble at his quarters to investigate the difference between Major Allen and Lieutenant Hartley. And that result proved from the investigation that Major Allen's accounts were perfectly clear with Lieutenant Hartley, and that he (the Major) did not merit the observation Colonel Aston made upon Hartley's representation. The minutes of this court of inquiry were immediately forwarded to Colonel Aston, who in a state of great excitement made up his mind to join his regiment at once, for the purpose of issuing a very severe order against Major Picton for presuming to take advantage of his (Colonel A.'s) temporary absence to call a meeting of the officers without his sanction. But previously to doing this he consulted his friend

Colonel Wellesley, and showed him the order he intended to issue. Colonel Wellesley said to him: 'You have asked my advice. By no means issue the order.' Aston replied: 'I have made up my mind, and will do it.' 'Then why, if you had made up your mind to do so, consult me on the subject?' And they left each other mutually dissatisfied. Colonel Wellesley related this conversation to me two years afterwards. Colonel Aston, on joining the regiment, issued the order. Major Picton immediately applied for leave of absence, to consult his friends as to what course he ought to take.

It was during his absence that I lived a good deal with the Colonel at a bungalow he had a short distance from the fort of Arnee, and Colonel Cotton, who commanded the 22nd Light Dragoons at Arcot, came over and passed a few days with Colonel Aston. Colonel Cotton asked permission for me to return with him to spend a few days in hunting and shooting, and I then saw my dear Colonel alive for the last time. After dinner on that day the conversation turned on a fatal duel that had just taken place in the island of Ceylon. The circumstances were rather remarkable, but I forget the parties' names. The person who gave the offence received the fire of his adversary, and then, apologizing to him, acknowledged he had been to blame. But he had no sooner done this than he addressed the second of his adversary, and said: 'But you, sir, I have an account to settle with.

You insulted me in the *manner* in which you delivered your friend's message. Be so good as to take his place and give me satisfaction for the insult.' He did so, and was shot dead the first fire. Colonel Aston remarked that if such results oftener took place, fewer duels would be fought on frivolous occasions. In the course of the evening, soon after coffee, some pistol-bullets lying on a table, someone of the party took one up, observing what an unpleasant thing it would be to have one in one's body. Poor Aston, with a foreboding tone, as I thought, replied: 'That has been the fate of many better than you or I.'

After spending a very pleasant ten days at Arcot with Colonel Cotton, one evening as we were drinking our wine an express arrived from Arnee stating that Colonel Aston had that morning (Sunday) fought a duel with Major Allen, and had been shot, but that he still lived. The Colonel and I were much distressed at this unfortunate news, and ere the day dawned we were on our horses on our route to Arnee. I had not the nerve to enter his bedroom, but I heard his dreadful groans all over the house. He sometimes said: 'I can bear pain, but sickness unmans me.' I used to attend the doctor's report every hour in the day. From the first they gave little hope of his recovery, until about the fifth day, when the extreme pain began to subside, and there appeared some faint hopes of him. But this cessation of pain was occasioned by

mortification having taken place, and at about six o'clock in the evening of the seventh day he ceased to exist. Colonel Wellesley arrived two or three days after the duel, and I heard Aston say: 'Ah, my dear Arthur, is it you? I shall now die happy.' Immediately after his death, I went to the couch he was lying on, attended by Dr. Campbell, the surgeon. He turned down the sheet that covered him and pointed to where the bullet had entered his side. It was a dark and livid mark, not a hole, but the skin split in a triangular form, on a level with and 6 inches from the navel. The bullet went through the liver and passed entirely through the vertebra of the backbone, then took an oblique direction downwards, and lodged in the muscles of the hip.

Major Picton sent him a challenge on the Saturday preceding, and he met him, attended by Captain Craigie as his second. Major Picton's second was Lieutenant Crawford. Major Picton's pistol missed fire, and he threw it down on the ground in a rage. The Colonel told him to 'try again.' The seconds very properly would not allow this, and, on Colonel Aston's firing in the air, they would not allow the business to proceed further. They shook hands, but the Colonel said: 'Remember, the order must stand; no rescinding.' He afterwards said: 'Well, Picton, you and your friend must come and dine with me to-day, and all must henceforward be forgot.' The next day was Sunday, and on that day it was customary for the captains of their com-

panies to wait on the commanding officer with the state of their companies. Major Allen, who was only a major by brevet, presented his at the breakfast-table, and remained until every officer had retired. When alone with Colonel Aston, he said: 'I wish to consult you, Colonel, about exchanging out of the regiment. From certain unpleasant circumstances that have lately occurred I find my situation, after the reflections you have applied to me, not what it was.' Colonel Aston said: 'If you ask my opinion, I think, as senior Captain, you would be wrong to quit the regiment; and with respect to your feelings, I am ready to atone in any way you wish.' 'Will you, then, give me a meeting?' demanded Allen. 'Certainly, instantly. But allow me to say you have been very tardy in demanding it. I have been some days with the regiment without assuming the command of it, to give you and others who feel aggrieved an opportunity of satisfying themselves.' Previously to going out, which was very shortly arranged, he sent for the Adjutant, and desired him to go to all the officers and to say that if any one of them felt themselves aggrieved he was ready to satisfy them instantly, one after the other, and finish the business altogether.

The Colonel and Captain Craigie happened to arrive on the ground a few minutes before Captain Allen and his second, an assistant-surgeon of the name of Erskine. Captain Allen apologized for keeping him waiting, adding: 'I am sorry, upon

my soul, Colonel Aston, it should ever come to this.' Colonel Aston merely said: 'Take your ground, sir.' The distance was measured. Allen fired, and from the circumstance of the Colonel standing perfectly upright with his pistol levelled, the seconds concluded that the ball had passed him. The Colonel dropped his pistol arm, and said: 'I am wounded, but it shall never be said that the last act of my life was that of revenge.' Poor Allen ran up, threw himself on the ground, and was quite overcome by sorrow and remorse. The Colonel was assisted into his palanquin, and met one of his officers, a Lieutenant Falla, soon after himself killed before Seringapatam. 'Well, Falla,' said the Colonel, 'I have got a confounded lick in the guts, but I hope I shall get over it.'

I have seen many dead men, but never saw one that looked like poor Aston. He appeared just as though he were asleep—his long, dark eyelashes closed, and the sweetest smile upon his lips. It seemed to give the assurance that his immortal soul had taken its flight to the realms of bliss. The passage from death to the grave is very rapid in that warm climate, and ere twenty-four hours had expired he was in his last earthly resting-place. He, of course, had a military funeral; his own regiment and a native regiment and a company of the artillery attended. Minute guns were fired, and every demonstration of respect paid. His beautiful Arab charger was hung with crape, and his boots pendant

from the holsters. When the body was brought out of the house the horse was standing near the door. At the sight of the coffin he started back, reared up, and fell over. It appeared that even the horse felt sensible that he had lost his master.

There is no doubt that when Colonel Aston left England he had settled all his affairs by disposing of his property, but not that part which he had in India, consisting of horses, wine, plate, furniture, etc. These he left to his friend Captain Craigie, with the exception of the Arab horse Diomed, which he left to Colonel Wellesley. He also desired that my note of hand to him for a considerable sum might be destroyed, as well as a miniature of a lady and several papers. These were thrown down a deep well in the garden. His stock of clothes, etc., that he bought in England was immense; I have heard from fifty to one hundred pairs of boots. I remember on the passage out I had a painful boil on my arm; the scar I have to this day. He lent me a loose jacket to wear. I said I was afraid I should deprive him of it, as there were no laundresses on board ship. He said: 'Never mind; I have two hundred more.' His tailors made for me when I returned home—the Croziers, of Panton Square—and they assured me they used to take him home thirty coats at a time. And if they did not fit exactly he used to kick them out of the room.

Such a sensation his untimely death made that it was long the topic of conversation. In him I lost

the best and kindest friend I ever had. I should now have been, barring the casualties of war, a General, with orders and decorations, like many of those now wearing them, who were only subalterns when I had the rank of Captain. He always assured me I should be his A.D.C. The two Majors were placed in arrest, sent down to Madras, and tried by a court-martial. They were admonished, and Allen was tried in the Civil Court and acquitted. They both returned to their duty with the regiment. But poor Allen never held up his head afterwards. He died in less than three months of a raging fever.

CHAPTER VII

Ill-health—Vellore—Pass of Amboor—To Seringapatam—Just too late for its fall—A palace hospital—Saved by port-wine—'Old Sour Crout'—The lottery of the service—Another lottery of £20,000—Mrs. Tennant—Baffled hopes—Restoration of lawful Rajah of Mysore—Prize-money—The doctor and the diamonds—Colonel Wellesley's foiled night attack—General Baird's generosity—The Duke of York and General Harris—A cure for snake-bites—Dr. Scheltky's death—St. Thomé—Rejoins regiment.

Soon after the death of my dear friend Aston I lost both health and spirits. I joined the army, but kept my tent, from a violent attack of the liver, attended with burning fever. I had no palanquin; none but officers of the highest rank could afford to keep one, and I was too ill to sit on my horse. Colonel Cotton and the Hon. Major de Grey were kind enough to send one of theirs to me every morning to convey me to the new encampment.

I got as far as Vellore, when I was obliged to go into quarters while the army were halting for a few days, and when they marched I made an effort to join them. I never shall forget the Pass of Amboor, surrounded by immense mountains: the hottest part of the season, an army of 25,000 men, and ten times

that number at least accompanying it with bullocks, horses, elephants, etc., for the transport of the baggage, heavy artillery, etc. No clean water to be had but the colour of the dirtiest puddle, and this for a poor sick devil. I clung to the army as long as I could hold up my head, and when we came to the foot of the Ghaut that divides Mysore from the Carnatic I was ordered with other sick officers and men to proceed to the fort of Kishnagherry. I was put down more dead than alive at the house of Scott Jackson, the paymaster of the district. He came out for the second time in the same fleet with myself. He received me in the most kind and hospitable manner. He was a gentlemanlike, elegant young man, and he paid me every attention. I had also two clever medical men to attend me—a Dr. McMorris, still living, and a Dr. Orde, long since dead.

I had been living about a month with Jackson, when we heard news from the army. Among the casualties in my regiment was the death of poor Falla from a cannon-ball, a twelve-pounder, from the fort of Seringapatam, three miles distant from our trenches. It rolled in and buried itself in poor Falla's groin. It was the most remarkable wound ever seen, and the general conversation of the army, for the shot was not to be seen, the flesh swelling completely over it. George Nixon, Lieutenant of Grenadiers, lost his arm and part of his side by a rocket, and the same rocket struck the legs of his

brother Robert, making a dreadful deep wound. George died, but Robert recovered, and is now living. There were two detachments of the army in our vicinity, or, more correctly speaking, only one—Colonel Read's. The other, under Colonel Brown, was several marches off, hastening to join Colonel Read, bringing up rice and other stores for the use of the army. I joined Colonel Read with other sick officers and men who were convalescent, but had to wait with Colonel Read for the junction of Colonel Brown several days. Had we proceeded alone *without waiting*, we should have been present at the capture of that fortress. We arrived three days too late, and had the mortification of hearing the cannonade going on without being present at it. The long and fatiguing marches of this army caused me to have a relapse, as I had not perfectly recovered. I was seized with a confirmed dysentery, and on arriving with my regiment I was ordered into the palace of the Lal Bagh, which was one of the country palaces of Tippoo Sultan, converted into a hospital, in the gardens of which was a mosque shaded by cypress-trees, where lay the remains of his father, Hyder Ali, his wives and children, and lastly, deposited only a few days before, the body of Tippoo Sultan. These beautiful gardens, shaded with luxuriant trees and broad gravel walks, were dug with deep trenches, and yet from the hardness of the ground not sufficiently deep for graves for the poor soldiers who were carried when dead out of

the gorgeous palace to be interred in these *ready-made* graves, and from their being so very shallow the jackals came at night and pulled them out again. I have often seen an arm with the red sleeve hanging out of a grave, the soldiers always being buried in their uniforms.

On my arrival sick at the palace I found all the private soldiers lying on the bare ground, some in the agonies of death. It was a shocking sight to behold. The heat and smell were dreadful. The upper rooms were assigned to the officers. Captain Buckeridge of ours and Lieutenant Perceval went into this hospital sick. They both died there; indeed, few who breathed this pestiferous air ever came out alive. Fortunately for me I was obliged to return to camp, there not being any vacant corner to place me in. I thought it mattered very little where I died, for I did not expect to live more than a few hours. My inside appeared to be all gone, and part of the intestines absolutely given way. The whole camp teemed with death and contagion. The flies and insects settled upon everything that was eatable, and the bullocks and other animals dying continually, these flies were continually feasting upon their carcases, and then settled upon our faces and provisions. I lay in this deplorable state for two or three days, when a Lieutenant Ashton brought me a couple of bottles of port wine which he had purchased at some deceased officer's sale. From the moment I took two glasses of this precious wine

I gradually recovered, all owing to its astringent and nourishing properties. This certainly saved my life. These two bottles of wine fetched a large price, such was the scarcity of wine in general, but more particularly port, which is never tasted in India but as medicine.

On my arrival before Seringapatam I found a new Lieutenant-Colonel appointed from the 74th Regiment, known in that regiment by the sobriquet of 'Old Sour Crout.' Never did man merit the name better. He was a zealous, brave old man, and looked like a gentleman, but nothing pleased him. He was an old officer, and his name was Robert Shawe. He often used to boast that the Honourable Colonel Wellesley was his subaltern when he commanded the light infantry of the 76th Regiment. He was certainly, without any exception, the most peevish, waspish, disagreeable old gentleman I ever fell in with, and the most difficult to please. How happy I was to leave his tent whenever my duty obliged me to come in contact with him! He had a rich Milesian brogue. A favourite phrase of his was: 'Sir, don't *spake* when I am *spaking*.' What a contrast to poor dear Aston!

At this time I was very near getting a company by purchase. A company became vacant in England, and old Shawe gave out an order that those subalterns wishing and able to purchase should send their names into the orderly-room. I knew I had the money in England, but the whole sum (£1,500)

must be placed down immediately. It so happened that my name appeared to be the first for purchase, and I believe the only one. Old Shawe sent for me, and said: 'I *persave*, sir, you are the first officer for purchase. Where is your money?' 'In England, sir.' 'That will not do; it must be lodged at a house of agency in Madras.' 'Very well, sir.' So I returned to my tent and thought of all my friends in India. None struck me so likely as my kind friend Benjamin Torin at Madras. I wrote to him explaining my situation, and told him I had that sum in the English Funds, and if he would take my bills on his friend Mr. Hutchinson, and advance me the money, I should be eternally obliged to him. By return of post he sent me the kindest answer, saying he had lodged the sum of £1,500 for me in the house of Harrington and Co. of Madras.

There was in the regiment a very deserving young Irishman of the name of Eustace, and a favourite of Colonel Aston's, chiefly from the circumstance of his having, when quite a boy, been very near taken prisoner by the French on the Continent, and defending a gun very gallantly and narrowly escaping from the French. Major Craigie requested Eustace to go to me and beg me to resign my right to the purchase, as Major Craigie would arrange the purchase for him. I did not like to take the advantage which I had over him under the peculiar circumstances, and I resigned my right in his favour.

I did not get my company for four years after this, and then by purchase, and Captain Eustace got his majority and Lieutenant-Colonelcy in a few years after for nothing, which I should have had if I had insisted upon my right to purchase the company. Such is the lottery of our service.

Writing of lotteries puts me in mind of my first cousin, Miss Debonnaire, who was intimate with a Jew, a stockbroker of the name of Ricardo, and father of the celebrated rich financier, a man unrivalled in his way in the House of Commons, who acquired an immense fortune by his financial skill and good management. She desired old Ricardo to purchase her a ticket in the lottery, and told him he should have half of it. The old man took one of his little sons with him, and told the boy to purchase a ticket while he sat in the carriage. The boy had several tickets to choose from. He selected one, and this ticket came up a £20,000 prize. Miss Debonnaire gave Ricardo the £10,000, besides making many handsome presents. The little boy got a watch-chain and seals, value fifty guineas, Lady Curtis a handsome new carriage, and she sent me £100. She soon after married her cousin, William Tennant, Esq., a widower with one only son, with a good estate in Staffordshire called Little Aston Hall, worth £6,000 or £7,000 per annum. This gentleman, notwithstanding his fine estate, was in want of £10,000, and on her marriage she made him a present of that sum; the rest of her fortune

was settled upon herself. She had also a jointure of £700 per annum, which, considering he had but one son and his large fortune, was a very inadequate provision for her, particularly after her liberal conduct to him upon their marriage. They spent the honeymoon at Bath, and their turn-out was in the best style—never less than four horses and two post-riders. Very few men were better judges of a horse than Mrs. Tennant, and her taste in building carriages was perfect. She never had a carriage more than three years at the utmost. Houlditch, of Long Acre, used to build for my uncle and aunt, and also for my cousin Nancy, as we used to call her. She afterwards patronized Windus, a City man. During her stay in Bath she went into a bookseller's shop, where she purchased another ticket, and this proved a prize of £5,000. Her husband did not survive his marriage more than two years, and his son shortly after married the Hon. Charlotte Pelham, daughter of Lord Yarborough, with whom he got a fortune of not more than £15,000 or £20,000, which is all, I believe, he ever received, though his lordship's fortune was £120,000 per annum.[1] Young Tennant in his early years was a delicate and sickly child. Had he died, all his estates would have reverted to my cousin, Mrs. Tennant. And she said if they had we should have been her heirs.

About a month after the siege a poor child about

[1] The writer slightly exaggerates Lord Yarborough's income.

ten years old, found in the fort in rags and poverty, was proved to be a lineal descendant of the Prince who formerly ruled over the Mysore country, who, many years before, had been deposed by Hyder and had had his country taken from him. The English Government took this favourable opportunity of restoring this poor child to the musnud of his ancestors. The city of Mysore is distant from Seringapatam about ten miles, and our regiment was selected to preside over his inauguration. It is the custom to give presents on such ceremonies, and on this occasion I got a shawl; so that in the space of one year I was present at the restoration of two Rajahs.

The army broke up, and we were marked down for Bangalore, whither we marched, and encamped on the glacis of the fort. I drew a bill on England for £300, and my kind friend Mr. Torin honoured it. I believe the reason I did this was that the officers having their prize-money to spend and I having none, having missed the storm by three days only, I could not do as they did. For had we not awaited the arrival of Colonel Brown's detachment, Colonel Read, whom I belonged to, would have been in time for the storming. It was considered a very hard case by all the army, and after keeping us from receiving it for years, it was at length granted to us; but I did not receive it until the year 1807, and without one shilling interest, which was our due. There are a certain class of people with an army

called prize agents. There is no doubt this interest found its way into their pockets. The sum I received was about £430; a Captain received £800, a Major £2,000, a Lieutenant-Colonel £4,000, a Major-General £12,000, and the Commander-in-Chief one-eighth of the whole prize-money captured. The idea at first was that every officer in the army had made at least from £10,000 to £20,000. And even General Baird, whom I dined with, expressed his disappointment at receiving so small a sum as £12,000. He expected at the very least £100,000. The wealth captured was enormous, and consisted of all sorts of property from every Court in Europe. There was splendid china from the King of France, clocks, watches, shawls of immense value, trinkets, jewellery from all nations, pearls, rubies, diamonds and emeralds, and every other precious stone made up into ornaments—even solid wedges and bars of pure gold. A soldier offered me *one* for a bottle of brandy. Many of the officers received part of their prize-money in jewels at a fixed valuation. I saw an emerald in its rough and uncut state valued at £200. Many of our soldiers acquired by plunder what would have made them independent for life if properly managed. I heard that one of them soon after the storm staggered under as many pagodas as he could carry—to the amount, it was said, of £10,000. A soldier of the 74th Regiment got the best prize, consisting of two pairs of the Sultan's armlets, composed of large diamonds of an oval

shape, each diamond as large as a full-grown Windsor bean. This man had been confined sick in the hospital, and had come out of the sick list in time to be at the storm. Soon after May 4 Dr. Pulteney Mein, the surgeon, was called out of his tent to speak to this man, who said to him: 'Your honour, I have got some large white stones, and a black fellow has offered me 1,500 rupees for them. If you will give me that sum for them they are yours.' Mein was a liberal, honest, but wary Scotchman. He knew the value of 1,500 rupees; he was not so sure of these white stones. After some hesitation he said: 'Well, it's like purchasing in the lottery; I will give you your price.' Rumours soon spread in the army of the prize which he had got, and an order was published by the Commander-in-Chief for all officers to give up their plunder for the general benefit of the captors. Mein tied these valuables up in a muslin handkerchief, and wore them next his skin for upwards of two years. Meer Allum, a Mahratta prince, offered him an enormous sum for them. However, he realized upwards of £2,000 per annum, nothing near what he had been offered by the prince; and he was generous enough to give the soldier an annuity of £200, which the poor man did not live long to enjoy.

I often have mused upon what trifles will turn the scale and have an influence upon our future fortunes. Had Colonel Wellesley been an obscure soldier of

fortune, he would have been brought to a court-martial, and perhaps received such a reprimand for bad management as might have induced him in disgust to have resigned His Majesty's service, whereby one of the greatest soldiers England ever had would have been lost to the country. But Colonel Wellesley, fortunately for himself and his country, was brother to the Governor-General of India, and that was enough to wipe away any neglect or bad management, if any existed; but which, in Colonel Wellesley's case, I believe did *not* exist, and might have happened to any man, however experienced and vigilant.

Within a short distance of Seringapatam a large wood or tope lay between the fort and our army. The enemy were strongly posted there, and it was necessary to dislodge them. Colonel Wellesley was ordered on this service with the 33rd Regiment and a regiment of native infantry. The Colonel that evening had dined with General Harris, and at night he proceeded to execute the orders he had received to drive the enemy out and take possession of it. The night was dark as pitch *forward*, and in the *rear* towards our camp the fires and lights burnt brilliantly, which increased the darkness in front. The force under the Colonel moved towards the wood cautiously and silently, when suddenly a fire from all directions was poured in upon them. 'Where's Colonel Wellesley?' resounded on all sides, and the Colonel was nowhere to be found.

The officers were trying to find the Colonel, and the Colonel vainly endeavouring to find them. All was confusion, and they were surrounded both by friends and enemies firing on each other.

Colonel Wellesley, finding it impossible from the utter darkness of the night to discern any object, and despairing from this ever to form his force together, returned to camp, and repaired to the dining tent of General Harris overcome with despair at his failure. He eagerly inquired for the General. One of the servants said: 'Master, General Sahib, gone to sleep.' In a state of distraction Colonel Wellesley threw himself, with all his clothes on, *on the table* (at which a few hours before he had dined), awaiting the dawn of day.

General Harris, having received the report of this *untoward* business, immediately called his staff, and General Baird was sent for to take the command of a new force to dislodge the enemy. Baird said: 'No; Colonel Wellesley has failed, not through the want of skill or bravery, but from circumstances. He is a young man, and if I supersede him it may cast a slur on his future career as a military man. Let him have the command by daylight, and I will answer for it he will carry the wood and drive the enemy out as well as I can.' The command was given to Wellesley, and he achieved it, as Baird foretold. The night attack which was so unfortunate was on April 5; and on May 4 the fort was stormed, and General Baird commanded the storming party

and took possession of the fort, where he remained as commanding officer for about ten days.

I received all the *former* part of this narrative from the Colonel's A.D.C., Captain Hughes, of the 74th Regiment. With respect to the unjust affair of the superseding poor Baird in the command of Seringapatam, I heard it from Colonel Wellesley's *own statement*, in the apartment of the palace, the Dowlet Bagh, where the scene occurred. Colonel Wellesley said, in his rapid manner of speaking: 'I went down to Baird one morning early, and found him at breakfast with his staff. "General Baird, I am appointed to the command of Seringapatam, and here is the order of General Harris." Baird immediately rose, and addressing his staff, said: "Come, gentlemen, we have no longer any business here."' Wellesley said: 'Oh, pray finish your breakfast.' This is all that Colonel Wellesley told me about this curious scene. Some two years afterwards, upon General Harris's return home, and on attending the Duke of York at one of his levees at the Horse Guards, Harris, who was not very quick in a difficulty, was asked quickly and suddenly by the Duke: 'Pray, General Harris, what reason had you for superseding General Baird in the command of Seringapatam and giving it to a junior officer?' Poor Harris stammered, and was at a loss for a reply, and the Duke turned his back upon him, and began a conversation with some officers.

Having received my £300 for my bill from

Mr. Torin, the first thing I did was to buy a charger—cavalry saddle, Gibson's bit, holsters all complete—for which I paid £120. My horse, which I bought of my[1] Captain Woodall, cost £100, and my pony I exchanged with Dr. Campbell for Colonel Aston's duelling pistols, as *they* involve no charge for maintenance, and I saved the keep of the pony, and they completed my cavalry equipment. My charger was full 15 hands high, colour a very dark chestnut, a beautiful shoulder, high crest, a hollow back, very blood-like racing hind-quarters, with a showy blood tail. His having a hollow back was a bad point, but when one was on his back with a cavalry saddle and being well thrown on his haunches, nothing could be more delightful and easy to ride. He had great spirit, but was of good temper.

I left Bangalore for Madras in company with an old officer who went by the name of Cornet Kippen, I suppose from his holding that rank so many years, for at the time I knew him he was a Captain of native cavalry. He was uncouth in his manners, but sociable, and he used to entertain me during our journey with various Indian anecdotes. I afterwards heard one of him and General Baird laughable enough. The Cornet was a man of very great curiosity; he happened one day to be in General Baird's tent when he was answering some letters he

[1] By 'my' Captain the author evidently refers to Captain Woodall's being in command of the Light Infantry Company to which he himself belonged (see p. 42).—ED.

had just received from England. Turning suddenly round, he saw the Cornet peeping over his shoulder reading them. All the reproof he gave him was: 'Mr. Kippen, here are others of a later date!'

On our march one morning we observed at a distance a group of natives digging at a mound of earth, and one of them kneeling down; and as we came up to the man he very suddenly withdrew his hand, having been bitten in the finger by a snake. In the course of two or three minutes the man began to feel great pain and sickness. The natives tied a bandage very tight round his arm, and applied a small gray stone to the punctures in his finger. In a few minutes he was relieved from the pain, and in the course of half an hour the stone was taken off the wound, and the man declared he felt quite well. I purchased this stone of the natives, and they told me if we had any milk and put the stone into the milk, it would cause the milk to bubble up as though it were boiling. They pulled the snake out of the hole, and it proved to be a large cobra de capello. I drew my sword to kill it, but they would not allow me. They said that the man bitten would die if I killed the snake. The natives of India never kill them, and they are generally worshipped and preserved.

A melancholy accident happened in the gardens of the palace. A doctor named Scheltky belonged to the Scotch Brigade. Dr. Campbell, of my regiment, and Dr. Scheltky had their tents pitched close together near the hospital. Dr. S. one

night came into Dr. Campbell's tent nearly undressed to smoke a cigar and chat for half an hour before going to bed. On his return Campbell heard the doctor cry out: 'I have either been hit by a stone on the leg or I have been bitten by a snake.' Campbell brought a light, and in one corner of the tent lay coiled up a large snake. Campbell got his gun and killed it. It was not a cobra, but was most beautifully marked with rings as far as the centre of the body, and it had a long tail gradually ending in a point. Poor Scheltky died in great pain three days afterwards. There are about forty-seven or fifty different species of snakes in the East Indies, of which not more than seven are venomous. The cobra de monil is reckoned by the natives as the most deadly. It is not more than a foot and a half long. The snake-snatchers are in great dread of this snake.

My friend the Cornet parted from me about forty or fifty miles short of Madras, and I was left to pursue my journey with only my servants for company. I missed the Cornet very much. I passed one or two days in a choultry, confined to it by incessant rain, it being the very middle of the monsoon, and my entry into the fort of Madras was very inauspicious. Turning short round, through the Wallagah Gateway, my horse, from the slippery state of the roads, slipped down on all fours. Neither of us, very fortunately, received any hurt. I know not what took me into the fort, for there

was only one tavern, and that, like all others, very bad and ruinously expensive. I went finally to one of the taverns in the Black Town ; I found out that they were dirty and expensive, and not very respectable, only frequented by unfortunate midshipmen, who had no friends to receive them ashore, and who spent in two or three days' residence more than what their pay amounted to in twice as many months. So I went out to live at St. Thomé, about two miles from Madras, close to the sea. And here I found Captains Crawford and Nixon of ours, and Captain Dalrymple of the 74th, all living together most comfortably in a fine house. So I was in no want of society.

After living here till the beginning of January, my regiment had moved from Bangalore into the Carnatic, and had arrived at a station called Wallajahbad, forty miles from Madras. I joined my regiment at this station, got into a good quarter, and found a good billiard-table, a good regimental library, and excellent shooting and hunting. The snipes are capital eating. A good shot will bring home thirty brace a day. I never killed more than seven brace ; but I was not a good shot. The exercise in the heat of the sun is very hard work indeed, and trying to the constitution. We had moderate drills and evening parades, and in the middle of the day we amused ourselves visiting each other's quarters and gossiping under the long verandas. We had also a very good mess. We

spent our time very pleasantly. I bought a beautiful little pony, so that I now had a good charger, and the pony was so quiet that I could shoot off his back.

Our regiment received orders about June to march to Poonamallee, about fifteen miles from Madras, there to remain till further orders. It was reported that it was destined to go on an expedition to Batavia. I was first for detachment, and I was ordered to remain at Wallajahbad with the sick men, about fifty in number, and a guard of about twenty or thirty men, together with the assistant-surgeon, Dr. Erskine, and a sick officer, Lieutenant Langford. This poor man had only dined with us twice, when he took to his bed and died. I saw him when dead. He looked sad and sorrowful, different from Winstone, who had the most stern expression of feature, or from poor Colonel Aston, who looked as if he were asleep with a sweet smile. I buried this poor man by reading the Burial Service over him and firing three volleys over the grave. I had this melancholy office to perform over several of the soldiers. I found myself very dull here, separated from my regiment, though it was a source of great profit to me, as I made a considerable sum from the bazaar, from my situation as commanding officer over seventy or eighty men.

CHAPTER VIII

Colonel Harcourt—Lieutenant Price broken—Cotiote expedition —An engagement—Jungle fever—Talatcheri—With Colonel Wellesley from Cannanore—A dangerous journey—A strange accident—The Rajah of Coorg—At Seringapatam with Wellesley — Hunting with cheetahs — A court-martial — Wellesley's gallantries.

At length I received my orders to join, with all the sick, the headquarters of the regiment at Poonamallee, and there I heard to my great joy that old Sour Crout's appointment to our regiment was not approved of at home, and that he was to go back to his own corps, the 74th, and also that we might expect a fine young man to join us, a Lieutenant-Colonel George William Richard Harcourt,[1] whose kind and amiable manners were to restore harmony and good-humour to the corps after poor Aston's melancholy business. In a very short time Colonel Harcourt arrived from England, bringing with him both officers and men for the regiment. He was a tall, thin young man of about twenty-eight years of age, with a pale face, slight and elegantly turned

[1] George William Richard Harcourt, younger son of John Harcourt, of Ankerwyke, County Bucks. A Major-General in the Army; died unmarried.

figure, small aquiline nose, large whiskers and light brown hair, without powder. His manners were perfectly polished, and he seemed to say: 'I am come to make you all happy and heal all your differences.' He had commanded the 40th Regiment in the West Indies, and had been wounded severely some short time before. He brought out with him a young man as a servant, to whom he was much attached. He also brought out a fashionable curricle, which I sold for him two years later to Colonel Wellesley. He arrived with plate, books, and everything in the best possible style. I was one of the first officers of the regiment he saw, and he seemed pleased with my stud and paid me some compliments upon my riding. We were all highly delighted with our new and young Colonel, and so he appeared with us. We were soon after, to our great annoyance, divided. Two companies were sent to sea, supposed destined, in company with other troops, for Batavia, and three other companies were sent to the southward, under Major Picton, against some turbulent Polygar Rajahs. The remaining five companies with Colonel Harcourt, the flank company's band and colours, marched to the Mysore country. We had a very pleasant march through the Carnatic, and we kept up our mess until we arrived at the Ghauts, when it was too much trouble and difficulty for our mess men to carry it on further, and then we divided ourselves into small mess parties, and provided for ourselves

as well as we could. My brother sub., Robert Sale, now a Colonel in the 13th Regiment, messed with me, and Colonel Harcourt and Captain Nixon and Crawford messed together, and they often gave us capital dinners and breakfasts.

During our march, after we had entered the Mysore country, an unfortunate dispute took place between a Lieutenant Price and Captain Nixon. I do not know the origin of the quarrel, but Price was a hot-headed young Irishman, and committed himself in a way that obliged Colonel Harcourt to put him under arrest. And he was in this situation when Colonel Wellesley happened to come across us on his march down to the Carnatic, he being appointed to proceed with troops destined to join Sir Ralph Abercromby in Egypt. Colonel Wellesley, who then commanded the troops in Mysore, gave orders that a general court-martial should assemble for the trial of Lieutenant Price, and, poor fellow, he was broke. It was a most distressing sight seeing him every day riding without his sword, and, after the sentence, deprived of his two epaulettes, being a Lieutenant of Grenadiers. All this scene was distressing to Colonel Harcourt, but he was obliged to report what had taken place, with so unpleasant a result. This made Captain Nixon very unpopular with a few of the junior part of the regiment, and there was a hot young Irish assistant-surgeon, a Mr. Washington Price (no relation to the officer of that name who had been

broke), who was particularly violent against Nixon. A fierce quarrel broke out many months after at Seringapatam, which ended in a duel at Warriore, near Trichinopoli, in the Carnatic.

After marching for some time about the Mysore country, we were ordered to proceed to Seringapatam previously to an army of about 5,000 men being formed under the command of Colonel Stephenson, of the Madras Cavalry, to proceed to the Cotiote country against the Rajah of that name. The army was divided into three brigades. Colonel Harcourt commanded one of them. Our five companies and the 77th Regiment were the First Brigade, and I was appointed Colonel Harcourt's Brigade-Major. The Cotiote country lies distant, I should suppose, from Seringapatam about sixty to eighty miles due west, and between it and Mysore lies a small territory called Coorg, the Rajah of which has always been at peace with the Company, while the Rajah of Cotiote has invariably been hostile, and it was in the early part of 1797 when he surprised a battalion of native infantry and they were all massacred. No favourable opportunity having occurred to avenge this barbarity, our force was destined for that purpose. The country is by nature very strong, filled with thick jungle, with no roads and deep rivers, and not ground enough clear from wood to encamp 100 men. We were led to expect a very unpleasant service, as it proved to be. In a few marches we crossed the frontier of the

enemy's country. The roads were very bad, and in getting into the country of Cotiote the pioneers were constantly employed, and our progress was very slow, not more than a mile, or at most two miles an hour. A broad and rapid river ran on our left, and we could not see, from the thickness of the jungle, more than a few yards from our flanks.

It was on January 9, 1801, that we commenced hostilities. The road took a sharp turn to the left, and brought us nearly in front and in view of this rapid and deep river, the name of which I forget, when from the opposite banks the enemy opened his fire from the tops of the trees upon our advanced guard, which was supported by the Grenadiers of the 12th Regiment. We could not see a man, but could perceive the fire from the top of the trees. Some of the Grenadiers plunged into the stream, but were obliged to return for fear of being drowned. We poured in platoon after platoon upon them, but could make no impression until we brought up a gun, and the *juice of the grape* by degrees silenced them. We did not lose many men, considering. I saw two of our Grenadiers lying lifeless, being shot through the head, and several others lying dead. Colonel Harcourt took it very coolly, as he was accustomed to engagements, laughing and taking his snuff as usual. As for myself, I was very well content when it was all over and the rascals fairly off. Our loss was very inconsiderable, not above thirty men altogether.

On this march we established a strong post on halting, and built a strong stockade there. The post and village were called Manantaudi. Here we remained three weeks, sending out strong parties to scour the country, and we used to have a good deal of bush fighting, and the natives used to fire at us from behind trees. One man of my company was shot through the lungs in this way; the ball entered his chest and out at his back. The poor fellow died in the course of the night. He was close to me when he was shot.

I had been with the army about three or four months upon this service when, in crossing a river one day, I suddenly got into deep water and fell in over head and ears. I was very hot at the time, and the next day I had a regular attack of what they call jungle fever. We had nearly effected our object. The enemy fled in all directions, and there was scarcely a man to be seen. Our men got sickly from this unwholesome country, where the sun never penetrated, and the miasma arising from the rotting vegetation proved very prejudicial to their health. We were, therefore, expecting every hour to receive orders to march and do the garrison duty of Seringapatam. We were not above forty miles from a place on the coast of Malabar called Talatcheri. And to this place I went for change of air. I found here a Mr. Waddell, of the Bombay Civil Service, who very kindly showed both myself, Colonel Harcourt, and Captain Crawford much

hospitable attention. These two only remained here a day or two, when they returned to the regiment, leaving me to stay a few days more for the benefit of the sea-breeze. We had a Captain Macleod lately appointed to us, an old officer in bad health, living at Talatcheri. I called upon him, and saw a most beautiful Arab horse tied up in his yard. I fell in love with him, and Captain Macleod agreed to accept in exchange for this Arab a very handsome mare of mine, which I had bought of an officer of the 19th Light Dragoons, and for which I had paid 100 pagodas; I also paid Captain Macleod about 70 pagodas extra. This Arab had a most beautiful head, a large dark eye like an antelope; he was a silver-gray, with a dark mane, and long square tail of the same colour. He had broken knees, and was very apt to trip, but he was the quietest creature in the world. Often have I laid down by his side at night when he has been sleeping. He was just 14·2. This horse afterwards proved a little fortune to me. Colonel Wellesley having been superseded in command of the Indian force for Egypt by General Baird at Bombay, by order, I believe, of his brother at Calcutta, landed either at Talatcheri or Cannanore, attended by his A.D.C., Captain West, of the 33rd Regiment, and his Persian interpreter, Major Ogg, of the Company's service. I saw him, and he said to me: 'Elers, I think it will be better for you to accompany me to Seringapatam, where I shall go directly,

and where your regiment will follow to be stationed there, and you can live with me until they arrive.' I thanked him, and I joined him at Cannanore. I had with me my horses, servants, baggage, and camp equipage.

Colonel Wellesley's health at this time was not very good. He had had a touch of the jungle fever in the Bullum country, and I believe at Bombay a violent eruption came out all over his body; but when I saw him he was getting convalescent, but was rather subject to slight touches of fever and ague. No one but those who have experienced these attacks are sensible how they undermine the constitution. They will turn a young man's hair gray very soon. I was but twenty-four years old when my favourite servant Francis, a Portuguese Christian, said: 'Master getting quite old gentleman. I see two, three, four gray hairs.' I said: 'Pull them out, you rascal.' 'Oh no, master; me pull out, *tousand* come.' Colonel Wellesley was just thirty-two, and I saw some about his temples mixed with his fine crop of light-brown hair. Colonel Wellesley had a magnificent tent to dine in, the largest I ever saw. It took thirty Lascars to raise it.

When we left Cannanore we had only a guard of six troopers; between us and our friend the Coorga Rajah's country lay part of our enemy's, the Cotiote country. Colonel Wellesley and I dashed on together first, unaccompanied by his staff or the

troopers, when he observed to me: 'Now, Elers, if we are taken prisoners, I shall be hanged as being brother to the Governor-General, and you will be hanged for being found in bad company.' We had not to go above thirty miles, when we safely reached the territory of the Coorga Rajah. I felt my mind much relieved, for, notwithstanding the joking way in which the Colonel treated it, we should most assuredly have been put to death; and in that case he would never have fought the Battle of Waterloo, or I recounted my adventures.

Before I entirely take leave of this part of the Malabar coast, I must relate an accident that happened to a man of the 77th Regiment. From the confined nature of the ground, overrun with jungle, it was difficult to find a vacant spot to pitch a tent, and there was no regularity in the pitching of the tents, officers' and privates' being close together. One day I was in Colonel Harcourt's tent, when a shot whizzed close by us. I ran out, thinking we were surprised; but on inquiry I found that the armourers' forge of the 77th Regiment was pitched together with a tent where some tailors of the same regiment were at work close together. One of the armourers had a pistol to repair for an officer, and he, not aware that it was loaded, put it into the fire. It exploded, and the ball entered the temple of an unlucky tailor sitting at work in the next tent. It went in at one temple and out at the opposite; but the poor tailor recovered from this extraordinary

wound, and I saw him alive and well six months after, but with the loss of both his eyes.

On the night we arrived in the country of the Coorga Rajah we were sitting drinking our wine after dinner, congratulating ourselves that we had arrived there, when, looking through the tent doors, we saw the forest suddenly illuminated with torches, and many men carrying all sorts of game on bamboos. This was a present from the Rajah of Coorg to Colonel Wellesley, giving him a very small specimen of his day's sport, and hoping that he would spend a few days with him, as he was hunting his country. Among the specimens of the game sent were eleven elephants' tails, cut off that day; a large snake; a boa-constrictor, 16 feet in length, lashed to a long bamboo, and carried by six or seven coolies; cheetahs, tigers, foxes, jackals, etc., and three immense carp. The Rajah had an annual hunt, and we happened to arrive on his hunting day. He sent his salaam, and said he should next day come and pay his respects to the Colonel. The next morning he sent two of his tents, and they were pitched close to ours. They were red and green striped. He also sent chess and backgammon boards of the handsomest sort, inlaid with ebony and ivory, and the chessmen of the finest kind, carved in ivory, with rose-water, betel, etc.

The Rajah arrived soon after breakfast, preceded by a guard of about one hundred men, clothed in

green, and armed with bows and arrows, the Rajah himself mounted on a charger, with English boots and pantaloons, the rest of his dress Eastern. He was a man of middle age, and spoke a little English. The two chiefs got off their horses, and immediately embraced three distinct times. They then retired to their tents and conversed in Persian, Major Ogg acting as interpreter. In one part of the conversation I admired Colonel Wellesley's quickness in detecting Major Ogg giving an erroneous interpretation to a speech of his to the Rajah. The Colonel was clever in quickly acquiring languages, but spoke none very correctly, and I believe this applies to his Spanish and Portuguese at the present time. The poor Rajah urged that he had ever been faithful to the English, his country and revenue small, that the Company took from him by way of kist 5,000 pagodas annually, and he wished the Colonel to intercede for him with the Governor-General to remit it altogether, which the Colonel, to the great joy of the Rajah, promised to do. He pressed the Colonel to spend a few days hunting with him, but the Colonel told him he was most anxious to arrive at Seringapatam, but he promised him he would visit him at a more favourable opportunity. They parted with mutual expressions of goodwill and friendship, and Colonel Wellesley, wishing to make him a present according to Eastern custom, was much puzzled what to give him, not being prepared. He gave him a handsome English

rifle, which the Rajah was much pleased with, and said would be of great use to him on his hunting excursions.

Colonel Wellesley was so anxious to arrive at the fort that the two or three last marches were so long and rapid that my servants and baggage were left behind, and I arrived at Seringapatam at the palace of the Dowlet Bagh without a single suit of clean clothes. He desired his head servant, an old fellow of the name of Vingetty, to give me whatever of his clothes I wanted, such as shirts, trousers and waistcoats, which fitted me very well, and, above all, he ordered him to give me a good room and cot to sleep on. It was a back-room, and looked into the gardens of the palace. I was much pleased to lie down and recover from the fatigue I had gone through, for I was nearly knocked up from following the great man in his rapid movements. When the dinner-hour arrived he placed me on his left hand, and said: 'That is your place;' and there I sat every day for the next three months. We sat in the centre of the table, his A.D.C., Captain West, at the top of the table, and Captain Barclay, the Deputy Adjutant-General, at the bottom. This comprised the family, but there were always other officers, guests, altogether from eight to a dozen, every day. Colonel Wellesley kept a plain but good table. He had a very good appetite, and his favourite dish was a roast saddle of mutton and salad. This dish was placed opposite to him, and

he generally made his dinner off it. He was very abstemious with wine; drank four or five glasses with people at dinner, and about a pint of claret after. He was very even in his temper, laughing and joking with those he liked, speaking in his quick way, and dwelling particularly upon the few (*at that time*) situations he had been placed in before the enemy, the arrangements he had made, and their fortunate results, all of which were applauded by his staff, who had shared in the glory and peril. This generally formed the topic of conversation after dinner. He was particularly severe upon any neglect of the commissariat department, and openly declared that, if he commanded an army, he should not hesitate to hang a *Commissary* for any dereliction of duty. He was very apprehensive of being superseded in his command of Mysore; and when a General Frazer of the King's service had at that time just landed in India, he was apprehensive he might take his command from him. He said: 'We want no Major-Generals in Mysore.'

I remember one day, on our march from Cannanore, he received an overland despatch from England. The chief item of intelligence was that the Earl of Mornington, then Marquess of Wellesley, had received a pension of £5,000 a year for his services and judicious arrangements with respect to the war with Tippoo Sahib. The next was a brevet giving the old Colonels the step of Major-Generals. He was all hope and animation. 'Do you happen

to have an Army List, Elers?' I said 'Yes,' and I ran to my tent and fetched it for him, saying: 'I am sorry to tell you, Colonel, it does not include you as a Major-General. You are within about five or six of it.' He said sorrowfully: '*My highest ambition* is to be a *Major-General* in His Majesty's service.' This was uttered to me in May, 1801. Fourteen years afterwards he had fought the Battle of Waterloo, conquered Bonaparte, was a Prince, a Duke, a Knight of the Garter, Grand Cross of the Bath, a Grandee of Spain, and a Grand Cross of, I believe, every order of knighthood in Europe. His humble friend, I, George Elers, at that time took his hand and said to comfort him: 'Never mind, Colonel; the next brevet must bring you in, and in a few days you will have the command of Seringapatam, where honour and wealth attend on you!'

A few days after our coming to Seringapatam arrived rather a pretty and lively woman, a Mrs. Stephenson, the wife of Colonel Stephenson, awaiting her husband's arrival from the Cotiote country. With his usual gallantry and politeness to the fair, apartments were assigned to the lady by the Colonel, and she made for some time a very pleasant addition to our circle.

I used to go out sometimes with the Colonel on his elephant. He had a very handsome howdah to it, and the elephant was entirely covered over with superfine scarlet cloth, hanging within

two feet of the ground. I think the howdah was a present from Colonel Close, of the Company's service. When Colonel Wellesley was first appointed to the command of Seringapatam, Tippoo Sahib's hunting establishment was found in the fort, and the Colonel wrote to Government about it. The Government did not wish to be at the expense of keeping it up, and Colonel Wellesley kept them at his own charge. They consisted of several leopards and cheetahs, with their keepers, regularly trained for the purpose of hunting the antelope on the plains of Seringapatam. It is very well to see it once, but it is poor sport. The company go out on elephants and on horseback. The cheetahs are placed with their keepers on what are called hackerries, or small open carts drawn by bullocks; they are hoodwinked and ready to be let slip when a herd of deer appear. The antelope is a very shy animal, and will not allow you to approach nearer than some two hundred yards. This having been accomplished, the hackerries stop, and the man takes the bandage off the cheetah's eyes. He leaps like a cat upon the ground, and sinks down upon his belly, wagging his tail. He fixes his eyes upon one particular deer, steals along for thirty or forty paces, and then crouches down. After doing this two or three times the herd take themselves off full gallop, all but one unfortunate, whose eyes have been fascinated by the cheetah. He endeavours to escape; he makes a feeble effort, when the cheetah

in a few bounds overtakes him and fastens upon him. The keeper runs up, throws the winkers over the cheetah's eyes, and preserves the antelope from being eaten up; but life is extinct. He takes out a knife, and, extracting the entrails, they are given to the cheetah as a reward for his pains. All the motions of a cheetah are exactly like those of a cat upon a lawn springing after birds.

We had a billiard-table at the palace, and I used to play sometimes with Captain West. I once remember playing two games with Colonel Wellesley, in both of which I beat him. We used to get up early in the morning and attend the garrison parade, and Colonel Wellesley used, of course, to be saluted by the Guards as they marched off. His dress at this time consisted of a *long coat*, the uniform of the 33rd Regiment, a *cocked hat*, white pantaloons, Hessian boots and spurs, and a large sabre, the handle solid silver, and the mounting of the scabbard of the same metal, but all gilt. He never wore powder, though it was at that time the regulation to do so. His hair was cropped close. I have heard him say he was convinced the wearing of hair powder was very prejudicial to health as impeding the perspiration, and he was doubtless right.

Major Woodall joined our regiment about this time, bringing up with him a lady he had lately married;[1] she was a Miss Cochrane, a natural

[1] Janet, widow of Major Thomas Woodall, of the 12th Regiment, married, June 8, 1807, Sir George Tuite, Bart.

daughter of the Earl of Dundonald, and now married to Sir George Tuite, Baronet.

About this time an unpleasant business took place at Seringapatam, which obliged Colonel Wellesley to act as prosecutor at a General Court-Martial ordered to take place at Seringapatam upon three officers of the artillery of the Company's Service—viz., Lieutenant-Colonel Saxon, Lieutenant-Colonel Mandeville, and Captain Macintire. I believe the whole court-martial was composed of field officers drawn from all parts of the coast. I remember one, Colonel the Hon. G. St. John, and there were some field officers of the 84th and 86th. It made an addition to our dinner-table, but all the day the Colonel was occupied from ten o'clock until four at the court, and I saw little of him.

The trials lasted a month, and the Colonel executed this unpleasant duty with all that tact and judgment which has so much distinguished him in after-times of much greater difficulty and importance. The charges laid to these officers were peculation and defrauding the Company at the arsenal of bell metal, etc., to a large amount. They were all sentenced to be dismissed the Service and sent home immediately. I was very sorry for the fate of poor old Saxon; he had, I believe, risen from the ranks. Poor devil! he had dined at the Colonel's table but a few days before he was put under arrest, little thinking what was so soon to happen to him. An officer by the name of F——, of the

artillery, was appointed to Captain Macintire's post. bringing with him a very young and rather pretty woman for his wife. Colonel Wellesley had at that time a very susceptible heart, particularly towards, I am sorry to say, married ladies, and his pointed attention to this lady gave offence to, *not her husband*, but to the aide-de-camp, who considered it highly immoral and indecorous, and a coolness took place between West and the Colonel, and they did not speak all the remaining time I lived with the Colonel. Lady Tuite, then Mrs. Woodall, interfered in the same officious way, which the Colonel did not forget; for in after-times, upon meeting him at a large party, when she held out her hand to shake hands with him, he put both his hands behind his back and made her a low bow.

For my own part, I abhor the seduction of innocent girls, and think it wrong to intrigue with married women; but if I witness anything going on between two people, and the *husband* does not see or choose to take notice of it, I think none but a father or a brother has a right to interfere. You are sure to get into a scrape and make enemies of all parties. And as for Colonel Wellesley, he never in these matters interfered with others, but, on the contrary, once kindly assisted me in a little affair of gallantry I had, but not with a married woman. But this was in a spirit of gratitude, I having assisted him on a like occasion. The Colonel, in after-life, proved most grateful to the lady, and provided by his interest for some of her children.

CHAPTER IX

A riding wager — Trichinopoli — Racing — A duel — Gets his captaincy—Losses in the Funds—Colonel Brown—Pondicherri—Adventure with a cobra.

HAVING lived with the Colonel for about three months, and my regiment having established a good mess in the fort, I told him that if he would provide me with a good house I would not trespass on his hospitality farther. He gave me a good quarter, consisting of three rooms and offices for my servants and stables for my horses. I used to wait upon him occasionally with the report of the main guard, and at other times used to go uninvited to breakfast with him, when he invariably said, in his quick way: 'Elers, will you dine here to-day?' I am sure he could not say I ever refused him.

About this time, September, 1801, my friends Colonel Harcourt and Captain Crawford procured permission to visit Calcutta, the former to see his old friend the Marquess of Wellesley, and Captain Crawford on a trip of pleasure and curiosity. The Colonel had left the regiment but a short time when, about the beginning of October, we received orders to proceed to the Carnatic, to a station called

Trichinopoli, about two hundred miles south of Madras. Just previously to this I sold Colonel Wellesley the curricle Colonel Harcourt brought from England, and he was quite pleased with his purchase. He soon got a pair of horses to run in it. He said it was a much safer conveyance than a buggy, for where two horses could go, the wheels could follow. One night at the mess, just before we left Seringapatam, the conversation turned upon the powers of English horses on long journeys. I said I could ride my Arab horse fifty miles for three days in succession, even in that climate. My friend Sale offered to bet me 500 pagodas I could not do it. I laid the wager, and was to do it *exactly one week after* our arrival at Trichinopoli. Having made the wager *this way*, I made it very much against myself; but I finally overcame all difficulties, and won my wager with great ease. In the first place, it was the very height of the monsoon, raining sheets of water. I took my horse under the cover of my own tent during the night, and in the day he was, like his master, obliged to rough it. The pass—that is, the descent from the Ghauts down into the Carnatic—was full of sharp rocks, and there was great danger of laming my horse, besides either of us falling sick. However, we arrived all safe, and I got a piece of ground marked out all round a most extensive cantonment, measuring exactly six miles, and had my grooms ready to rub down, with water, etc., all ready, and I started one morning at one a.m.

and finished my first fifty miles with ease by five o'clock in the afternoon. In short, I completed my task with great ease and won my wager.

On arriving at Trichinopoli, which is situated at the foot of an immense rock, we were placed in cantonments about a mile from the fort, at a place called Warriore. I found Major Picton here with the three companies that had been on service to the southward among the refractory Polygars, and also the two companies that had been to sea, to the eastward, where they had gone as far as Batavia. We were all very happy to see each other again.

About this time I heard from Colonel Harcourt, who said that he and Crawford were well and very happy, and were living with the Governor-General; they were then to take a trip up the country, many hundred miles from Calcutta, visiting the upper provinces of Bengal. Major-General Brydges, a Company's officer commanding the Southern Division of the army, lived in the vicinity of Trichinopoli; also an old gentleman of the name of Darke, formerly very rich, and to whom the Nabob of Arcot was indebted for many lakhs of rupees. He had one only daughter,[1] married to General Floyd, who had been long stationed here in command of the 19th Light Dragoons. By this lady he had Julia, married to the great statesman, the present Sir Robert Peel, Bart. Captain Prescot,

[1] Rebecca Juliana, daughter of Charles Darke of Madras. Married, January 29, 1771, Sir John Floyd, Bart.

of the Artillery; William Hawkins, Esq., of the Civil Service; Colonel Browne, the officer commanding the detachment proceeding to Seringapatam; Major Lennon and wife; Wallace and wife, a French lady, the former a civilian; and Mr. Irwin and lady, his assistant, besides several other officers and their ladies, so that we had a very good society, and used to get up subscription balls that were very well attended. But our grand effort was establishing some subscription races, and Captain Laing, of the Company's service, and Lieutenant King, of ours, were the chief promoters of some races here that would have done credit to any town in England. The General commanding set a good example by his liberal subscription, as also Mr. Hawkins, and all the officers composing the garrison. We collected a sum sufficient to give amusement for three days, with public breakfasts, ball, etc.

The first day a plate of £100 was run for between Captain Laing's bay Arab, Little Jem; Mr. Irwin's Dragon, a bay Arab; and Lieutenant Elers' gray Arab, Aboukir—two-mile heats. This was allowed to be one of the finest races ever run. I rode my favourite gray, and had never ridden a regular race before. The other two horses were ridden by men of the regiment who had been professed jockeys. The first heat I lost by not more than a head, and the second heat I won by the same distance. These heats were contested with Little Jem. The third horse, Mr. Irwin's, had no chance. Everyone

thought I was certain of winning. But I was very much exhausted, for my horse evinced, particularly in the second heat, a disposition to bolt, and I could scarcely keep him on the course, particularly within a few hundred yards of the winning-post, which was the more provoking.

We went off for the third heat, and I evidently had it all my own way until I came to a certain spot; I was at least six or seven lengths before Little Jem when my hands got cramped, my reins relaxed, and my horse swerved from the course, and Little Jem, I had the mortification to see, passed me in a canter and won the race. The owner of the third horse, Dragon, who, I believe, was distanced the second heat, came up to me and gave me a challenge to run the next day for a thousand pagodas, and said he merely lost the race by the badness of his jockey. I said 'Done!' and it was settled to be run the next day. I well knew the great superiority of my horse, and that I only lost the race from the cramp I got in my hand. But to make this race certain I went immediately to the man who rode Little Jem, and secured him to ride for me.

The next day, just as the horses were saddling, Mr. Irwin began to quake, and he begged me to let the stake be only for one-half of the original bet. I did not like to take any advantage, and consented. I won the race with the greatest ease; and on the third day I won with the same horse a handsome cup of £50, which I brought to the mess. It held

eight quart bottles. It was emptied several times on that night in honour of Aboukir.

After the races we had an elegant breakfast, and afterwards dancing; and we had amusements for the men, such as jumping in sacks and running after a pig with his tail soaped. And on the retirement of the ladies we concluded the sports of the day with chicken hazard. I won more rupees that day than I could well carry home, but which, as I recollect, I contrived to do, walking in the heat of the sun, as I had no conveyance. This was the happiest week I ever passed in India; everything seemed to prosper with me. I lived in the same quarter with Colonel Picton, and used always to breakfast with him. In the middle of the day we used to drive to the fort of Trichinopoli, where Mr. Hawkins had a capital house, a good billiard-table, good tiffins, and the house always full of pleasant people. Among others was a worthy old man by name Peter Key; he was a gray-headed, retired old Captain of Native Infantry. He came out for the second time with us in the same fleet, and used to call us 'his boys.' He lived a great deal with Mr. Hawkins. Mr. H. was a good man, a great oddity, but much respected. He was an Irishman, and a brother to Admiral Whitshed, and son to the late Bishop of Raphoe.

About this time an unpleasant affair took place between Assistant-Surgeon Washington Price and Captain Nixon, arising from a quarrel which took

place some months before at Seringapatam. Nixon came to me and borrowed my pistols, the brace that were Colonel Aston's. Mr. Price and he met, and Captain Nixon's shot took effect in the fleshy part of Price's hand, hit the stock of his pistol, and the ball lodged near the top of the arm and was cut out directly. And there the business ended. Captain Nixon soon after obtained leave and went home.

We had not been at Warriore above six months when the regiment was moved to the barracks and cantonments formerly occupied by the 19th Light Dragoons on Trichinopoli plain, a short distance only from Warriore. There were no barracks for the officers, but they lived in detached bungalows wherever they could get them. Mr. Hawkins lent me a capital house and gardens of his called Belfont, something more than a quarter of a mile from the barracks and the same distance from the mess-room. But I had plenty of horses and a chaise. I think I had five horses at this time. One of them was a Pegu pony, black as jet, the most beautiful creature I ever saw. He was one of three that Major Woodall brought from Pegu with him. He cost me a large price. I used always to ride him to parade, and at night he was always sent for me to the mess-room to bring me home.

About this time poor Major Woodall left us sick for Madras. I bought a very pretty portable library from him, consisting of Bell's Plays and others, about sixty or seventy volumes, enclosed in wooden

cases, with locks and keys, that shut up for travelling, besides a good deal of furniture, etc. Poor fellow! he died shortly after at Madras.

About this time (June, 1802) I received a letter from Colonel Harcourt, telling me he was on his way overland to England with despatches of great importance from the Governor-General, and that I should see him back very shortly. He went, and did not remain in England more than three weeks. It was about three months after this that I received a kind letter from Colonel Wellesley[1] to say he had written to Mr. North, the Governor of Ceylon, to procure me a company in some Malay corps raised for His Majesty's service in the island of Ceylon, but that he had not received any answer. Colonel Wellesley strongly recommended me to apply to my friend Colonel Harcourt to use his influence with the Governor-General for that purpose. I think there was a coolness between Colonel Wellesley and his brother the Marquess at that time, or I think he would have applied to him himself in my favour.

Soon after this Major Picton, as commanding officer, received the intelligence that Captain Hastings Frazer had got promoted out of our regiment at home, and that his company was for sale. At this time I had three or four Lieutenants senior to me, among others one of the name of Cavendish, a distant relation of the Duke of Devonshire, and a connection of Lord William Bentinck, the Governor

[1] See p. 270.—ED.

of Madras. Poor Cavendish went down to Madras and endeavoured to interest his lordship in his favour, but without success. I cannot account for it, for Lord William I ever found very kind and obliging to me as far as hospitality went. However, this company was kept vacant for *some months* to give Cavendish the chance of procuring the money, which was not acting fairly towards me, as I ought to have been a Captain of the early part of 1802 instead of May, 1803. I should have got the rank of a Brevet-Major before I quitted the Service if I had been a captain of 1802. Major Picton at length was obliged to forward my name to General Lake on May 6, 1803, for my promotion to the vacant company. At this time the Bengal army, under General Lake, was most actively employed in the great Mahratta war against Holkar, while General Wellesley was as much engaged against the other chieftain Scindiah, in the north-west part of India. General Lake was so much engaged that from the time my recommendation went off, the first week in May, we had no promotions published until the last week in November, when at length, to my great joy, I found myself in orders as a Captain in the 12th Regiment.

I had reduced my little fortune very considerably, when I gave Mr. Hutchinson the most positive orders to sell out of the Funds all the stock I had in the three per cents. I think it was just *previous* to the peace, or perhaps just after war was again

declared, and when the people were threatened with invasion. However, the stocks, the three per cents. were down to 48, and I believe they never were lower, and this reduced my little fortune nearly one-half. So I was determined, directly my recommendation went off for my promotion, that I would live with the greatest economy. I sold off my stud, in the first place, buggy, horse and harness, and discharged my Hookah Bedar, and lived very quietly at the mess. I still kept up a good tiffin and plenty of negus, called sangaree, for any officers that would call upon me. In the course of seven months I had saved considerably more than two hundred pounds, and continued to do so for some time.

I asked leave to visit the coast about this time, and I went to Negapatam, and on my return called for a few days on a Captain Blackburne, the military resident at Tanjore. He had a good billiard-table, and played well. I found a Brahmin here who professed to paint miniatures, and I sat to him, and sent home the picture and a gold Trichinopoli chain as a present to my cousin, Mrs. Tennant. But she valued neither—the picture she gave to one of the Miss Hutchinsons, and the gold chain she gave to the Hon. Mrs. Tennant. Colonel Brown was so kind as to take charge of these things, and had the miniature very handsomely mounted on his arrival in England. Colonel Archibald Brown was a singular man. He was a Scotchman ; a fine, military figure, six feet high, very rich, very generous, very

friendly, even to excess with his purse. He never stirred out of his fine large quarter, and saw very little company; but kept a good table, and he took a great fancy to me—perhaps it was partly on account of our going up together to the siege of Seringapatam. However, he was always delighted when I called upon him, but most particularly so when I would leave my own mess and call to dine with him, *uninvited*. We always dined *tête-à-tête*, when we had our cool bottle of claret, and he used to entertain me with his early adventures in India, the wars of Sir Eyre Coote, the defeat of Baillie's detachment, and the wars of Lord Cornwallis. Among his other military stories was one that took place about the year 1795. He commanded a force that took a small Dutch settlement to the eastward. The Governor, a Dutchman, invited him to come and live with him and his family. He contracted a friendship with this man; and lent him a *considerable* sum of money to pursue some mercantile speculation, which did not prove fortunate. The merchant when he borrowed the money gave the Colonel his bond for it. The poor merchant suffered much unhappiness at the debt he had incurred with Colonel Brown, and the little prospect he had of redeeming his bond. Colonel Brown, in the most generous way, said: 'My dear friend, do not make yourself uneasy. Here is the bond. I will now destroy it. If you are ever able to discharge it, do so. If not, I shall never ask you.' There was another instance of his

generous nature. Mr. Hawkins was once regretting his improvidence in his earlier career, which prevented him from returning home as others did with an independence. 'My dear Hawkins, share with me what I have got. I have enough for both of us.' So said this generous, excellent man Colonel Brown. I always felt happy in his society. His sentiments were so noble and chivalrous, they quite inspired one to emulate them. Colonel Brown returned home about the latter end of the year 1802, and when I returned in 1806 I found him living in a good house in Sackville Street. When Colonel Brown left me in India I lost a sincere and kind friend, whose memory I shall ever honour. He died at his house in Curzon Street at an advanced age, leaving a sister and a nephew of the name of Knox, in a house of agency at Madras, the heir (*sic*) to his fortune.

In May, 1803, I obtained leave of absence to visit Madras. I went in a palanquin, and visited Pondicherri on my way down, and put up at the commanding officer's house, Colonel Keith, a widower with one daughter, a lovely girl of about eighteen. I remained there one night and went to a ball. Colonel Keith gave me news of my elder brother, then a Captain in the 43rd Regiment. I believe he knew my brother in the West Indies. The journey down to Madras, a distance of two hundred miles, appeared very tedious ; and as I had but one set of bearers to my palanquin, I was many days on the way. At last I arrived at Madras, and after reporting myself at

the Adjutant-General's office I waited on the Governor, Lord William Bentinck, lately arrived from England. My reception was very kind, and he asked me to come and dine with him the next day. I was introduced to Lady William and her brother, the Honourable Edward Acheson and Colonel Monckton, the two aides-de-camp of Lord William. I remember we had some of the finest Hermitage I ever drank. I went out to St. Thomé, and lived at the garden house of Captain Kerby Dalrymple, where his brother, Captain D. of the 19th Regiment, was also living. Kerby Dalrymple was one of the Seringapatam prize agents, had sold out of the army, and had turned merchant. He kept his carriage, a post-chaise, and lived very handsomely. When I was not engaged playing piquet with his brother, I used to go with Kerby to the fort in his carriage, and return in the evening. Captain Hugh Dalrymple was at that time a very fine player at this game, and I was a pupil of Major Picton's, with whom I used often to play from morning until night. Major Picton used to play whist and piquet for very large sums and with great success. This Hugh Dalrymple some years after arrived in England, and at Graham's Club he used to play with the celebrated Major Aubrey. The present Marquess of Hertford matched Dalrymple against Aubrey, and won of Aubrey £40,000 and Dalrymple won of Aubrey £10,000. It is not to be wondered that Dalrymple beat me, but I

lost only a very trifling sum to him. With the regiment I used to play pools with Colonel Picton and Captain Crawford for small stakes. So I was in very good practice, and was a tolerable match for most players—that is to say for those who were not regular blacklegs. I returned to my regiment, and brought up with me a very handsome buggy and beautiful dun pony to run in it.

Soon after my arrival, one night on returning from the mess, on getting into bed I had occasion to go into the garden. My servant Francis said: 'Pray stop, massa. Let me get lanthorn. Sometime bad snake bite massa.' I paid no attention to this prudent advice, and as I opened the door Francis put the lanthorn into my hand, by the light of which I saw, curled round the seat, an enormous cobra de capello. I instantly shut the door, loaded my gun, and on opening the door gently, he was laid coiled up in one corner. I shot at him and nearly cut him in two, and he gave a loud hiss and sprang out between me and Francis, and with large bamboos we despatched him. The next morning I cut off his head, and by way of experiment placed the leg of a live chicken between his jaws, and compressing them, inserted the fangs in the fleshy part of the chicken's thigh. The poor chicken did not live three minutes after. There never was a spot more likely for snakes than this garden, it was so luxuriant in vegetation, being well watered from a neighbouring spring. I had a most narrow escape of my life.

On the departure of General Brydges for England, the command of the Southern Division of the army devolved upon a Colonel Pater, a very good-natured but enormously fat man, of the cavalry. He and Colonel Picton were great friends. I recollect his orders were couched in the most ridiculous inflated language that made us all laugh.

CHAPTER X

Athletics—Pet tiger and alligator—Colonel Wellesley's terrier—Bhil robbers—A servant's honesty—By sea to Vizagapatam—Fight between the *Centurion* and French frigates—Colonel Harcourt at Cuttack — Chicken hazard — Juggernaut — Calcutta—Lord Wellesley—A billiard match—Tigers on Sangor Island—Back to Madras—Atrocity at Travancore—Lord Lake's siege of Bhurtpore—General Wellesley's K.C.B. —The Duke of Clarence and Mr. Calcraft—Aston at Ranelagh—Aston's duel with Sumner—Surcouff.

About July, 1804, I received a letter from Colonel Harcourt, giving me an invitation to come and pay him a visit at Cuttack. He had been some time before appointed secretary to the Governor-General, when he was appointed to the command of about five thousand men sent against this country, lying about three hundred miles to the southward of Calcutta towards the Carnatic. He had built a good house at Cuttack, and was established there with a Staff and everything comfortable about him, and desired me to get six months' leave of absence and join him, when he would give me an Arabian horse to ride and furnish me with a hookah to smoke, which we were both very fond of. After procuring my leave of absence, I began to make preparations

by selling off my horses, buggy, furniture, hookah, books, only reserving a small quantity of plate, which I unfortunately took to Madras with me. I say unfortunately, because I lost it (the plate) through doing a kind action. I lent it to a Captain of our regiment who, with *his wife*, had just arrived from England. He died a few months after, and his widow would not return it to me or pay me for it, and I had no acknowledgment to say it was lent and was to be returned. But she was not a lady, and was only living with him as his mistress. I also lost a new tent. I left it with the regiment, and Colonel Forsteen, at that time only a Captain, bought it, and placed the money in the paymaster's hands, a Lieutenant Jagger. He died, and I lost this also. I forgot to mention that when I sold off my stud the first time upon resolving to save all I could, a young, dashing civilian, a sad, wild young Irish boy, and a natural son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, came into my stable and wanted to purchase the *whole lot*. I sold him two horses, and my favourite Arab horse, Aboukir, was one. I got his note of hand for 500 pagodas for them, which I never should have got but through a rich black man, who, to get 'master's favour,' as they say, cashed the bills. This hopeful youth's name was Ellis, and he died some years after a great deal in debt.

I felt very sorry to leave the regiment. I felt a certain presentiment that I never should see it or the officers again. I loved the old regiment and many

of the men. I used to practise manly games with them in the heat of the sun, particularly the game of cricket, quoits, and a game called long bullets. At the latter game Sale could beat me, but at quoits there were only two men in the regiment could beat me, and they belonged to my own company—Sharpe, a Yorkshire man, and Ostler, an Essex man, who taught me, and also the art of swimming. I was in those days very active, and few could beat me at leaping, either over a garter or in distance. I could leap both backwards and forwards eighteen feet, when to my utter astonishment a man, by name Burchinhoff, of my company, beat me by five feet.

Among other little pets I kept was a small tiger, which I had as soon as it could see. I remember it had a most unpleasant smell, rolling among the carrion its dam brought into its lair. I had also a small alligator, not more than a foot long. But of all my pets, my favourite was the most beautiful terrier I ever saw. He was small, jet black-and-tan, with a little white on his breast. I gave him the name of Jack, after the name of a very great pet and favourite of Colonel Wellesley's, a terrier who once followed Colonel Wellesley to Chitteldroog from Seringapatam, a distance of more than a hundred miles. When the Colonel arrived at the foot of Chitteldroog, they fired a salute in compliment to him. The dog was frightened, and ran away, and the Colonel gave him up for lost. A few days after he received a letter from Seringapatam to say that

the dog had found his way back. In India there are no beaten tracks or roads, which renders it the more extraordinary. This little dog of mine accompanied me by sea and land to Calcutta and back to Madras.

Trichinopoli has ever been famous for robberies committed by a set of thieves living in the hills, called Bhils. These robberies were of the most impudent and daring description. They strip themselves entirely naked and oil themselves all over; so if they are caught they slip through your fingers like an eel, and so make their escape. A report was current that they entered the barracks where the 19th Light Dragoons lay one night and stole all their pistols, sabres, etc., when the men were asleep. We had not been in these quarters long when scarcely a night passed upon which they did not pay us a visit. They came to my stable and took a new saddle. It was bound round with a metal resembling silver upon the cantel of the saddle. They tore this off, and considerably damaged the saddle in doing so. I recovered the saddle. They had thrown it away among some rocks. They seldom came into the quarters in the night, but about two hours before daybreak, as they conclude people are generally sounder asleep at that time. Dr. Campbell one night was determined not to go to sleep all night, and having loaded his pistols, laid them on the chair by the bedside. At their usual hour they paid the doctor a visit. Two of them came into the bedroom,

and the doctor began to snore, pretending to be fast asleep. They, thinking this was so, began to examine the combs, razors, brushes, etc., very coolly, and after they had gratified their curiosity one of them took up a light trunk, put it on his head, and leisurely walked out of the room with it. His companion got another trunk, put it on his head, and followed. Dr. Campbell then jumped out of bed, and as the poor wretch was running away fired at him at the distance of a few paces. The ball entered his back and came out at his breast. After this he ran off so strong that Campbell thought he had not hit him. At last he fell. I saw him groaning and lamenting, lying under the shade of a milk hedge, crying out to us most piteously to cure him, and he would show us where all the thieves were and deliver up all the plunder. He did not die till sunset. After that we had no more robberies.

While I was in the Mysore country I had a large sum of money belonging to the men of my company. I had it in a trunk, and gave it and the key to my head servant. One day the servant was not to be found; he had been tired of long marches and a camp life, and had fairly run off. I, of course, gave up all thoughts of finding my money; he had taken the keys with him, and I was obliged to have the trunk broken open, and to my great joy the money was all safe. It was considerably more than a hundred pounds. The man thought that if he *left* the keys, a common and universal practice when a

servant runs away, they might fall into bad hands, and I should have been plundered, and he would have had the credit of having robbed me. The native servants are generally great thieves, although some are as remarkable for their strict honesty and fidelity. It was my good fortune to possess one of the latter. He came to me to be hired while I was living with Colonel Wellesley. He was a Portuguese Christian by the name of Francis. He was an ugly man, and I told him so. He said: 'Massa must not mind ugly face; I got good heart, and will serve massa faithfully.' I took him, and he lived with me until I went on board the ship that carried me to England. On the deck of that ship, the *Hawkesbury*, he said with the tears in his eyes: 'Massa, if I had not wife and children, I never would leave massa, but go England with massa.' He was the best of servants, so clever, so faithful, and so honest. He understood the dressing of a hookah, and dressed mine for some years. I made him a present of my hookah among other things when I left India. He understood the care of horses, and was also a good cook. In short, he was as a servant quite invaluable.

I shall now, after this long digression, resume my narrative.

I took leave of my regiment at Trichinopoli on August 6, 1804, and proceeded in a palanquin to Madras. I took a passage in the *Princess Charlotte*, East Indiaman (the same ship that brought Colonel

Wellesley from the Cape) to Vizagapatam, laden with I know not what cargo; but she was proceeding to that place for the purpose of bringing down bales of longcloth to Madras, and we were to be convoyed by the *Wilhelmina*, of 18 guns, under the gallant Captain Lambert. The *Wilhelmina* could only have protected us against privateers, which swarmed between Madras and Bengal. It was very lucky for us that we did not meet with Admiral Linois, who, in the *Marengo*, of 84 guns, and two heavy French frigates, was cruising about for plunder, and arrived at Vizagapatam two or three days after I had safely landed at that station, and Captain Lambert, having safely conducted the *Princess Charlotte* to Vizagapatam, had started upon another cruise. Colonel Alexander Campbell, of the 74th Regiment, was the commanding officer of this station, and I lived at his house. I had been there about two days, when the *Centurion*, of 50 guns, arrived for the purpose of protecting the *Princess Charlotte* with a valuable cargo of cloth for Madras.

The *Centurion* was at Madras, commanded by Captain Spratt Rainier, the Admiral's nephew; he was, unluckily for him, left sick at Madras, and Commander Lind took the ship in charge on this occasion. I remember Captain Lind, who was an ugly little old-fashioned fellow of about fifty, dining with us on the day he arrived with his purser and one of his Lieutenants.

According to my usual custom, I was up by day-

light, and, looking seaward, I saw three large ships, hull down, standing in to the bay. Captain Lind with his purser had slept at the house of the Honourable Alexander Murray, of the Civil Service, and after reporting what I saw to Colonel Campbell, I went to Mr. Murray, who with his wife and Captain Lind were at breakfast. Mr. Murray's house was situated very high above sea-level, and commanded the view of the whole bay. I told Captain Lind of the ships, and he got up from the table and looked at them through a glass. He said he could not make out what they were, but thought they looked very suspicious. He begged Mr. Murray to lend him his carriage to convey him to the beach.

After he was gone about half an hour, the ships were getting very close to the *Centurion*. They approached one after the other, the two frigates first, when the first French frigate, running close alongside, discharged her guns at the *Centurion*, and I distinctly saw her boats that were lashed upon her quarter fly up like chips. The *Centurion* soon got up her anchor, and we distinctly heard the cheers of the British sailors as they continued to pour their broadsides into the two French frigates. The *Centurion* stood out to sea, engaging the two frigates at the same time. At this crisis we saw the *Centurion* tack and stand inshore. The purser and myself naturally concluded the *Centurion* would run ashore to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. He began to cut his capers about the room,

and said he was a ruined man, all his hard earnings lost. When the *Centurion* was standing inshore, we saw Captain Lind under a heavy fire in a small boat get on board, and instead of running the ship ashore, which we every minute expected, he let his anchor go with springs on his cable close inshore. The French frigates also came to an anchor, but at a long and cautious distance, one on the quarter, the *Marengo* amidships, and the other frigate ahead. Many of the shot went over the *Centurion*, and were found up the country. I saw many heavy shot of 68 pounds that were afterwards brought in. Soon after they took up this position they sent their boats and took possession of the *Princess Charlotte*. A country ship called the *Burnaby* ran ashore, and soon went to pieces in the surf. Soon after the action commenced, I ran down to the beach and offered my humble services to Colonel Campbell. He gave me the command of two 12-pounders, with some invalid artillerymen to serve them. When the French took possession of the Indiaman some of the carpenters were on board the Indiaman belonging to the *Centurion*, who had gone to do some work early in the morning; and instead of going on board again they pulled ashore, giving as an excuse that they were afraid of being taken prisoners. Colonel Campbell ordered me to take these carpenters back to the *Centurion*, and to take charge of his son, who was to go with me on this service. We got on board the *Centurion*, and the

first person I saw was Captain Lind, his face black with powder and his shirt-sleeves tucked up, in a most prodigious heat. He said he was very glad to get his carpenters back, for the ship was making large quantities of water, and their pumps were all at work. I saw the deck torn up with grape, and two ports on the larboard quarter knocked into one, and all their boats destroyed. I saw the mouth of one of the guns half taken off, which, on the ship rolling, sent it through the deck, and it came out between the legs of one of the men who was steering at the commencement of the action. One of the little middies showed me an escape he had by a round shot carrying away part of his jacket. I saw several large trunks of clothes destroyed by the shot. At length, having executed my orders and gratified my curiosity, I asked the Captain if he had any further orders for me, when I took my leave. I went on shore, and the French squadron with their prize stood out to sea soon after I left the *Centurion*. Considering the long time the *Centurion* was under fire her loss was very trifling. I have often thought that when Colonel Campbell wrote his despatch to the Madras Government he might have mentioned my name as having volunteered my humble services to him. For I was merely a visitor on leave of absence, and had no occasion to do what I did. Captain Lind got his post rank and was made a C.B., and afterwards knighted, and his first Lieutenant a Commander. The *Centurion* was obliged to go to Bombay to be

repaired, but not into dry dock. She soon afterwards proceeded to England, where she went under thorough repair; a 68-pound shot was found buried under her counter. If this shot had rolled out at sea, she would have gone down stern foremost.

I proceeded the rest of my journey, about two hundred miles, in a palanquin, stopping at the house of a Mr. Carr, a civilian at Balasore, where I stayed one night. There I saw a beautiful woman, the daughter of Mr. Rock, who was married to my old school-fellow Henry Parry, living with Mr. Carr. She was very lovely and accomplished, but her mother was a native woman. I regretted this for the sake of Parry at the time, and I still more regret it now, having since renewed my acquaintance with him, and knowing his kind and affectionate disposition. He has since united himself with an amiable woman, with whom he lives very happily.

I at length joined Colonel Harcourt, who received me with the greatest kindness. He had built a large house and kept many servants, some of whom were in scarlet and gold with scarlet turbans, who, bearing large silver sticks, formed a lane upon all occasions of ceremony, particularly when we proceeded every day to dinner. I was quite astonished, not having seen anything of the kind all the time I was in India; but when I arrived at the Government House at Calcutta, I saw exactly the same thing. So that this was adopting Lord Wellesley's princely style of living. I was introduced to all his Staff,

consisting of Lieutenant Ashe, his A.D.C.; Major Andrews, Brigade Major; Mr. Fortescue, a civilian, a cousin of Lord Wellesley's; Mr. McInnis, Persian interpreter; and Major Brown of Calcutta, commanding a small detachment of cavalry raised and formed by himself, something on the plan of our volunteers; and, lastly, a Mr. Blunt of the Bengal Infantry, and Baron Kutzleben[1] (a relation or connection of the present Lord Wrottesley), who was the junior A.D.C. This was our family, and we always had besides — many officers of the fort and civilians to dine with us, together with their ladies, and we used sometimes to have a ball. We used to get up every morning by gun-fire and ride until the hour of breakfast. Colonel Harcourt gave me an Arab horse, but I did not much like him, and also a hookah and a Hookah Breda. Both the Colonel and myself were very fond of smoking; the perfume is delicious, and very different from the horrid, vulgar smell of a pipe of common tobacco, which I abominate. I am not very fond of cigars, even when they are good, which at present is by no means common. More than one-half are spurious.

I here formed an intimacy with an old Bengal civilian, a Mr. Melville, and I renewed this intimacy afterwards in England; also with Mr. Grame, another civilian. I used to be very fond of riding a

[1] Son of Christian, Baron of Kutzleben, Minister to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, married, 1780, Dorothy, daughter of Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, Bart., grandfather of the first Lord Wrottesley.

black horse of Mr. Fortescue's, one that he used to hunt the wild hog with. He was exactly like an English horse, and formerly belonged to Lord Lake as a charger, and was ridden by him at the battle of Lasswarry. Fortescue was a good horseman and very fond of spearing the wild hog, and was quite an adept at the sport. I used sometimes to ride with Colonel Harcourt upon his elephant, which is not a very pleasant conveyance; the motion is very fatiguing. The country about the fort of Barabetty, which was taken by assault by Colonel Harcourt a short time before I came, is very luxuriant, abounding in rich pasture-land and very pleasant to ride upon on account of its turf.

One day after tiffin Major Andrews and the Baron proposed to me to play chicken hazard. I consented; I won of both of them a considerable sum of money, for which I was very sorry, particularly for poor Kutzleben, who was four or five years younger than myself and a protégé of Colonel Harcourt's. But I was not to blame, as they both teased me to play; and beginning to play only for a mere trifle, which they lost, and they both wishing to get back that little, and I not wishing to win their money, we played double or quits, till they lost, Kutzleben £300 and Major Andrews £250. I told them to pay me whenever they pleased, and they gave me their bills in England for the sums, which were duly honoured on my arrival there.

On my route up to Cuttack I saw the celebrated

Pagoda of Juggernaut, whither the Hindoos are in the habit of taking long pilgrimages from the remotest parts of India to pay their devotions to the idol and to procure holy water. They are sometimes two years and upwards on these journeys. There are poor, devoted religious enthusiasts at this place who undergo various self-inflicted punishments to propitiate their gods, such as smearing themselves all over with honey and partly burying themselves in the earth to be eaten up by the flies. Others will make a vow to raise their hand clenched above the head and never to hold it down again. I have seen one of these men, his arm entirely withered away, nothing but the muscle and bone appearing, and the nails having in the course of years forced themselves through his hands and appearing out at the back of his hands, several inches through; and they looked like the large claws of a hawk, only larger. Others will throw themselves down under the wheels of carriages, particularly of an enormous high one containing their idols; this immense carriage, twenty to thirty feet in height, is drawn by hundreds of the natives in religious procession, and some of these fanatics will throw themselves under the wheels of this high carriage for the purpose of being crushed to death, while others will bury themselves alive to secure their salvation.

Having spent upwards of two months with my friend Colonel Harcourt, I proposed to visit Calcutta, and return from that city by sea to Madras. Major

Brown, who lived in the Writers' Buildings, was about to proceed there, and gave me an invitation to come and live with him. Colonel Harcourt gave me letters to most of Lord Wellesley's Staff—to Captain Doveton, commanding his bodyguard; to Sydenham; Colonel Shawe; Colonel Calcraft, the Town Major; Captain Bradshawe, A.D.C., and Captain Armstrong, A.D.C. I arrived at Calcutta December 13. The approach to Fort William from the river is truly beautiful, the grass sloping down from the garden houses to the edge of the river, and large vessels anchoring close to the shore. The magnificent palaces, and, towering above them all, the Government House, that from the whiteness of the chunam had the appearance of marble, and the freshness of the grass on the esplanade of an evening, where all the fashionables meet in the cool of the evening in their carriages, palanquins, or on horseback, struck me, unused to such gay sights, as perfectly delightful. Here the company linger, enjoying the cool of the evening, until dusk, when they go home, where a good dinner and plenty of cool claret and Madeira are waiting for them. Major Brown was living as a bachelor, very quietly and very pleasantly. He was an agent for the salt-works, and he had also the command of a troop of volunteer cavalry in the service of the Governor.

I presented my letter to the Town Major, who was celebrated all over India for the excellent—nay, luxurious—table he kept. He perfectly understood good living and the art of cookery, which he super-

intended himself—at least, all those things which required to be attended to very particularly, such as roasting English hams and basting them with champagne. The first day I called upon him he asked me to dine with him. I was engaged to dine with Lord Wellesley. So he said: 'You had better not go there; you will not get anything worth eating there. His cooks don't understand the thing.' Colonel Calcraft's dinners were truly *recherché*. I never ate anything in India so good as the various delicacies of his table. I often used to dine with him. The first dinner I ate at Lord Wellesley's he placed me on his right hand, and the celebrated Indian diplomatist, Colonel Collins, was on his left. He gave me a very gracious and flattering reception, keeping me in continual conversation. The immense hall was brilliantly lighted. After drinking a moderate quantity of wine, coffee was introduced, after which he took my arm and walked about. At length we sat on a sofa, and he said: 'Captain Elers, I shall never give you any more formal invitations; from this day a knife and fork will constantly be placed for you during your stay in Calcutta at my table.' How often have I since repented that I did not avail myself of his kind and flattering invitation! But my motive for not going was that I was living with Major Brown, and did not like to dine out unless upon some express invitation, and so leave the Major to dine by himself.

I remember during my stay at Calcutta an old officer of the Artillery died at Calcutta, a connection of Major Brown's, who requested me to go to the station of the Artillery at Dum Dum and attend the funeral, as he was too ill to go himself, since it was at a distance of ten or twelve miles. I also paid a visit to Barrackpore, a country residence of the Governor. It consists of a good house and a beautiful park, laid out quite in the English style. I used to go to the dinners and parties of Sir George and Lady Barlow, Sir John and Lady Anstruther, etc.; besides these pleasant dinners we had several balls and other parties in constant succession.

One evening, just before dinner, I sauntered into a public billiard-table close to the Writers' Buildings, where Major Brown lived, and I saw a gentleman dressed in the uniform of a Captain of an Indiaman. He pressed me very much to play a game with him. I told him I had not time to play more than a game, as I had not dined, and as I was living with a friend whom I did not like to keep waiting. He then begged me if I was disengaged to meet him there after dinner to play, which I agreed to. He was there punctual to his time. When we began to play he proposed to play for gold mohurs, which I told him was a great deal too high a stake for me, and that I would not play for more than one rupee a game. I played for two or three hours, and continually lost, and, like all foolish young players, increased my bets as I lost, until at length, after having lost

more than two hundred rupees, I observed that I thought he ought to give me odds. To which he made a sarcastic reply that he did not see anything *in my face* to induce him to give me odds. I felt much annoyed at losing my money and getting quizzed into the bargain, and yet something persuaded me that I was the better player of the two. So I was resolved to persevere. I called for some Madeira and iced water, and, having refreshed myself, set to with renewed vigour. I soon regained all I had lost, and had won of him three or four hundred rupees besides. He then asked me to give him odds, and I retorted upon him the galling reply he had made to me. He played on, and as he lost increased his bets, till at length, towards morning, he was so beaten and jaded he proposed to leave off, and asked me to give him his revenge the next day, which I agreed to do. He then gave me his card and address, and told me he commanded the *John Palmer*, East Indiaman, taken up by the Government to take the Persian Ambassador up the Gulf, and that the Government was paying the owners daily an immense sum for demurrage. He at this time owed me upwards of a thousand rupees. We met at about ten o'clock the next day and played until dinner, and again after dinner until very late, I having continued to win, and he increasing his debt to me very considerably. We went on in this way for two or three days, when he said he would try once more, and should he not be able to reduce his debt

to me, he would leave off and come to some arrangement with me for the settlement of what he had lost. We met, and we played three or four hours, and getting still beaten, he said he had had enough of it. At this time he had lost upwards of twenty thousand rupees, and to liquidate this sum he offered to pay not more than one-third down and the rest on his return from the Gulf—by bills. I expressed my dissatisfaction at this proceeding. I told him, and with truth, that he had brought it all upon himself, as he had proposed and pressed me to play for large stakes, contrary to my habits ; and that I, having at first lost to him and requesting to receive very trifling odds to put us more on an equality, he had refused to do so ; that I had played on to give him a chance for several days to recover what he had lost ; and that having done so, instead of paying me, he offered me a comparatively trifling sum and bills for the remainder payable in Calcutta. I told him, moreover, that I was about to proceed to England, and that I might never see him again. I also added that my commission was a sufficient guarantee to him if he had won of me, and that I should have paid him any sum I had lost to him. In short, I told him I would not accept the terms. I went to my friend Colonel Calcraft, and told him the whole story. He said he would make every inquiry about him, and if he had the means of paying he should. In the meantime Captain Read sent to me a friend of his, who said, after paying me some compliments as to my giving

my opponent every chance of winning his money back: 'My friend is very much in debt and much embarrassed, and has a wife and child; and he has commissioned me to say he will give you an order endorsed by Messrs. Alexanders of Calcutta to Messrs. Harington of Madras for 1,200 pagodas, provided you will give him an acquittance for the remainder.' My kind friend Calcraft made every inquiry, and having done so, he strongly advised me to accede to these terms, which I did. I heard after that if I had accepted his bills they would have all been paid, for he returned to Calcutta, got a large prize in the lottery, and was with his ship remarkably lucky, made a great deal of money, took a fine house in London, set up his carriage and servants, went again to India in the *John Palmer*, and on returning home was wrecked off the Isle of France and perished!

One night at a ball I met Captain Pelly, commanding the Honourable Company's ship the *United Kingdom*. I got introduced to him, and he told me that if I was about to proceed to Madras he would give me a passage. He was a handsome, fresh-coloured young man about my own age, rather inclined to be fat, and a brother of Major Pelly of the 16th Light Dragoons. I took leave of all my hospitable friends at Calcutta, and hired a boat to convey me to Diamond Harbour, where the India-man lay, a distance of 100 miles. The first night we came to anchor off Saugor Island, an island full

of jungle and infested with royal tigers. I heard them roaring all night long, and it is not unusual for them, when very hungry, to swim off to the boats and endeavour to get on board, which is not a very difficult thing to do if the boats are small, as was the case with mine. However, they made no attempt that night, and I got safe on board the *United Kingdom*.

I here found a Mrs. Maxtone, the wife of an old Madras civilian, and two young ladies, her daughters. And when we stood out to sea we fell in with a ship proceeding to Calcutta with Dr. Wybrow and his wife, the former belonging to the Regiment De Meuron of the Madras establishment. A boat put them on board of our ship, thereby saving them a great deal of trouble and loss of time. This poor lady, Mrs. Wybrow, encountered much prejudice at Madras in consequence of her husband, Mr. Wybrow, having kept a celebrated Columbine at the theatres, who had assumed his name, when he was quite a young man. I did everything in my power to show them attention and introduce them on my arrival at Madras.

Captain Pelly lived very well on board, and kept an excellent table, and I thought would have married Caroline Maxtone, from the flirtation going on during our short voyage of three weeks. But it was not to be; the young lady afterwards got married to a young civilian, well known by the name of Paddy Moore.

I obtained leave to proceed on my private affairs

to England; part of my regiment was doing duty at Seringapatam, and a detachment was sent into the Rajah of Travancore's country, where there was some disturbance. Some part of the regiment proceeded by sea, coasting along the Malabar coast. A melancholy occurrence took place on this occasion. A boat full of men, under the command of Sergeant Tildsley (a capital drill, by-the-by, for the manual and platoon), was induced by the representatives of some of the Travancore people to land at a village, saying that the regiment were landed and waiting for them two miles up the country. They landed, and were surrounded before they could make the smallest resistance; their arms and knapsacks were taken from them, they were tied back to back and thrown into a deep tank, and, of course, all drowned, to the number of thirty. The regiment afterwards went to this village, where they took a dreadful revenge, sparing neither young nor old.

I found that it was very uncertain when my leave would be received by the Commander-in-Chief of Madras from Lord Lake in Bengal, as his lordship was much engaged at the siege of Bhurtpore, where the natives had most obstinately beaten him off in three different attacks, and after all he did not succeed in reducing that fortress. It was reserved for my gallant friend Lord Combermere to effect that many years after. Under this uncertainty, and not wishing to be idle, I requested leave to do duty as a Captain in the 73rd Regiment, Lieutenant-

Colonel Moneypenny commanding. I forgot to mention that during my stay in Bengal Sir John and Lady Theodosia Craddock arrived from England, the former as Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, bringing with him Captain Rennel as his A.D.C. The 17th Regiment also arrived at the same time, commanded by Colonel Stovin. They relieved H.M.'s 22nd in the duty of Fort William. The 22nd were commanded by a Colonel Mercer, a very tall man. Many of the men were from Essex, and were for the most part very young lads.

During my stay with Colonel Harcourt at Cuttack, the famous retreat of the detachment under the Hon. Colonel Monson took place, after his endeavour to form a junction with the army under Lord Lake. This famous retreat, before an overwhelming force of the enemy, was the subject of conversation of the whole army. At that time it did not occur to me that Colonel Monson had married a relation of mine in Calcutta some years before, and now a son by that marriage, William John Monson, is the heir-presumptive to that barony.

It was a most unfortunate circumstance that Lord Lake, when he appeared before the fort of Bhurtpore, which, by-the-by, was only a mud one, did not listen to the proposal of the Rajah. He offered to pay the expenses of the war with Holkar if Lord Lake would not persevere in his attack on this

fort, as he was determined to defend it to the last extremity, and at the last moment to blow the fort, himself, his wives, and children up before he would allow it to be taken from him. He made a resistance against the victorious army of Lord Lake that was without example in Indian warfare. The siege was going on in its full vigour when I was at Calcutta, and it was not taken when I landed at Madras more than a month after. Lord Lake made three distinct attacks upon it, and each storming party was beaten off with dreadful loss of life. Upwards of 5,000 men were killed and wounded, and the loss in officers was very great. The people at Madras made very long faces. It showed what natives were capable of in the way of resistance. Lord Lake, after all, was obliged to give up the conquest of this, as it at first appeared to him, insignificant fortress. H.M.'s 76th Regiment suffered very considerable loss in these attacks, particularly the flank companies. At this time the Congreve rockets and shrapnel shells were not known, which, fortunately for Lord Combermere, were used by him in the reduction of this fort years afterwards.

When Sir John Craddock arrived in India he informed me he had brought out the decorations of a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath for my friend Major-General Wellesley, and also the thanks of the House of Commons for his famous victory of the Battle of Assaye on September 23,

1803. A story is told that Sir John got General Wellesley's servant to bring his master's coat to him, and placed the Star of the Order upon it before he got up in the morning, and then enjoyed Sir Arthur's surprise. I know I was one of the first to give him joy of his blushing honours. In fact, I knew he had the Order before he did.

I must here relate a story told me by Colonel Calcraft about our late excellent King, William IV. When Calcraft was in England, on leave of absence, he attended most of the fashionable parties where the Prince of Wales was in the habit of going. At that time the Duchess of Cumberland gave large supper-parties, previous to which faro and other games of chance were played by the young men of fashion, and Calcraft used to act as croupier for the Duchess. One night after supper, the Duke of Clarence, who at that time had very boisterous spirits, suddenly attacked Calcraft, asking him to drink a glass of wine and making use towards him of a most offensive expression. The ladies all stared, and the Duke again applied the offensive appellation. A dead silence took place when Calcraft rose, and, addressing H.R.H., said that whatever the difference there might be with respect to their rank, he would not allow such offensive expressions to be applied to him, and that if H.R.H. again made use of them, consequences would ensue very unpleasant to both of them. The Prince of Wales, who happened to be present at

supper, got up, and in his dignified manner said: 'Mr. Calcraft, I insist that you instantly leave the room. Any disrespectful language applied to my brother in my presence I consider as an insult to myself.' Poor Calcraft was obliged to leave the room. The next day the Prince gave a grand dinner at Brighton, and all his particular friends were, of course, invited, and among them, but for this unfortunate scene, would have been Calcraft; however, he thought he would go and take his chance of an invitation. He went down, but received no card, and was for some time excluded from all fêtes given by the Prince. At length the Prince forgave him, and it was all forgotten.

My kind and good friend Colonel Aston was, in the early period of his life, on terms of very great intimacy with the Prince after the business with Chifney the jockey at Newmarket, who rode one of H.R.H.'s horses. As for the Duke of Clarence, he quite disliked him; he said he never by any chance or accident spoke the truth. One day the Duke met him in St. James's Street, and said: 'Well, Aston, which way are you going?' 'First tell me,' said Aston, 'which way are you going?' 'Oh, I am going down St. James's Street.' 'Are you?' said Aston; '*in that case* I am going up. Good-morning to you.' I have heard that when the Prince of Wales was informed of the death of poor Aston, the intimate friend of his youth, he was much affected, even to the shedding of tears.

Aston was unlucky in being engaged in so many duels, and people, of course, concluded, although mistakenly, that he was quarrelsome. He was by no means so, but he was very fond of quizzing odd-looking people, and having the advantage of birth, fortune, youth, and figure, he thought, perhaps, that people not having these advantages were fair game. Hence the scrape he got into with an Irishman one night at Ranelagh. Aston was walking in the Rotunda with some men of fashion, when they met FitzGerald, who, by his accent and queer, unfashionable appearance, caught the eye of Aston, and every time he met FitzGerald he took off his hat and bowed low to him, inquiring how he left all his friends in Ireland. The Irishman stared, and declared upon his conscience he had never set eyes upon the gentleman in his life. His companions cleared away the mist by informing him that it was the famous Hervey Aston, who was quizzing him. This enraged the Irishman, and he began to be saucy and showed fight; and Aston gave him a most dreadful beating, and he then held him up towards the lights, and said 'he would do.' The Irishman, of course, called him out, and shot Aston through both cheeks, carrying away one of his double teeth, the Irishman very facetiously observing that 'now *he would do.*' What a narrow escape this was for Aston!

Another duel he fought was with Mr. Home Sumner. It was during the Ascot races. Riding

past the Bush Inn at Staines, he saw two ladies, giggling and laughing, leaning out of the window; he, happening to have an orange in his hand, threw it at them, but missing them, hit Mr. Sumner, who was in another part of the room. Sumner came to the window in a great rage, and said he would give five guineas to any man who would inform him who threw the orange. 'Well, then, it was I who threw it,' said Aston. Down came Sumner in a fury, puffing and blowing, and in the meantime Aston got off his horse, and Sumner giving some language that gave offence, Aston pitched into him and beat him as usual. Of course a duel followed, and poor Sumner got hit on the hip. Aston had fought three other duels in England, with the circumstances of which I am unacquainted. He once told me he had a battle with some impudent footmen at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, who were insulting modest women by using indecent language as they were leaving the theatre. He cut one of his knuckles against the teeth of one of these miscreants. It must, no doubt, have been very severe for him to have recollected so trivial an affair.

On our passage down the Bay of Bengal to Madras, Lieutenant Bentinck Doyle, of the *St. Fiorenzo*, a fine frigate, under the command of my friend Captain Henry Lambert, late in the command of the little *Wilhelmina*, came on board our ship, stating that they were cruising in these latitudes in the hope of falling in with the *Psyche*,

a French frigate, commanded by a brave Frenchman, who had done our trade much harm by his enterprise. His name, I think, was Surcouff. Captain Lambert fell in with him two days after, and took him by boarding; Lieutenant Doyle headed the boarders.

CHAPTER XI

Court-martial—A duel for a song—Arrested by mistake—On duty with the 73rd Regiment—James Balfour of Whittingehame—Lord Cornwallis—Sails for England on the *Hawkesbury*—Dodging Admiral Linois—A Brazilian convict station—News of Trafalgar and Austerlitz.

DURING my stay at Madras I was ordered to attend, as a member, a general court-martial upon two officers of the 34th Regiment, Major Yeaman and Lieutenant Sands. The former was a Major by brevet only. I had seen these two officers tried in a civil court for murder before I went to Calcutta. They were tried before Sir Henry Gwillam at Madras for the murder of Captain Bull, of the 34th Regiment, who fell in a duel with Lieutenant Sands, to whom Brevet-Major Yeaman acted as second. After the Judge summed up the jury retired, and were absent one hour. They were both saved by the perseverance of a person of the name of Hope, a very rich merchant, who kept a European shop. This man had once been a private soldier in India, but had made a fortune of £100,000. The whole jury wanted to bring in the prisoners guilty, but Hope saved them and brought the jury over to his

side, and when they came into court, Hope, who was the foreman, pronounced 'Not guilty.' A dead silence prevailed. It was really awful. I never shall forget Sir Henry Gwillam saying: 'Not guilty! A most merciful jury! Prisoners,' he said, 'had you been found guilty, you never would have seen the sun rise again. You have had a most narrow escape of your lives. Let it be a warning to you.'

Captain Bull was a remarkably fine young man, and of very quiet and gentlemanlike manners; but it was his misfortune to be sent on a detachment with the above officers, together with others, who made themselves so disagreeable to him that he withdrew his name from this detachment mess. They took offence at this, and desired him to state his reasons for so doing. He gave as a reason that he was every day expecting a young lady from England to whom he was to be married, and he wished to live more economically in order to meet the expense that he should necessarily incur. They would not receive this as an excuse; they said it was an affront to the whole mess, and they took up dice to throw who should call this poor young man out and who should be the second. The lot fell upon Lieutenant Sands, and Major Yeaman as the second. A Lieutenant Johnson of the 34th was second to poor Captain Bull, who was killed at the first fire. It excited universal indignation throughout the whole Presidency. They were afterwards tried by a court-

martial of which I was a member, and they were broke. I also recollect a Lieutenant Moore of the 34th Regiment, who was tried by the same court and broke for some offence. He was in a dreadful state of health, and only survived his sentence a short time. Of this court-martial, I remember Colonels Fancourt and Dodwell of the 34th were members amongst others, the former father to Major F., late a popular M.P. Colonel F.'s end was very melancholy. He was assassinated commanding the fort of Vellore shortly after I left the country in a mutiny of the Sepoys.

The field officers and Captains of His Majesty's regiments gave an invitation to Sir Arthur Wellesley to dinner on his return to England, and Lord William Bentinck was asked to meet him. There was a Captain Skerrett of the 65th Regiment, an Irishman, a handsome and remarkably gentlemanlike young man, but very tenacious of his dignity, and he took it into his head that Lord William had neglected him by not inviting him to some of his parties. It happened that Skerrett had a very fine voice, but invariably made it a great favour to sing. Lord William and Sir Arthur Wellesley were sitting together, and someone suggested asking Captain Skerrett to sing, as to which, as usual, he made a great fuss and refused—'Got a cold,' etc. At last someone said that if Lord William were to ask him he could not refuse, so an unfortunate A.D.C. went to Skerrett and told him that Lord William wished

to see him. Up jumps the gallant Captain. 'You sent for me, my lord? What are your commands?' 'Pray sit down, Captain Skerrett. Sir Arthur Wellesley and myself have heard you sing an excellent song, and hope you will do us the favour to sit down and give us one to-night.' This foolish young man, instead of doing as he was requested, considered himself highly affronted and his dignity compromised. So he jumped up and attacked the A.D.C. who brought the message to him. Lord William sent to the Town Major, a Major Thompson, and whispered to him to put Captain Skerrett under arrest, but not immediately, so that it might not interfere with the harmony of the company, but before Captain Skerrett left the room for the night, to prevent the possibility of his fighting a duel with the A.D.C. Now, I do not believe it was ever the intention of Skerrett to do this; it was only to show his consequence and independence, and to mark that not even for the Governor would he condescend to sing.

The evening, with this exception, passed off with great harmony, and a great deal of wine was drunk, and many got very tipsy; and unfortunately for me the Town Major got so *blind drunk* that on my stepping into my palanquin he came up to me and put me under arrest, and insisted upon receiving my sword. In vain I assured him that my name was not Skerrett, that I had nothing to do with the disagreement that had taken place between Captain S. and the aide-de-camp, and that he was acting under

an erroneous impression. Nothing would convince him, and I went to my quarter in Portuguese Square highly indignant and, from having drunk a large quantity of wine, in a state of great excitement. Unfortunately for me, I heard the sound of dice in one of the officers' quarters, where two subalterns were playing, one of them an officer of the 73rd, the other of the 34th. I am sure both together by their united efforts could not have paid me twenty pagodas had I won it. I sat down to play with them, and foolishly lost a good deal. This was entirely owing to my excited feelings from wine, but more particularly from the rage I was in by being put under arrest by mistake; and all this from the folly and conceit of Captain Skerrett in refusing to sing when asked by Lord William Bentinck.

It created much merriment at my expense with Lord William, Sir Arthur Wellesley, and others, who were amused at the stupid drunken mistake of the Town Major, Thompson. *I* was the *only sufferer*, my usual good fortune in this business having deserted me. I did duty with the 73rd Regiment, and was an honorary member of their mess. With the exception of some of the senior officers, they were by no means a pleasant set of people to be associated with. They were on very bad terms with each other. Colonel Moneypenny was a gentlemanlike man, and his Adjutant, Chamberlain, I liked; I also liked Captains Morris and Gordon, and a few others, but there appeared

to be no harmony among themselves. Taken individually, there was nothing exceptionable against any of them, but I never was happy amongst them, and I was almost glad that I got ill and was prevented from messing with them, or doing any more duty with them, during the last two or three months I was in India; for I was detained waiting for the opportunity of getting off for many months, and did not go until September 10.

I got a good quarter in the fort fronting the sea, and opposite Colonel Trapand's, of the Company's Engineers. This Colonel Trapand was quite a character. He was a remarkably small man, with a large face and a long nose, inclining to the Roman. He was to a certain degree clever and accomplished, quite a gentleman, by origin of an old French family, and he was very fond of drawing in water-colours, but in such a coarse way that his trees and water looked very like scene-painting. He was a great boaster—there was no ill-nature about him—to a certain degree very pompous, but he was very harmless and inoffensive. To me he was ever a source of great entertainment, and I was the last month or two very often with him, both at breakfast, tiffin, and dinner. In the cool of the evening I used to ride out with him in his post-chaise. There lived with him a good-natured Lieutenant of Engineers named Garrard; he very unexpectedly went to England, and in the same ship that I did.

There was living at Madras at this time a civilian named James Balfour. He had been suspended the Service for taking a horse as a present from some of the natives. He got restored, and as I had parted with all my horses, he was so kind as to lend me one to ride, and I fed him. He was a great, tall, rough brute to ride, but he was better than none. The Honourable Basil Cochrane had for many years held the contract for supplying the Navy with meat, provisions, etc., and made a very handsome fortune; but he kept open house for every officer in the Navy, from the poor mid to the Post-Captain. This must have reduced his means of saving a very large fortune, which he might otherwise have done. My friend James Balfour, soon after I left India, got Cochrane's situation. He only held it a very few years, and he had made £300,000, and left a Scotchman by the name of MacConnachy to act for him at an allowance of £6,000 per annum. Balfour made this enormous fortune in about four years, as he told me. He bought a house in Grosvenor Square, became an M.P., and married a daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.[1] He did not, like Cochrane, keep open house, or, if he did, it was only the doors and windows.

About a month before I left India the old veteran

[1] James Balfour of Whittingehame, N.B., married Lady Eleanor Maitland, daughter of James, eighth Earl of Lauderdale; died 1845.

the Marquess Cornwallis[1] arrived on board the *Medusa* frigate, under Sir John Gore. They had a remarkably quick passage out. The field officers and Captains got up a congratulatory address upon his return to India, the scene of his former active services as Governor and Commander, to which he returned a very suitable reply, adding that nothing could have induced him, at his advanced period of life, to have returned to India but the commands of his Sovereign and the wishes of the Court of Directors. He looked very healthy, with a fine florid complexion and a disagreeable cast in one of his eyes. He did not stay long at Madras, but proceeded to Bengal, where he died somewhere up the country soon after. I do not think he lived more than six weeks altogether after his arrival.

During the last month I was at Madras some of the regiments of H.M.'s Service were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Europe. All these regiments had served in India upwards of twenty years—viz., the 73rd, 74th, and 76th; the two former came home at the same time that I did. I saw several regiments land at Madras about this time from England—viz., the 53rd, 59th, 66th, 67th, and 69th. Some of these went on to Bengal, but the 69th relieved the 73rd at Madras. My friend Captain Crawford at this time arrived at Madras, and he also had obtained leave to return to Europe.

The last fortnight I spent in India was with a

[1] Charles, first Marquess Cornwallis, died 1805

worthy old surgeon whom I knew at Trichinopoli, who was at this time a member of the Medical Board, and as I had sold off everything I had, such as furniture, etc., he asked me to come and live with him at his garden-house, a mile or two from the fort. And there I remained with him, only going into the fort by way of passing the time until the hour of dinner. Captain Crawford and myself made a bargain with Captain Timbrell, of the *Hawkesbury*, for a passage, and we got a large cabin between us, where we slung our cots. It was the last aft on the starboard side. This cabin cost us something more than £200 each, and part of the 74th Regiment's poor, worn-out old men came on board with us; also the colours of the regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Swinton, commanding officer. The officers were Captains Mein, Boswell Campbell; Lieutenant White, and several others whose names I cannot recollect; Captain Monteith, cavalry; Garrard, Engineers; Ritso, late Captain H.M.'s Service; Ensigns Garrard and Roebuck, Engineers; Garrow, Civil Service; Dr. Ainsley. We had also General and Mrs. Cunningham, Company's Service (the old General was absolutely dying when he came on board, but he lived for years after); two squalling brats of boys, a constant torment to their poor mother, who was quite worn-out nursing them and the poor old man, her husband, who was about forty years older than herself; a Mrs. Ure, the wife of a Dr. Ure, of

Hyderabad, who had two fine children of three and four years old under her charge, the children of Colonel Kirkpatrick, of Hyderabad, by a Princess, to whom report said he was married. Her Highness would not part with her children until £10,000 had been settled upon each of them. They were a boy and a girl, and they had a faithful old black man, who was very fond of them, to attend upon them. Mrs. Ure had an infant of only a few months old, nursed by a young native woman, immensely fat, and she had also a young European woman as her maid. The children of Kirkpatrick were consigned to their uncle, Colonel Kirkpatrick, of Nottingham Place.

It was my fortune to have this black and white party consigned to my care on landing in England. Having taken leave of my good old friend Dr. Richardson, at whose house I had been living, and having given away my favourite little dog Jack to the youngest Miss Maxtone, I bade adieu to all my Madras friends, and went on board the *Hawkesbury*, East Indiaman, accompanied by my faithful black servant Francis, who there, poor fellow! took leave of me. We did not sail till the next morning. It will be, perhaps, scarcely believed that I, who had been so miserable and pining to get home the first three years of my being in the country (and no poor Swiss ever felt more the absence from his native country than I did during those three years), was at the time I found the shores of Madras fast

receding from my view affected even to tears. I felt as if I was leaving my only home and the only friends I had. I could scarce believe it possible that I could have such feelings until the actual moment arrived of our sailing.

Captain Timbrell was an excellent Captain—none could be better. The chief mate, Mr. Johnstone, was rather consequential, and the second mate, Mr. Cowles, was a good-natured, honest fellow. We were under the convoy of Captain Draper, of the *Weymouth* frigate, a very troublesome gentleman, fond of bullying the poor skippers under his command. We had the *Baring*, Indiaman, and the *Montrose*, under Captain Patterson, a young man. Nothing of consequence occurred till we got off the Cape, when we buried poor Lieutenant White of the 74th; and as we experienced cold weather off the Cape, the poor invalids of the 74th died daily. We spoke an American off the Cape, who told us he had spoken Admiral Linois and his squadron only a few days before, and that they were looking out for us. We bore down to the southward, and one night soon after the *Montrose* and ourselves agreed to cut and run, and not venture to go to St. Helena, for fear of meeting with Linois. We bore down to the Island of Fernand de Noronha, on the Brazil Coast, within three degrees of the equator. It is the Botany Bay of Portugal, and inhabited by 1,500 convicts, with a small military force. Not one woman on the island, and the most dreadful

crimes committed. I did not land there, but visited a very small island about three miles off, the only man upon which is a poor wretch banished there for some horrible crime—perhaps murder—who receives from the larger island a week or ten days' provisions at a time. I went on this island and stretched my legs for about ten minutes one evening.

On returning on board, there was a great swell, and our Indiaman, as the boat went under her stern, looked an enormous height out of the water. I had some difficulty in getting on board again. It requires great activity to catch the exact moment when the wave lifts you up near the gunwale, and in a moment you sink a dozen feet at least; and if it is difficult for a man with *two* hands, what a difficulty it is for him who has but *one*, which was the case with poor Captain Boswell Campbell, who lost his arm in action, and was still suffering exquisite pain from some of the nerves that had been amputated! He would cry out in agony in walking the deck if anyone came near him on the side on which he had lost his arm, and particularly when we arrived off the Cape during the cold weather. This brave officer, who lost his arm at Assaye, had the misfortune to fall out of his berth two or three days before we arrived in England. He never came out of his cabin afterwards, and died at the moment when the man on the look-out hailed 'Land!' It was a most melancholy sight to see the poor soldiers, three and four

in the course of the week, and also three or four officers of the 74th, thrown overboard in their cots with a 24-pound shot placed at their feet, and the splash which followed as they sank into the deep. The men were sewn up in their hammocks, and made a similar exit.

During the latter part of our voyage we experienced very bad weather, and were obliged to have the dead lights up, and were scarcely able to sit at dinner. We fell in with vast quantities of seaweed from the Gulf of Florida, and had such adverse winds that it was thought at one time we should have been obliged to go to the West Indies. We fell in with a ship from England that sent us some papers containing the interesting intelligence, and at the same time melancholy news, of the Battle of Trafalgar, and simultaneously that of the great victory of Bonaparte at Austerlitz. My dear brother Edward, your brave father, at Trafalgar, was third Lieutenant of the *Orion*, 74, under Captain (now Admiral) Sir Edward Codrington. I think he commanded on the main-deck, and towards the latter part of the action a 74 lay helpless with her bowsprit across the broadside of the *Orion*. The men were about to pour a broadside into her from the guns of this deck, thinking she was a Frenchman, when my brother sang out that it was one of our own ships.

My dear brother had fought a very gallant action about a year before in the *Arrow*, of 18 guns,

against two frigates somewhere between Lisbon and Gibraltar. The *Arrow* was protecting a very large convoy. She was sunk alongside the frigates, and her officers and crew were sent prisoners to Alexandria. My brother was a prisoner six months, when he came home in a cartel and was appointed to the *Orion* a short time before Lord Nelson's last and celebrated action. He was unfortunately only Second-Lieutenant of the *Arrow*, or he would have been promoted, but Lloyd's voted him a sword. When the *Arrow* went down, he swam with his writing-desk, the only thing he saved, on board the Frenchman; and I heard him say that just before the action, seeing he must be taken, he went to his cabin and rigged himself out in his best clothes. There was a clergyman's wife on board going to join her husband, a Mrs. Miller, whom he was very kind and attentive to in her distress. My brother was also in Lord St. Vincent's action, February 14, 1797, as a mid on board the *Prince George*. He had also seen much boat service.

CHAPTER XII

Bribing the Customs—'Drinking gold'—An eccentric sportsman—Sport in Yorkshire—The London season—Mrs. Colston's at Ampthill—Charles Fox at Woburn—Cheltenham—Discovery of a Titian—An awkward rejoinder—The Duke of York—Dinner to Lord Wellesley.

Oh, what a delightful sight it was, the view of the white cliffs of dear England! It was nearly ten long years since I last saw them. I was then nineteen years of age; I was now, in February, within a few months of twenty-nine, the most interesting period of my life spent broiling in an unhealthy climate. Already at this early age my hair had begun to turn gray, my skin had grown the colour between an orange and a lemon, and my forehead had assumed wrinkles. But my health was tolerably good, and my spirits as buoyant as when I was nineteen. And when I recollected the officers and men of my own regiment whom I had followed to their graves, I could not help thinking of the mercy of Providence that had protected me through so many dangers both by sea and land, and allowed me once more to put my foot on my beloved country. None can possibly appreciate the love of their

native land but those that have been long separated from it. How often on the shores of India, particularly at night or in the decline of day, have I cast my longing eyes to the horizon, watching the vessels that were sailing for dear old England! And now once more to have arrived safe and sound, I felt truly grateful to my Creator.

Immediately we saw the land, my friend Captain Crawford and Mr. Garrow availed themselves of some boat that stood out to us, and for some twenty guineas got put on shore, with a trunk each, somewhere in Cornwall. Others landed nearer Portsmouth. I was determined to take it very coolly, and resolved not to land till I arrived quietly at Portsmouth. On the ship anchoring some four or five miles from Portsmouth, poor Mrs. Ure, who had her infant and the care of Colonel Kirkpatrick's children, together with a black servant, a black nurse, and an English maidservant, felt herself in a very helpless and unprotected state; she had, she said, property in shawls, jewels, and other valuables to the amount of upwards of £2,000 (and the Custom House officers were expected on board every minute), and all this property was liable to be seized. We were only allowed to take one trunk each on shore. She began to cry and bewail herself, so I told her to be comforted, that I would not leave her till I saw her safe in London with her friends, and would save all her property if I possibly could, but she must place the whole of it, with the key, under my care. I

had but twenty guineas in my purse to take me to London, and I asked her if she had sufficient to pay her expenses to London, for that I should want a good deal to bribe the Custom House officers so as to get her trunk passed. She told me she had plenty of money, and she begged me to arrange everything for her. I told her to put everything of value that she had in one large trunk with some changes of linen, etc. I then hired a large boat and got my black and white party safe on board with about three trunks altogether. When the boat grounded on the beach at Portsmouth, I leaped on shore. The Custom House officers seized our trunks and wheeled them off to the Custom House. Some of the officers, seeing the poor fat black nurse, handled her very roughly, thinking from her large size that she had shawls concealed about her person. She, poor creature, not speaking a word of English and not understanding their motives, got dreadfully alarmed. I had enough to do to calm her fears and take care of my party.

I went to the first hotel that presented itself, which happened to be the Blue Posts. After disposing them all in safety, I ran off to the Custom House and saw the officers, who were examining some gentleman's trunk. He offered them one guinea to pass it. They were quite indignant at this ; it was as much as their place was worth. At last I got hold of one of the officers, and told him my wife was very ill, and that there were things in

our two trunks that it was necessary that she could get at directly, and that I wanted to have the trunks passed immediately. I took hold of his hand, and, without saying a word or making any further observation, slipped twenty guineas into it. He immediately ordered the doors to be closed, so that there was only a little light left, asked me for the keys, undid the trunks, looked at them directly, and declared (which was true enough) that he could *not see* a single contraband article. He procured a truck and a man to wheel them to the hotel, took off his hat, and wished me good-morning. Mrs. Ure was delighted that I had saved her property, which I should certainly have lost if I had, like the gentleman, *mentioned* a paltry bribe of two or three guineas.

We slept at the Blue Posts that night, and the next morning, after eating a capital breakfast, we ordered two post-chaises and drove off in high spirits towards London. We slept at Guildford, and the next evening, at five o'clock, I delivered my charge over to Colonel Kirkpatrick in Nottingham Place. I remember the post-boy asking me where he should drive me to, and I really felt puzzled. I at first thought of going to Ibbettson's Hotel, but recollecting that I used sometimes when I was very young to dine at the New Hummums at Covent Garden, I ordered him to drive there.

The first thing I did the next day was to go to my kind old friend Mr. Hutchinson. I left him

a hale, cheerful old man of seventy-two, drinking his wine and enjoying his joke even at that age. I found him in bed, so changed, a fine hectic colour in his face, a long gray beard, and most of his teeth gone, attended by a nurse. He, however, knew me, asked me to come and take up my quarters at his house, but looked grave and serious. I told him I was living at the New Hummums. I thanked him for his kindness, and told him I would come, as I used to do in my young days, to breakfast and dine, and would sleep at my hotel. For I thought my hours would not exactly suit a private family. And I had been, as I thought, too long out of old England, and was determined to have my fling. My friend Mr. Hutchinson, since I left England, had succeeded, by the death of his eldest son in the East Indies, to a large fortune, about £100,000, and had a large house in Bloomsbury Square. His two younger daughters were married, and his eldest was still single, and took care of her old father.

I shall never forget the old gentleman's astonishment the first day I dined there. A bottle of Madeira was standing next to me at dinner, and I mechanically seized and poured about half a tumbler of it, according to custom, into water, as we all do in India. Oh, the look of astonishment he gave! 'Do you know, young gentleman, what you are doing? Why, you might as well drink so much *gold!*' It was said exactly in the style of old Munden.

One of the first persons I endeavoured to find out on my arrival in London was the Honourable Mrs. Aston. When her poor husband was lying dead I cut off a lock of his hair, had it placed in an elegant locket, and sent it to her. She had expressed her thanks to me by letter. I wrote to her sister, the Marchioness of Hertford, for her address. Lady H. wrote me a polite letter, saying that her sister was living in great retirement with her children at Temple Newsam, Yorkshire. I wrote to Mrs. Aston, and she sent me back a very kind letter,[1] telling me how much she wished to see me and introduce me to her children.

I went down to Mrs. Tennant, and the first words she said were: 'Well, George, what has brought you home?' just as if I had left her the week before. I told her, having been absent ten years and buried my regiment twice over, I thought it was time to come. 'Well,' says she, 'you must not stay in this house one instant. I have a young lady dangerously ill with an infectious fever, and I expect her to die every hour.' Soon after this I happened to call on a cousin of ours, a starched old maid, a Miss Jellicoe,[2] and of all the days in the week it was of a Sunday, in the middle of Church service. It was very thoughtless and inconsiderate, I grant, but I heard she made some rude and unkind speech on the occasion, and I never called or saw her again; however,

[1] See p. 275.—Ed.

[2] Either Hannah or Sarah, daughter of William Jellicoe, by Sarah Debonnaire, aunt of the writer.

on her death, not many years since, I offered to pay her the respect of attending her funeral.

Soon after my arrival in England I fell into the company of the celebrated sportsman, Colonel Thornton, of Yorkshire. He was at this time labouring under great unpopularity from several causes, of which I was then ignorant. I only had heard of him through the *Sporting Magazine*, which I remember reading from a boy. But he had lost himself by many shabby tricks, and was, at the time I got acquainted with him, a good deal cut. He was, however, a man possessed of great wit, a first-rate sportsman, of unbounded hospitality and great conviviality, and had kept the first company, from the Prince of Wales downwards. He was hated by Mrs. Tennant, and she was angry with me for keeping company with him. At this time he had just sold his seat, Thornville Royal, which he bought of the Duke of York, to Lord Stourton for, I heard, £300,000.

He was particularly civil to me, and used to send his grooms and horses for me to ride in the park; and he asked me to go down with him into Yorkshire to a country seat of his called Falconer's Hall, about forty miles beyond York and on the Wolds. I set off in his carriage with a third person, an officer who had served with him in the York Militia when he commanded the regiment. We slept at the Fountain at Huntingdon, and I went into the inn-yard there, which I well remembered, having,

about fifteen years before, when I was a boy, killed a sparrow there with a stone. I inquired after a fox that used to be kept chained in the yard, but poor Reynard was long since dead.

The next night we slept at Doncaster, and the third we got to Falconer's Hall. It was a pretty box, consisting of a hall, a circular dining and drawing room, a bedroom opening into a pretty conservatory, where you could lie and see roses blossoming and the snow outside deep on the Wolds at the same time. It was the middle of March and bitterly cold, but we had magnificent fires, the finest hare soup I ever tasted, and dinners *tolerably* good, for the Colonel was never famous for dinners. He ate little himself; all he thought of was giving his friends lots of wine. He was a very extraordinary man; he could sit up drinking night after night and sleep in his chair instead of going to bed, and then get on his horse and hunt all day. At this time he was over sixty, and I, who was only twenty-eight, could hardly stand this.

He had no less than sixty couple of beagles, and one day we took the whole pack out together. As they used to gallop down the hills, their white and yellow backs all close together, they looked like a sheet of water. I rode his best horses, and one day after dinner asked him what he would take for a high-bred mare I had ridden in the morning; she was bred by the celebrated Mr. O'Kelly, of Canon's, the owner of the still more celebrated racehorse

Eclipse, and this mare was of his blood and sprung from him. She was like him, having white on one of her hind-legs, a bright chestnut, and dark spots on her hind-quarters, and a head small enough to go into a quart pot. She had run and won some races at York, ridden by the famous Buckle, and was so gentle that a lady riding her and being thrown by the saddle turning, she stood still till she remounted. She had run a four-mile heat in eight minutes. In India my Arab horse Aboukir was near three minutes fifteen seconds galloping two miles. I gave him 140 guineas for this mare, and I rode her up to London in six days, forty miles beyond York without one trip, which was wonderful.

I visited Scarborough, Harrogate, and Bridlington, and arrived in London about the latter end of April. I went to the trial of Lord Melville in Westminster Hall, visited all the theatres, never missed the opera, and went on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Lambert near Epsom at a pretty village called Woodmanstone during the race week. I shall never forget the beauties of this spring, the freshness and sweetness of the sweetbriar hedges round Woodmanstone, the lovely roses and the notes of the nightingale in the evening, and the society of Mrs. Lambert and of her lovely daughter, poor Jane Lambert, very lately dead. Mrs. L. was formerly Miss N. Hutchinson, who packed up and arranged all my trunks when I left England.

During the height of the London season my two

cousins, Louisa Bell and the Honourable Mrs. George Browne,[1] both widows, arrived in London. I saw them at a hotel. I promised Mrs. Browne that I would come down and pay a visit to her and my aunt, who had a house at Ampthill, Bedfordshire, which pleased her much. Sir William Curtis,[2] a distant relation of Mrs. Tennant, and a very old friend, asked me to come and see him at Cullard's Grove. He kept a capital table, and had a large cellar of fine and choice wines, and after dinner one day we went down into his cellar and tasted a lot of different vintages of port and claret. The present Emperor of Russia, Nicholas, has often tasted the wine out of these butts, pipes, and hogsheads during his stay at Sir William Curtis's, who showed him much attention during his stay in England. Sir William was very anxious I should be presented at Court by a cousin of Mrs. Tennant's, Lord Henniker,[3] and offered to introduce me to him.

Sir William's eldest son[4] at this time was just

[1] Mary, daughter of Rev. Alexander Colston, of Filkins Hall. Married, 1801, Hon. George Browne, third son of John, first Lord Kilmaine.

[2] Mrs. Tennant's great-grandfather, Timothy Tennant, had a daughter, Mary, married to Sir William Curtis, Bart., Lord Mayor of London.

[3] Mrs. Tennant's great-great-grandfather, Rev. Richard Tennant, who died in 1682, had a daughter, Elizabeth, married to John Major, ancestor of Lord Henniker.

[4] William, son and heir of Sir William Curtis. Married, 1803, Mary Anne, only child of George Lear, of Leytonstone, County Essex.

married to a lovely woman with a large fortune and still larger expectations, which were not fulfilled. He lived at that time in Bedford Square, but has now lived for many years in Portland Place, in one of the largest houses in the street, formerly Mrs. Broadhead's. Mr. Curtis gave concerts every Wednesday, and patronized the professionals for years until they gave themselves so *many airs* he was obliged to give them up. I remember meeting at some parties two pretty girls—one a blonde, a Miss Orme, the other a brunette, a Miss Cockerell, a daughter of Sir Charles. I remember paying a morning visit at their villa on the Harrow Road. At some of these parties I met three very fine women, sisters of the name of Neville. They lived in St. James's Street. My cousin Mary Browne introduced me to the two ladies Fitzpatrick,[1] daughters of Lord Ossory. Their town house was in Grosvenor Place, and they lived when in the country close to my aunt and cousin at Ampthill Park, and were good neighbours.

I at last left London in June, and rode down to Mrs. Colston's at Ampthill. They had a large, old-fashioned red-brick house with gardens and a paddock, and as it was situated in the town of Ampthill it was a great acquisition. I here saw grazing the same carriage-horses I remembered as almost colts twelve years before. A Mr. and Mrs.

[1] Lady Anne and Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, daughters of John, second Earl of Ossory. Died unmarried.

Smith and daughters lived at Aspley, about seven miles off. He was a clergyman, and had the living. They were both of an excellent old family, and connected with some old families in the county, particularly the Butlers and the Charnocks. I used to ride over and dine there sometimes. I also went to the Woburn sheep-shearing, and that year the little Marquess of Tavistock presided in the room of the Duke. I well recollect Francis, the late Duke, an uncommonly handsome man, who lost his life by what is termed strangulated hernia. A very simple remedy in surgery, which could have been applied by any country doctor, would have saved his life. They sent to London, and the delay proved fatal. It was he, with other men of rank in the Whig interest, who first cut off their tails or queues, and left off hair-powder, with a heavy penalty if they ever resumed them. I think Charles Fox was of the party and Colonel Montgomery, who was afterwards shot in a duel by Captain Macnamara.

While I remained at Ampthill I took a quack medicine to remove a thickness in the skin in the palms of the hands, very common to people who have lived long in warm climates, and which arises from impurity of the blood. The medicine I took was of a pink colour and called Spilbury's drops. It was of no service, but put me in a constant fever, as I believe the chief ingredient consisted of corrosive sublimate.

My aunt and cousin did everything they could to

amuse me, but I found Ampthill very dull, and I longed to be again in the great world, as I had only twelve months' leave of absence, which would expire in September, and it was now the latter end of June, and nearly five months of that time was spent in the voyage. So I bade adieu to aunt and cousin, and returned to town once more. After spending another six weeks in London, I set off for Cheltenham, and rode my mare down in two days. I put up at the Plough, and afterwards went to board at the Miss Smiths in the High Street. This was the best house in the town, where I think I paid three guineas per week without wine or servants. I used to go and drink the waters every morning, ride out after breakfast with gay parties, and in the evening went to private parties, balls, and concerts. I got rather intimate with the Countess of Winterton,[1] having known her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Richardson, in India. One night at the rooms I was dancing with a lady—I cannot recollect who it was, but it was some friend of Lady Elizabeth's. The Honourable Miss Duncan, who certainly had the precedence of my partner in point of rank, rather rudely pushed her down one couple. This so enraged my fair partner that she implored Lady Elizabeth to dance with me so that she (my partner) might be gratified by Lady Elizabeth, as the daughter of an Earl, taking precedence of Miss Duncan, the

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of John Armstrong, of Godalming. Married, 1778, Edward, first Earl of Winterton, as his second wife.

daughter of a Viscount. I wished myself a thousand miles off.

I used to meet the pretty Mrs. Rolls,[1] Miss Barnett that was; her aunt, Mrs. Higgins; the Honourable Mrs. Mullins and her handsome but very masculine sister, Lady Clonbrock; a Miss O'Brien; Mrs. Lind and her daughters; Lady Harriett Gill; Sir Henry Smith; Lord Wigtown,[2] etc., and we used to make up card-parties and little suppers among ourselves. I passed two months at Cheltenham, when I wrote to my cousin, Alexander Colston, that I would come and pay him a visit at Filkins Hall, the very house where I spent two midsummer holidays when I was fourteen and fifteen years old. Filkins is about twenty miles from Cheltenham, and so one day, just before dinner, I rode into the old courtyard, and was ushered into the well-known dining-room. I saw lots of lovely cousins from fourteen downwards. The dining-room was not altered, but all the other principal rooms were filled with paintings of the old Italian masters.

Mrs. Colston was a clever, well-educated woman, and one day her attention was attracted by a poor

[1] Martha, daughter and heir of Jacob Barnett. Married, 1803, John Rolls, of the Grange, County Surrey.

[2] 'Lord Wigtown' would be Hamilton Fleming, who styled himself Earl of Wigtown, but his claim to the title was not allowed by the House of Lords. His only child, Harriet Jane Laura, married, 1794, William Gyll, Captain 2nd Life Guards, and died 1813.

old man kneeling on a piece of canvas with an oil-painting on it. The man was picking out the grass between the pebbles in the courtyard, and was kneeling on this picture to save his smalls. She looked at the picture; it was a lovely Venus of the school of Titian. 'Where did you pick up this old piece of canvas?' The poor man said: 'In the rooms over the stables. There are plenty more there, rolled up.' Mrs. Colston lost no time in examining the room, and there found between fifty and sixty fine oil-paintings, chiefly of the Italian school. She got a man from London, who offered her 200 guineas for the two first he cleaned. She got them all cleaned and framed, and it made the house look splendid.

I had the curiosity to visit a certain lime-tree in the paddock behind the house. It was one among hundreds of others that formed an avenue to the house from a pair of large white gates at the bottom of the paddock. When I was a boy I had carved my initials G. E., and underneath S. C. I found the tree, and the initials were plain to be seen, but overgrown with moss. I turned silently away. The lovely girl at the time I cut her initials was blooming and tripping on the turf with all the elasticity of youth and freshness. She was now in her grave.

I used to amuse myself shooting with my cousin in the morning and playing at billiards; in the evening we had music and read Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' When the curtains are drawn, the hearth swept, and the fire blazing, a good dessert of fruit,

some fine old port, pretty rosy children and happy father and mother, with a little malmsey and other white wines to drink with the nuts, filberts, and walnuts—with all these delightful combinations I really think a country fireside in the month of October is most enchanting. All this I had for a fleeting month, when I winged my way once more to the dark and foggy modern Babylon about the month of the dismal November, 1806.

Having arrived in town, I met Major Gordon, of the 34th, and a Captain Williams, of the 74th. They told me they were boarding and lodging, but in a very unfashionable part of the town. I did not mind that, and for the sake of their company—for I began to get tired of living at a hotel—I joined them. I forgot to mention that in the summer I contrived to spend a fortnight with my brother in barracks, at Brayborne Lees, Kent, where the 43rd Light Infantry were quartered. When I last saw the regiment they were at Hilsea Barracks (1796); they were then the worst dressed regiment I ever saw. Ten years after they were, without any exception, the finest body of men I ever saw, so well dressed, and men all of the same height. In short, they were Light Infantry, and the officers all superb, such as Napier[1] and Fergusson, now the finest and most celebrated officers in the Queen's service. The 43rd and the 52nd were the favourite regiments of Sir John Moore, and were formed under his eye. All

[1] Sir William Napier, K.C.B., historian of the Peninsular War.

the military world knows how they distinguished themselves under the illustrious Duke in the Peninsula, where my dear brother died as Major soon after the Battle of Fuentes d'Oñor, on which occasion he commanded the 43rd Regiment.

It was, I think, in 1806 that my brother Edward, your father, married Miss Younghusband, your mother. I think you were born about a year after at No. 24, Duke Street, Manchester Square. I recollect a great friend of your mother's, a Lady Trelawny. I remember your poor father, who had all the downright bluntness and honesty of a British sailor, making me laugh very much. Lady Trelawny was a large woman, and had got wet through in her thin kid shoes. Your mother had a particularly small and pretty foot; of course, Lady T. could not wear her shoes, and a new pair of my brother's were selected for her ladyship's use. Lady T. began to apologize about wearing his shoes. 'Oh, never mind, my lady; it will *stretch* them for me—do them good'! Poor fellow! he intended to be kind and civil.

About the month of November I waited upon the Duke of York at his levée at the Horse Guards to ask for an extension of leave. After waiting a long time in an ante-room, my name was called out by the aide-de-camp in waiting. The door opened, then closed, and I found myself alone with the Duke. He was dressed in mourning for his uncle, the Duke of Brunswick. He was standing up with

his back to the fire. He bowed, and motioned with his hand for me to sit down. I in very few words told him what I wanted, which was another year's leave of absence, as out of the original leave granted in India five months had been spent at sea. He told me he would speak to the Adjutant-General about it, and I thanked H.R.H., and was on the point of making my bow, recollecting how many prosy men he has to be bored by every week, and so had determined not to say one word more than what was necessary. But he made me sit down, and asked me many questions about the regiment, India, etc. At last he made me *his* bow, and I retired. I could not help admiring the perfect symmetry of his limbs, but he had got enormously fat since I last saw him.

A few days afterwards, to my great mortification, I received a letter from the Adjutant saying that I had His Royal Highness's permission to *remain in England*, but that I must embark by the first fleet that sailed for India. A more *unsatisfactory* or *stupid* answer it was not possible to receive. I could not sail for India *until* a fleet sailed, and I must necessarily *remain* in England until it did. I did not think it worth my while to trouble either myself or H.R.H. by any further application or remonstrance as to this *stupid answer* to my request, so I made up my mind to go by the first fleet.

I forgot to mention that on my first arrival in England there was a little man of the name of Paul,

who had gone out to India as a mere adventurer, and who, in order to gain a name, wished to prefer some groundless and malicious charges against Lord Wellesley and his government in India. I think he was an indigo-planter, and had acquired a fortune, and that Lord Wellesley had been of some service to him. He got into Parliament by means of his money, and Sir Francis Burdett patronized him; but they afterwards had a quarrel, which ended in a duel. However, just when I arrived, meeting some of Lord Wellesley's friends, they asked me if I would put down my name as a subscriber to a dinner in honour of Lord Wellesley, to mark the respect and affectionate regard we had for his public services in India, and to counteract the dirty conspiracy of the vulgar Mr. Paul, who in India could never presume to sit at the same table with his lordship, but in this country was made a tool of by some of Lord Wellesley's enemies. I said that I was only too happy, and that I had received so many kind favours both from him and his brother that I should be glad to have the opportunity of giving him twenty dinners. One hundred and fifty names were put down as subscribers; a respectful letter was written to Lord Wellesley, expressive of their respect and affection for his person and his government, and to request that he would honour them with his company to dinner, and would bring with him fifty of his own friends whom *he* should invite to meet him.

The invitation was accepted, and covers for 200 were laid at Willis's Rooms in the month of March, 1806. Lord W. asked all the foreign Ambassadors, most of the leading men of the two Houses of Parliament, and the room was brilliantly lighted, and shone with a profusion of Stars, Orders, and Decorations. I never in my life saw anything so truly magnificent. All London was ransacked to procure all kinds of delicacies—turtle, venison, pines, melons, peas—in short, everything in and out of season. The band of the Guards attended, as also many celebrated singers of the day. Everything was well arranged. The dinner cost 2,250 guineas; my share came to 15 guineas, which I paid into Morlands', the bankers. The tables were well arranged. One table went across the room, in the centre of which sat the Marquess, and on his right and left on each side were the Ministers and foreign Ambassadors and his own friends, to the number of fifty. There were two long tables running down each side of the room for us, and in the centre were placed the singers and the band. All the clever men who arranged this party divided themselves, and each took care of some dozen of us. I was in the division belonging to Gerald Wellesley, and I sat between the Honourable General Phipps and General Cotton, and made them known to each other. Lord Mulgrave was of our party, and the General, his brother, introduced me to him. I found out that a relationship existed

between Colonel Aston and General Phipps, and the General ever after honoured me with his friendship. General Cotton, I remember, pointed Sir Thomas Metcalfe[1] out to me. It did not occur to me at the time that he had married a relation of my mother's. All went off in perfect harmony, and we did not separate until an *early* hour.

[1] Sir Thomas Metcalfe, Baronet, married, 1782, Susannah Sophia, daughter of John Debonnaire and second cousin of the writer.

CHAPTER XIII

Miss Gardner and Lord Chartley—A miserable marriage—Lord Chartley's flight—Lady Chartley elopes—Sir Thomas Picton—Torture in Trinidad—The Isle of Wight—A calumnious clergyman—Society at Colonel Thornton's.

On my first arrival in England I was introduced to a very young and delicate-looking girl, the only daughter and heiress to an immense fortune, a Miss Gardner, daughter of a Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, of Grosvenor Street. The father was a vulgar little man of low origin, I believe, who had run away with his wife, who was the daughter of a rich lawyer in the Isle of Ely at a place called Chatteris. Mrs. Gardner was decidedly mad, and as I sat at dinner I really did not feel comfortable with the knives in her hands. As to the daughter, poor little thing! she had not one word to say for herself—very shy and innocent. My friend Miss Hutchinson used to say to me: 'There is a fine fortune *now for you.* How should you like to have Miss Gardner?' etc. 'I'll tell you what, Miss Hutchinson,' I said: 'I like Miss Gardner's *prospects* very much, and perhaps I might, if I knew the young lady better, like her *for herself;* but I am in England for a very short time,

and I cannot afford to throw away time so precious to me in dangling after a young lady that I have no chance of getting without assistance. Now it is in your power to put me in the way of putting her into a chaise and four, and I will marry her at all risks. If you will promise to give me your assistance, I will give you a draft upon my banker *this moment* for a thousand pounds.' Poor Miss H. was one of your conscientious, prudent ladies—no dash, no resolution. She thought there was no harm to make my mouth water by asking me how I should like a young lady with £300,000. It was something like asking a little boy: 'How should you like, my dear, to have a nice little pony?' 'Very much, mamma.' 'Ah! but, my dear, I am afraid to trust you. You must wait till you are a big boy,' etc. This tantalizing I think very cruel. So Miss Hutchinson acted towards me. 'Oh, she would not do such a thing for the world! Such a breach of trust!' etc. Poor Miss Gardner was so watched by her parents that she never slept out of their room, and was scarcely ever out of their sight. Pretty chance had I, therefore, without the assistance of Miss Gardner's friend, the old maid.

Miss Hutchinson had a sister married to a Dr. Curling, and he possessed a very pretty villa and grounds at Westbourne Green. This villa Lord Chartley,[1] a son of the Earl of Leicester, rented of

[1] George, Lord Chartley, afterwards Marquess of Townshend, married, 1807, Sarah, daughter and heir of William Dunn-Gardner,

Dr. Curling, and Dr. C. had lodgings in St. James's Street. On the occasion of one of the Drawing-rooms the Doctor invited his lordship to come and partake of a breakfast at which there was a large party to see the ladies go to Court, and he gave him a hint that Miss Gardner, a young lady, an heiress, would be there. Lord Chartley was somewhat in debt, and he took the hint directly. He was introduced in form. This took place about March, just as I was leaving London for the Isle of Wight to embark for India. Lord Chartley proposed for Miss Gardner, was accepted, and Mr. G. paid his debts, amounting to £15,000, and gave his daughter £25,000, but settled on herself. I returned to town very unexpectedly from the Isle of Wight early in May, and on the 12th of that month Lord Chartley was married to Miss Gardner. It was not right of Dr. Curling ever to have introduced Lord Chartley to Miss Gardner. His lordship's character was notorious to the whole world, with the exception of the obscure Mr. Gardner, who, I think, had he known what all the world knew, never would have given his consent. Miss Gardner was married, but his lordship never consummated that marriage. Lady Chartley confided to a female friend the disgusting particulars of what had passed, and what she had suffered for nine months at Westbourne Green,

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of Chatteris. She left him in 1808, and went through a form of marriage with John Margetts, brewer, at Gretna Green, 1809, by whom she had a large illegitimate family.

where she confessed she had bitterly repented of ever having had the misery of being united to his lordship, and *wishing that I had been the happy man* instead. So I concluded that my name had been long before mentioned to her by her friend.

Lady Chartley about nine months after her marriage, in a fit of anguish and despair, drove to her father's house, threw herself at his feet, claimed his protection, and disclosed scenes nearly equal to those for which the infamous Mervin, Lord Audley, was executed on Tower Hill in the reign of Charles I. Off went Mr. Gardner to Bow Street; a warrant was granted against Lord C., who fled the country and has never appeared since. It was something curious that a few months before he had brought an action against the proprietors of the *Herald* for libel, and had a verdict in his favour against them for £2,000 damages. Lady Chartley lived with her father about six weeks, seeing no one but a Mr. Margetts, a brewer, I believe, who had formerly been an unsuccessful suitor for her hand. One night she ran away with this gallant hero, who put her into a hackney coach and drove about with her all night, not knowing where to take her, when towards morning they found themselves at the Spaniards at Hampstead Heath. They have lived together ever since, and there are many children now grown up, who have assumed the titles of the Townshend family. Lord Chartley's father, the

Marquess of T.,[1] disinherited him, but Lord C. had an estate of £5,000 per annum in right of his mother. His next brother, Lord Charles Townshend, inherited Raynham and all the family estates. The Marquess of Townshend disposed of his property in this way: He left Lord Charles £5,000 a year out of his property in Norfolk, and he reserved the surplus of his estates to form a fund for fourteen years, and after that period the whole of the estates were to be given up to Lord Charles, which would make his income £25,000 per annum. I afterwards got acquainted with Lord Charles at Major Elrington's, the commanding officer at the Tower, a connection of Lord Charles's, who had married his cousin, Miss Loftus, whom I have met at Sir Samuel Fludyer's in Suffolk. Lord Charles, in speaking of his brother's wife, said that after the death of his brother he made no doubt he should have great trouble in getting his title as Marquess Townshend, as it was a very difficult case; but I sincerely hope, for the sake of the noble blood of the Townshends, that it will go in the legitimate line.[2]

I took, as I thought, a last farewell of London and all my friends. Among the rest I went to Sir Thomas Picton, who invariably treated me with

[1] The Marquess of Townshend was created in 1784 Earl of Leicester. He succeeded to the Marquisate of Townshend in 1807.

[2] John Margetts, son of John Margetts by Sarah Lady Townshend, *née* Dunn-Gardner, was declared illegitimate by Act of Parliament, 1843, after having claimed the title of Earl of Leicester, and sat as such for Bodmin, 1841-43.

great kindness, I suppose chiefly from my being an old officer in the 12th Regiment, which quite belonged to the family of the Pictons. He used to say to me: 'I do not know what you have done to my old uncle, but he is quite wrapped up in you. I assure you, you are a great favourite.' This I felt very flattering, and I am sure Sir Thomas liked me, as he tried to get me on his Staff, and applied to the Commander-in-Chief for that purpose; but without success, as I afterwards was put on the Recruiting Service, when old Dundas was Commander-in-Chief. Sir Thomas Picton was a brave soldier, a warm friend, but an inveterate and bitter enemy, and it did not matter however high the rank might be of the person whom he hated. He never forgave the Duke of Wellington about his brother's quarrel with Colonel Aston—not that I can bring to mind that Colonel Wellesley had anything to do with it at all. On the contrary, I know the Duke strongly advised Aston *not* to publish the order in question which led to his death. I have not a doubt that this was the ground of their differences in the Peninsula. I heard one day that in one of the Peninsular battles a division was performing prodigies of valour in the sight of the Duke. 'Well done, Fifth Division!' cried the Duke. 'Well done, Fifth Division, indeed!' said Sir Thomas; 'it is *my division*, the *Third*.' 'Oh, I thought it was the Fifth!' cried the Duke. '*You thought, indeed!*' cried Sir Thomas, and rode proudly away.

I only relate this anecdote to show the character of the man. Could there be one other man in the whole British Army that would have made such a reply to the Duke of Wellington? I do not mean to say that this was in good taste, but only to show the character of the man. After the celebrated retreat from Burgos, I called upon General Picton. He was in a great rage at what he called the treatment he had received. I did not like to presume to ask him *who* had given him offence, but I suppose it was the Duke. 'I'll tell you what, Elers,' said he: 'they may *force me out*—that I cannot help—but I will never serve again if I can avoid it.' Ministers, however, knew his value, and so did the Commander-in-Chief, for they made him a Grand Cross of the Bath; and the Duke of Wellington himself, well knowing his invaluable services, applied for him to join his army on the last great occasion, the return of Bonaparte from Elba. I met poor Picton one day in Pall Mall. 'What's the news, Sir Thomas?' 'Why, I have just now heard,' said he, 'that Bonaparte has escaped from Elba and is now in France.' I expressed my surprise and incredulity. 'Well,' said he, 'you have it as I have had it, and that is all I know about it.' These are the last words I ever heard from his lips, and the last time I ever saw him alive. The next time I saw him was in the front parlour of his lodgings in Edward Street, Portman Square, lying dead in his coffin, his sword scabbard bruised with shot, his boots uncleaned and stained

with the yellow mud of Waterloo, and his accoutrements lying about in confusion. It was doubtful whether the hero would have a public funeral, but his brother, the Rev. Edward Picton, told me that he would be buried quite privately, and that only his most intimate friends would be present. He flattered me much by requesting me to attend the funeral, which I did. There were about eight mourning coaches—the Honourable General Stewart and Sir Ewen Cameron, a general officer and most attached friend; his aide-de-camp, Major Tyler; Edward Picton; and many others, I remember. He was buried in St. George's Chapel, Uxbridge Road, in a vault under the chapel. Old Sir Ewen put his hand on the coffin in the vault, the tears rolling down his cheeks: 'God bless thee, Tom Picton! fare thee well.' It was a truly interesting and melancholy sight. Poor fellow! when I first came home he was persecuted by General F—— and brought to trial for what they called torturing Louisa Calderon at the Island of Trinidad. This girl, a slave, was tried at Trinidad for theft. The Spanish laws were in force, and the girl being found guilty, she was sentenced, *according to the Spanish laws*, to stand upon a sharp peg for a certain time. It was a very common punishment for the Dragoons when I first entered the service, and it was called picketing. Colonel F—— had had some quarrel with General Picton, and out of revenge trumped up this charge against the General. He had anticipated an

acquittal, and had asked a very large party of his friends, including myself, to dinner at the British Hotel on the day of the trial. The trial lasted until past the hour of dinner. At length he arrived with his friends from the court at Westminster, saying that the trial was postponed until some witnesses could arrive from the West Indies. This was a certain way of ruining poor Picton by the dreadful expense, which was the chief motive that prompted Colonel F—— to pursue this course, as the Crown prosecuted, with no expense to F——. We were all very sorry for poor Picton, and the Duke of Queensberry, who was not at all acquainted with him, wrote and told him he was convinced he had been hardly used, and that his law expenses must be very great, and begged his acceptance of £5,000 towards defraying the law charges. Picton wrote his thanks, but declined receiving it, saying he had an uncle, General William Picton, who would pay them for him. The Duke of Queensberry afterwards left him in his will £10,000. He often used to say to me: 'That rascal F—— is a rank deception, and so he has been all his life.'

On my going down to the depot at the Isle of Wight, General Picton gave me a letter of introduction to Colonel Barlow, the commanding officer, and I was in consequence received with great attention by that officer and all the Staff of the depot. The depot was a short mile from the town of Newport, and we only had to attend a parade that did not last

half an hour after breakfast. I got intimate with all the Staff, particularly with the present Sir William Boothby,[1] Baronet, a fine, handsome young man, just married to a daughter of Lord Liverpool's; Captain Bygrave, of the Staff, who knew my brother, having served with him in the West Indies; Mr. and Mrs. Knyvett; the Paymaster, and several others. The depot was full of officers and soldiers waiting for the opportunity of being sent out, like myself, to join their regiments in all parts of the world.

About a mile from Newport lies the pretty village of Carisbrook. When I was a youngster, on my first joining my regiment I used often of an evening to walk out to this village across the fields. I used to observe a very happy family party who came every day to attend the market. This party consisted of a young man and his pretty young wife, the young man's mother, and her husband, a Captain in the Navy, a great deal younger than herself. They lived at Carisbrook in a pretty cottage covered with a large spreading vine and roses, and with many flowers in the little garden in front of the house, which was called Clatterford Cottage. They used to come into Newport, sometimes in a handsome post-chaise, and sometimes the young gentleman came with his blood horses, attended by his groom. I thought they appeared a truly happy family party, and one day I asked the groom the name of his

[1] Sir William Boothby, Baronet, married Fanny, niece, not daughter, of Charles, first Earl of Liverpool.

master. He said it was Edgeworth. I directly went up and introduced myself to him, and he said: 'I know your name well, and my mother, Mrs. Douglas, knew your father well, and will be delighted to see you; you must come out and dine with us to-day without ceremony. We shall make no ceremony with you, as you are one of the family.' I went accordingly, and I think we dined at the early hour of four. I spent a very pleasant day, and returned home to my lodgings at Newport, having promised them often to visit them at their cottage. Douglas was a Captain on half-pay, and married Mrs. Edgeworth from pure affection, independently of her jointure, which, I suppose, was a good one, to judge by her son's fortune.

During my stay at the depot in the Isle of Wight I was ordered to sit upon a general court-martial, and about that period I met a clergyman of the name of Chudleigh, whom I recollected, when a boy, staying at my Uncle Colston's house on a visit with my cousins, who were brought up with him both at Winchester College and afterwards at Oxford. In the course of conversation he spoke very disrespectfully of my cousin, Lieutenant-Colonel Colston, and I instantly, in a letter to the Colonel, mentioned what he had said. The Colonel at once came down to Newport to demand an explanation of Mr. Chudleigh, and this man, a disgrace to the cloth he wore, utterly denied ever having made use of the language I had reported to my cousin. The

court-martial of which I was a member had closed their proceedings, but had not dissolved, and had I complied with Colonel Colston's wishes to have acted as his friend on this occasion, I should have been liable to have got into a very serious scrape, being on duty and not released from it. Independently of that, Mr. Chudleigh, who had the meanness to deny his own words, was not likely to fight, particularly as he could shelter himself behind his cloth. At this time I had gone to Portsmouth to see a 74-gun ship launched, leaving word where I was to be found. On my return to Newport, Mr. Chudleigh had left, and I never afterwards saw this calumniator and pitiful liar. However, Colonel Colston, who is not, whatever his good qualities may be, very remarkable for good sense, thought proper to feel himself ill-used by me, and we have never spoken since. Poor man! I do not blame him, but he is under the control of his wife, who insisted that he should show fight, and was very bitter against me because I did not choose to run the risk of losing my commission to gratify her revenge against the miscreant Chudleigh.

I remained at the depot about two months, expecting every day to be ordered to embark, when one day I got a letter from the Horse Guards that I was ordered to go on the Recruiting Service, and that my party was stationed at Ipswich, in Suffolk. Oh, how delighted I was! Your[1] father was now a Lieutenant

[1] These Memoirs were addressed to the nephew of the author, the son of his younger brother, Lieut. Edward Elers, R.N.—Ed.

on half-pay, and lived with your mother in a good house at Emsworth, about fourteen miles from Portsmouth, and his mother-in-law lived in the same village. It was a dull place, and the only neighbours he had were Navy people, vulgar, ill-bred, and illiterate. He used to make bitter complaints to me of his want of society. You were not above a year old at this time. I forget whether I paid him a visit before I went to town, but I know I did in August following, as I went on duty to the Isle of Wight about the latter end of September. I returned to town in excellent health and spirits, and took up my old quarters at the New Hummums.

Colonel Thornton had at this time very serious thoughts of taking unto himself a wife, and, as chance would have it, I was the indirect means of his obtaining one. At this time he had an immense old-fashioned house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, once the property of Lord Kenyon. This he had purchased and filled with valuable paintings by old and modern masters. He had his horses, carriages, and servants in town, and he had another large house called Dorset House near Manchester Square, and a small house near Astley's Theatre, which he called 'The Boudoir.' At his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields he gave bad dinners but plenty of good wine. I used generally to dine there four days out of the seven, and there I met all sorts of people, consisting of actors, authors, painters, musicians, peers, boxers, poets, etc. Of the former I have met

Kelly, Incledon,[1] Munden, etc.; Bowden, Reynolds, etc.; Ashley, Attwood,[2] etc.; Peter Pindar,[3] Lord Scarborough, Lord Coleraine (the celebrated George Hanger);[4] Major Wilson, afterwards Lord Berners; Daniel Mendoza;[5] Messrs. Wichelo, Reinagle, Barrett, and Morland, these last celebrated painters, and a variety of others. What scenes of fun, wit, and humour I have witnessed at these parties! I have not enumerated one-half of them, and there are now very few alive that used 'to set the table in a roar.' There was one fine old gentleman called Tom Adkin. He had spent his fortune chiefly with the late Mr. Whitbread, and he had been for many years a pensioner of Mr. W. Lady Elizabeth W. much respected him, and attended him on his death-bed a few years since. He had kept in his youth the highest society, and was quite delighted when I told him I knew poor Colonel Grey, of the 12th Regiment. He gave me a letter to Lord Charles Fitz-Roy, who commanded at Ipswich, a great friend of Colonel Aston's, and he was civil to me

[1] Michael Kelly and Incledon were the most celebrated English tenors of their day.

[2] Thomas Attwood, born 1767, died 1838; organist of St. Paul's Cathedral and the Chapel Royal.

[3] 'Peter Pindar,' the noted satirist.

[4] George Hanger, afterwards fourth Lord Coleraine. Well known as Colonel Hanger, a companion of the Prince Regent. Was the author of several pamphlets, and of his own 'Life, Adventures, and Opinions.' Died 1824.

[5] Daniel Mendoza, the Jewish pugilist.

by asking me to his house during the Christmas holidays ensuing.

I forgot to mention that when I left London for India I sold my thoroughbred mare at Tattersall's. Buckle, the famous jockey, came all the way from Newmarket for the purpose of buying her; but Colonel Thornton persuaded me to put off the sale, and to sell her to a friend of his, a turf man, who said afterwards that she was too slight for him. I therefore lost the opportunity of selling her to advantage, and she was knocked down for only thirty-eight guineas. Before I left London I went down to Ascot races with three ladies in a barouche—Mrs. Sherston, wife to Mr. Sherston, Madras Civil Service; Mrs. Roebuck, the mother of the present member of Parliament; and her half-sister, a most lovely young girl, a Miss Stapleton. The two last long since went to Russia. On our return we dined at a private house at Bedfont. We had a most delightful party.

CHAPTER XIV

Recruiting at Ipswich—Ordered to Maidstone—Return to Ipswich —A sporting parson—Pictures at Didlington—A large inheritance—The maid's £50 note—A swim for the rods—Hawking at Didlington — Disgust at cock-fighting — A gardener's familiarity—Orwell Park and Wherstead Lodge—A rascally butler—Admiral Vernon and grog—The Duke of Cambridge and Baron Linsengen.

AFTER passing a gay month in London, I set off for Ipswich. I shall never forget how dull I felt the first two or three days. I did not know a single soul in the whole town. I had a recruiting party consisting of one poor old-fashioned sergeant, Dalrymple, an honest creature; a corporal; a drummer, fifer, and four or five privates. They were the first people I spoke to. The town of Ipswich at this time was full of military—the 10th Light Dragoons, the 7th ditto, under Lord Paget, the West Suffolk Militia, Hertford ditto, etc. The inspecting field officer was old Colonel Sir William Aylett; he was not much liked, but I got on with him very well, and also with his Adjutant, a Lieutenant Hutchinson. These were the two first people I knew, the former being my commanding officer. Lieutenant H. was a married man, and he

assisted me to procure lodgings, which I had much difficulty in finding. At last I got very good ones, drawing-room and two bedrooms.

It happened that an old friend of mine whom I knew in the Company's service had lately got into the 10th Dragoons—Harding, a son of Newman Harding of Essex, well known as a Master of Hounds. He introduced me soon after I arrived to all the 10th, and I dined at their mess, and no longer found it dull or moped about the town by myself. I also got acquainted with a mad fellow by the name of Tom Brydges, the son and heir of old General Brydges of India. He ran away with his wife from a ball. Their united ages did not exceed thirty-two, and, as it turned out, she was a woman of good family, and had afterwards a very good fortune. He had just sold out of the 4th Dragoons, and his father allowed him £700 a year. He kept an immense high tandem, and lived in lodgings with his wife. I had just formed these pleasant acquaintances, and was beginning to find myself comfortable, when I received a *billet-doux* from the Adjutant-General ordering me to repair to Maidstone to receive the volunteers and officers from the Militia who had volunteered into the line. Off I went, and arrived with my party at Maidstone, where I found many officers of the line, like myself, ready to receive their men. I put up at the Star Inn at Maidstone, where I found a handsome gold watch and chain and seals, that, on inquiry, I learnt belonged to the

landlord, who might have lost them by his carelessness, had I not had the pleasure of restoring them to him. I received from the Suffolk Militia 100 fine fellows and two officers. The 12th Regiment is called the East Suffolk. We formed a mess at the Bell Inn, Maidstone, and I made there an acquaintance, which ripened into an uninterrupted friendship, which exists to this day, with Captain Watson, of the 69th Regiment. He is nephew to my friend Calcraft, whom I knew in India. He was long after this badly wounded in the 69th, where he held the rank of Major at the Battle of Waterloo. He was upwards of forty years in the service, never under arrest, taken prisoner at Bergen-op-Zoom, retired from the service with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the army only, without pension, orders, or any reward—universally beloved and esteemed. But such is the fortune of some men.

We were ordered to proceed with our men to Brayborne Lees, where Major Napier of the 50th commanded, and from thence to the Isle of Wight, in order to have them embarked for the East Indies. I marched all the way with my men, and delivered them over to General Taylor of my regiment, at that time commanding at the depot. This was a very troublesome service, particularly about their pay and accounts. At last I settled everything, and called on my kind friends at Clatterford Cottage, stayed a few days with them, and then paid a visit to my brother and your mother[1] at Emsworth for a

[1] Mrs. Edward Elers.—Ed.

couple of days, returned to Portsmouth, and from thence to London. I forgot to say that, during my short stay in the island, there was an annual ball held in September, called the Hunters' Ball. This I attended, and danced with Lady Torrington. She was living at a beautiful cottage in the Island. All the beauty and fashion of the Island were at this ball, and I spent a very pleasant evening.

I got to Ipswich about the middle of November, and I found on my arrival about half a dozen of the volunteers whom I had selected to strengthen my recruiting party. I selected one tall, good-looking man for a servant, and I found by the assistance of these new recruits that I enlisted every now and then some raw country fellow. In the meantime I made further progress in the society of Ipswich. There was a reading-room, a coffee-room, and a billiard-table. All these rooms were open to all officers at the moderate subscription of one guinea per annum, and they were attended constantly by all the respectable part of the town as well as of the county. At the same house were held the monthly subscription balls, which were well attended by the military and the Ipswich and country folks. By this means I much extended my acquaintance, and made my time pass very pleasantly. There was a clergyman, an old bachelor, a man of good fortune and with a snug living, who was very fond of a game at billiards. One day he came into Ipswich with his servant and saddle-horses, and after we had

done our game, he asked me to come home with him and dine; and I rode his servant's horse to his rectory, about four miles from Ipswich, to Freston, on the banks of the river Orwell, a lovely country all round, and full of game which was strictly preserved. Mr. Bond, for that was his name, I found very hospitable; he loved a glass of good port, was well read, fond of music, and strictly preserved a wood of his full of pheasants. His temper was irritable, and when excited, I have heard, very violent; but I never through a long acquaintance ever had the slightest difference with him. The first day I dined with him, I found, over our wine, that he knew most intimately one of my schoolfellows, a Mr. Revell, who was married to a very charming woman, and lived at Englefield Green. He also knew a Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, the latter a cousin of mine; and also the Rev. George Anguish of Norfolk, brother to the Duchess of Leeds, who were related to my old cousin, Mrs. Blake. All these were his intimate friends, and from that day he formed a friendship with me.

My father and mother were on terms of great friendship with Sir Thomas and Lady Cullum, of Hardwick House and Bury, Suffolk, and the Dowager Lady Cullum used generally to spend six weeks with us every spring. Sir Thomas had a sister, the widow of Mr. Vernon of Orwell Park, and she had two children, John and Arethusa Vernon, about my own age, whom I recollect perfectly when

a child. Mrs. Vernon was a schoolfellow of my mother's, and used also to visit us when she came to town. I told all this to Mr. Bond, who made Mr. Vernon acquainted with it, and Mr. V. called upon me and invited me to Orwell Park, which lay on the other side of the river, nearly opposite to Mr. Bond's; Sir Robert Harland, who married Arethusa, sister to Mr. Vernon, lived on the opposite side to Mr. Vernon, at a place called Wherstead Lodge,[1] about two miles from Ipswich.

It was in the year 1808 that I got very intimate with Mr. Vernon and renewed the long intimacy with Sir Thomas and Lady Cullum, my father's old friends. My brother was also quartered at Colchester, so everything conspired to make me happy and comfortable. And to vary the scene I used to go every now and then a trip to London. On one of these jaunts I met Major Wilson, afterwards Lord Berners. He was the greatest oddity I ever knew. He asked me to go down to his seat at Didlington, and to go to the Swaffham races near there, where he had some horses to run. We set off in his barouche. He was a most remarkably silent man, scarcely ever opening his lips, and this in a carriage, on a long journey, is not very pleasant. About sixteen miles from town we suddenly stopped at a handsome pair of gates. The bell rang, and we drove into a courtyard where there

[1] Subsequently for some years, about 1820, the residence of my grandfather, the first Earl Granville.—ED.

was a fine mansion. We alighted, and he then said: 'This is my sister, Mrs. Russell.[1] This is my friend, Captain Elers.' The Major was a man of few words. We sat down to a good dinner and good wine, and retired early to rest. Next morning after breakfast we took our departure. The name of this place is Stubbers.

As we travelled with the Major's horses and two servants our journey was slow, and we reached Chesterford in the evening, where we slept, and got to Didlington to dinner on the following day. The house was an ancient family seat of the Wilsons, about four miles from Brandon and twelve from Thetford, beautifully wooded and watered. There was a fine sheet of water in front of the house, full of fish, and a heronry at the bottom of the lake. The dining-room had some old pictures, portraits of the family; Henry VIII., by Hans Holbein, in an old black carved frame; the first Lord Berners in the reign of Henry VI.; Sir Henry Guilford about the reign of James I.; Lady Berners, who claimed the barony, and was allowed it by Parliament. She died in 1743, when the title sank into abeyance, and so remained until my friend the old Major was summoned by writ on May 7, 1832, as Baron Berners. I also noticed a small portrait, a profile of Henry V., and over the fireplace a large picture in three com-

[1] Susanna, daughter of Henry William Wilson, of Didlington, County Norfolk. Married, first, William Russell, of Stubbers, County Essex; second, Rev. Roger Keddington.

partments, very old, in antique carved frame, a Scripture piece—a knight kneeling at the feet of the Virgin, his helmet at his feet, his shield and arms emblazoned and also elevated on a tree, like a target. There were other paintings, but these were the most remarkable. Upstairs in one of the bedrooms was a fine Vandevelde, representing a ship of war, and in the long old gallery was an escutcheon of the arms of one of the old Dukes of Norfolk. The second Lord Berners in 1485 married Lady Catherine Howard. The old Major was descended in the female line from Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester. He very seldom mentioned his Royal descent, but one day after dinner he showed me his long and illustrious pedigree, and gave me an entertaining anecdote of what occurred to him one night after dinner at the Duke of Rutland's at Belvoir Castle. The Duke happened to say he was descended from the Plantagenets, and bore the Royal Arms in his shield. The old Major, who looked like a plain country gentleman, said: 'I am also descended from the Plantagenets, and can quarter the Royal Arms too.' The company all stared, incredulous. However, he removed all doubt on the subject by producing his pedigree the next time he came to Belvoir Castle. The barony of Berners is one of the oldest in the peerage, there not being above six more ancient. His manners and dress were simple and unaffected. He was always clean in his person and linen, but his clothes before dinner

were of the oldest sort, often threadbare, and a hat with part of the brim torn off. You would not pick it off a dunghill. He[1] was formerly a Captain in the 4th Heavy Dragoons, and got, I think, his rank of Major from commanding a troop of Yeomanry Cavalry; he was afterwards made a Lieutenant-Colonel.

A singular piece of good luck befell him while he was quartered at the Swan Inn, Bedford, which he related to me. One morning, sitting at breakfast, a lawyer was announced, his pockets stuffed out with parchment deeds, etc. 'Sir, is your name Wilson, of Didlington in Norfolk?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then, sir, I have come here to inform you that your namesake, Mr. Wilson of Allexton Hall, in Leicestershire, has died and left you his heir to everything he has in the world—£70,000 in the Funds and his estates in Leicestershire, which bring in above £5,000 per annum.' The Major took it very coolly. He said he had not the pleasure of knowing his namesake. In the course of the day he got post-horses and went over to Mrs. Russell's at Stubbers, in Essex. 'Ah, Robert,' she said, 'this is an unexpected pleasure.' He never opened his lips about his good fortune till he had made an impression upon *his second* bottle of port, when he said, 'Mr. Wilson of Allexton has left me all his estates,' and this was all he said on the subject. Upon this good fortune he gave each of his brothers and sisters £3,000, and I think he had

[1] Appointed Lieutenant in the 4th Dragoons 1778.

altogether six of them. He was very kind and generous to his brothers and sisters, and, when he took it into his head, to persons in distress; but I have known him to be very careful in casting up a bill at an inn, making you pay your share to the very sixpence. He once gave to a servant-girl at a country town what he thought was a one-pound note. It was *after dinner*. The next day the girl took it to a shop to buy a gown. The girl thought it was a one-pound note, and when the man began to question her where she had got the fifty-pound note, for such it was, the poor girl began to stammer and blush, and was at last obliged to confess the Major had given it to her. The Major was sent for. He confessed he had given her the note by mistake, but desired that it might be restored to her, and bade her keep it.

I used to be very fond of attending the racing stables and seeing the horses take their gallops, and I sometimes rode them; but it was very fatiguing. He had a trainer very little better than a ploughman, but his horses were so good that he very often won. When I first knew him he had a horse called Juniper, an extraordinary animal. He had been badly ridden at first, and had got a habit of swerving just at the end of the race. He bought this horse's dam for £150, and her colt was the horse called Juniper, thrown into the bargain. This was nearly his début on the turf, and being so successful induced him to breed and run horses. He refused 3,000 guineas for Juniper. I recollect one summer starting with

him for Stamford races, and we took Huntingdon and Peterborough on our way. We travelled across the country in a buggy, and he sent his running horses on before—I think there were three to run at these three races. We were very successful, and we were entertained by Sir Arthur Hazlerigg at Nosely Hall, County Leicester, where I saw two lovely Vandykes — Charles I., and Henrietta Maria. We stayed there two days, and then went to Colonel and Mrs. Crump at Allexton Hall, she being his sister at Stamford. We had race dinners at the George Inn, and Lord Exeter was the steward, and brought over a large party from Burleigh. I visited the Countess of Lindsey at Uffington, and in the evening I went to the rooms and danced with Lady Anna Maria Sherard and the two Miss Fludyers—both married after, one to the Earl of Onslow, the other to Lord Brownlow. Sir John Trollope introduced me, and said they would make capital wives. They were very amiable and very accomplished.

We afterwards went to Blatherwycke Park, Mr. O'Brien's, and visited his brother-in-law, Mr. Hodgkin, at Tixover. We returned home across the country by the Isle of Ely, Wisbech, and so to Downham in Norfolk. During our supper one night at the George at Stamford, Sir William Mansell and Sir William Twysden sent in their compliments, inviting us to supper upon stewed carp. We went in after supper. Mansell and I played backgammon, and Twysden and the Major at

the elegant game of all fours. The two baronets beat us both, but we did not suffer much.

On our arrival at Didlington, after all these gaieties, it appeared so lovely—the smooth, transparent lake, the fish sporting about, the freshness and scent of the flowers, the nightingale singing in the evening, the herons flying home from their daily fishing in Lincolnshire; and the universal stillness all around proved a delightful contrast to the busy scene we had just left. I remember one day, just before dinner, we went out on the banks of the lake just for ten minutes to try our luck with our rods and lines. We had not been at this long before the butler came to announce that dinner was on the table. We laid down our rods on the grass, leaving the lines in the water. We went to dinner, and, according to custom, we drank our usual allowance—three bottles. We then took a turn in the garden and so on to the lake; coming to the spot where we left our rods, we found that they were gone, and saw them floating upon the water in different directions. We called to the butler, and requested him to strip and fetch them out. But he had unluckily a bad cold, and begged to be excused. 'Where are the two other men-servants?' said the Major. They were out in the village, and *he* was sure they would decline. 'Where are all the stable boys?' They were all gone to bed. So at last the Major and myself were obliged to strip and swim into the middle of the lake for them, and were

rewarded by landing two noble pike. We then ran in undressed to the house, and got some brandy-and-water to prevent our catching cold.

The Major kept hawks and two falconers, who once lived with Louis, King of Holland, and before that with Colonel Thornton in Yorkshire, and I was present when they recognised their old master. We used to fly at the herons as they came home[1] in the evening singly from the fens in Lincolnshire. We used to go to a large field called Cranwick Field, a mile or more from their roost. The flight of the hawks was extremely interesting. The hawk saw the herons an immense way off. He flew off the falconer's fist and took an opposite direction, and if the wind favoured him, pursued the poor heron, who would mount high up in the air, the hawk after him, nearly out of sight. He would return rapidly to the earth, and the hawk and heron came down together to the ground, the poor heron screaming and mortally stricken. Flying at magpies produces great sport. The magpie, the most cunning of all the feathered tribe and most difficult to kill, never attempted to fly away, but would fall amidst the horsemen, and would dodge and hop about under the horses, frequently escaping that way. They would sometimes pretend to lie dead under the feet of the horses, and would thus escape. The poor partridges had a much worse chance. They would cry out when struck by the hawk and excite great pity. I am very fond of

[1] Probably from the heronry at Cressy Hall in Surfleet.

sport and of coursing a hare; but directly she is caught her cries are exactly like those of a newly-born infant, and I then wish myself a hundred miles off.

We had, when I was with my regiment, officers fond of cock-fighting, and it is much practised in parts of the East, particularly among the Malays, who will stake their wives, children, and even their own liberty upon the event of a battle. I had a man belonging to my company who perfectly understood the training and healing of cocks, and I have seen many mains fought, but always with great pain; to see brave animals destroying themselves for the amusement of man is great cruelty.

The Major was treated with great respect by his servants, but I saw one night a curious scene between him and an old—a very old—gardener, who had lived with his father and had known the Major from a boy. The Major was very fond of strawberries, and one day after dinner he fell in with the venerable old gardener toddling about. 'Why don't you let me have more strawberries?' 'You have enough.' 'But I will have more.' 'I tell you you *have enough*, and I would not let your old father have more if he was here.' The old gardener thought he was still talking to little Master Wilson fifty years back. The Major did not dispute the point further, but turned away smiling.

The old family seat of my friend John Vernon was situated in the small village of Nacton, about

four miles from Ipswich. The mansion was built of red brick, and I think by the famous Admiral Vernon,[1] his great-uncle, who 'took Porto Bello with six ships only.' Afterwards Mr. Vernon's uncle, who was Earl of Shipbrook and Baron Orwell, lived here. My friend John had a long minority, and his guardians let the mansion, gardens, and park with deer to the Earl of Beverley for the small sum of five or six hundred per annum, and his estates were let on long leases at very small rents. When I became intimate with him in 1808 the leases were nearly run out, which increased his income from three to eight thousand a year. The front of this large house lost much of its grandeur by low white palings running all round it, the domestic offices, stabling, etc., which gave it a cockneyfied appearance; at least, so it seemed to me. But the back of the house was lovely—a lawn, sloping to the river Orwell; on the right a small park, and on the left the park and house of Sir Philip Broke, the brave commander of the *Shannon*, who with that vessel took the American frigate the *Chesapeake*. The house was comfortable but old-fashioned, and I have spent some pleasant days there. But he soon after parted with this old family seat to his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Harland, and received in exchange a modern-built mansion called Wherstead Lodge, on the other side

[1] Edward, Admiral Vernon, was born in 1684, and died in 1757. He capitulated Portobello in 1739.

of the Orwell, within two miles of Ipswich. Sir Robert was, in fact, distressed for money. Mr. Vernon was very fond of game, and Wherstead comprised wood and land in a ring fence of upwards of 5,000 acres, while Orwell Park and the land round it was little more than 400 acres.

When Admiral Vernon bought estates in Suffolk, he purchased land wherever he could possibly get it, and he had small farms all over Suffolk of from 100 to 200 acres. He had also a fine estate and house on the borders of Cambridgeshire called Thurlow Hall. One day the Duke of Cambridge was at Sir Robert's shooting, and the Duke said: 'If I could afford it I would buy Wherstead Lodge.' I believe that first put it into the head of John Vernon to exchange houses. As I said before, Sir Robert was in want of ready money, and John Vernon had none, but had many small farms scattered about with which he wished to part. He accordingly got £80,000 on mortgage, for which he was to pay 5 per cent. This sum he gave Sir Robert, who was put into possession of Orwell Park, whilst Mr. Vernon got Wherstead. This was about 1812, in the height of the war, when corn sold so high and estates let so well.

In 1815 the peace came; rents and the price of land fell. Vernon was paying 5 per cent. for the money he borrowed, while his land did not fetch him above 2½ per cent. Poor fellow! he died in 1818; and, had he lived, he would doubtless have

been a very distressed man. He left his estates to Lady Harland for her life, and after her to his cousin, the present Sir Thomas Cullum, and after him, if he died without male issue, to his cousin, Mr. Jenkins. *I witnessed his will*, and old Sir Thomas said to me: 'I am sorry to hear you say that, for you have got no legacy.' Poor Vernon was a kind-hearted man, but had no strong sense. He was easily led away, and had no opinion of his own, or if he had was easily made to give it up—that is, in some instances. He was very suspicious of being cheated or imposed upon by his servants; it used to break his heart when he saw a great leathern 'Black Jack,' as they call it in the country, going to the beer cellar. 'God bless my soul!' he used to say, 'that great "Black Jack" is always on the road to the cellar and the servants' hall, Taylor.' This was the name of his valet and butler, who came to him without a second coat a few years before, and when Vernon died had bought farms to the amount of £10,000. He gave him the key of his wine cellar, which contained wine to the amount of £5,000. But I often heard Vernon was sorry he had ever done this. Vernon used to set his man to watch that he was not cheated out of a jug of ale by a poor labourer, when he was cheated of hundreds by this very fellow, or how could he have been possessed of the money wherewith to buy the estates which he purchased? Vernon always said to me: 'It is better to be cheated by *one* than

by many.' He little thought the extent to which he was plundered by that one.

The house at Wherstead was a modern one. The windows and doors were all cut down to the ground, and looked upon a lawn interspersed with flowers and shrubs, surrounded with covers full of game and overlooking the river Orwell. The pheasants and hares used to sport before the windows as we were at breakfast and dinner. The hall was light and elegant, and a flight of freestone steps on either side of it led up to the bedrooms, the double doors of which were faced with scarlet cloth, and the wainscots and wall were white picked out with a very light blue. There was a drawing-room fitted up lightly and elegantly with a beautiful Indian paper, pier-glasses to the ground. Florence vases and female figures were placed on the stands opposite the pier-glasses. They were of the purest alabaster, and were reflected back from the mirrors. A dining-room was the next room to this, of exactly the same shape and dimensions. Over the chimney-piece was a whole-length portrait of Admiral Vernon in the identical coloured coat that obtained for him the sobriquet of 'Old Grog' by his sailors. It was what in those days was called a grogram colour. He considered that the sailors' drinking raw spirits was prejudicial to their health, and insisted that their rum should be mixed two-thirds with water, which has gone by the name of grog in the Navy ever after. There was also another portrait of him in the

costume of a Turkish Admiral. These were the principal portraits in this room. There was a small room, called the Armoury, and beyond that the library, where Vernon and I used to dine when by ourselves. Opposite the library was a sort of state drawing-room fitted up with a maroon paper, very rich, with silk curtains to correspond and gold mouldings. This room was filled with fine old portraits of the reigns of William and Mary and Anne. Mr. Vernon's ancestor was Secretary of State to King William, and guided his hand in signing the Act of Settlement when he was dying. His uncle, General Vernon, left him a beautiful Venus by Titian, which was partly concealed by a green silk curtain. Vernon also had a bad copy of the Danaë in his bedroom. I heard the late Sir William Rowley offer Vernon £1,500 for the Venus. Vernon, when he made his will, left about £20,000 among his cousins; but the estate being strictly entailed, and there being no ready money to pay the legacies, the legatees have never benefited one sixpence by the bequest. Beyond this drawing-room was a commodious bath.

So fond was Vernon of the preservation of his game that it must have cost him £1,000 a year. At his grand battues I have seen a hundred brace of pheasants killed, and fifty brace of hares, besides partridges, woodcocks, rabbits, etc. The Duke of Cambridge passed two or three days at Wherstead when I was staying there. He was

delighted with the sport, and as soon as he fired both barrels his German *jäger* placed a fresh loaded gun in his hands.

The Duke had a narrow escape of being shot by an old German Baron of the name of Linsengen, a favourite of all the Royal Family. He was near eighty years of age and almost blind. He was very careless, and always walked with his gun cocked. We were all advancing in line to spring woodcocks. A woodcock got up close to the General and flew down the line. The General fired, and the bird fell dead at the feet of the Duke. 'Well done, *mon Général!*' cried H.R.H.

CHAPTER XV

Brettenham Park—A disputed succession—Lord Salisbury—Lady Mary Beauclerk's flirtation—A supposed son of the Prince of Wales—£400 lost on one card—'My lord' for one day—A marriage after six refusals—A billiard match—A Jacobean house—An accomplished woman—Kean the actor—Mrs. Keeley—Kerrison, 'the honest miller'—A martinet—A groom's tricks.

Among the most intimate friends of Vernon was George Wenyeve of Brettenham Park, about fifteen miles from Orwell Park. He was younger than Vernon, but they were both Eton boys, and George Wenyeve was fond of preserving and shooting. Wenyeve asked me to come over with Vernon and spend a few days to shoot at Brettenham. A pair of posters were put to Vernon's carriage, and I sat on the box of the carriage. Going through Ipswich the box gave way, and I was thrown under the horses and my knee under the fore-wheel of the carriage. The boy pulled up directly he heard the crack of the spring, or I should have inevitably been killed; as it was I could not get my leg from under the wheel till the boy backed the carriage.

Brettenham was an old-fashioned house, a poor

park, and in a heavy country; but it had been in the family of the Wenyeves from the time of the Saxons, and they were, without any mistake, the oldest family in the county of Suffolk. George at this time (1809) was about twenty-nine. His *own* sister, Henrietta, lived with him, and a natural sister, married to a Mr. Marrie, managed his farm for him, and they lived all together.

Mr. Marrie was a Lieutenant in the Marines, and picked up his wife at Yarmouth, and afterwards, during George's minority, managed the Brettenham property for him, which, I believe, did not exceed £2,000 a year. But he had a good cellar of wine, very fine carp and tench in the old ponds, plenty of game, and the finest peaches and nectarines I ever ate. So that a man would not be quite starved in a week here. Poor George caught his death about two years after that. We were out shooting one very hot day in September, and he threw himself under a tree very much heated, and lay there till the servants brought out luncheon from the house. He caught a violent cold and nearly lost the use of his limbs, and died about 1812. The world thought, of course, that his sister, born like himself in wedlock, would have succeeded to the estate that had been in the family for centuries; but a will was found by the Marries declaring that he left the estate to be divided between the two sisters. Soon after her brother's death Miss Wenyeve married Colonel John Carnac, of the Life Guards,

who, having a taste for law, disputed the will. I say having a taste for law, as I have heard he was originally brought up to that profession. The Colonel employed a friend of his and mine, a Mr. Lovett, a barrister, but they could make nothing of it; nothing could shake the validity of the will, though the Colonel more than insinuated that the will was forged.

Vernon one day took me down to some friends of his living at Aldborough, on the coast, a Mr. and Mrs. Prior Johnson. There we stayed some ten days. They had also a good house at a place called Bosmere, about seven miles from Ipswich, on the road to Bury. This house they rented of Sir William Middleton. They were hospitable and amiable, and Johnson did the honours of his house in the most superior way. While staying there Lord Salisbury gave a ball and supper. His lordship was very droll and entertaining, fond of telling stories and making you laugh. I also met at my friend Johnson's a Mr. Leveson Vernon, brother to the celebrated Lady Grosvenor. He was a great oddity. He lay in bed all the day, and about eleven o'clock at night would commence his *morning* calls, previous to beating up his covers and shooting at twelve o'clock at night. He had some good estates in the neighbourhood of Aldborough. There is no doubt my friend Vernon and he[1] were sprung originally

[1] Both descended from the Vernons of Haslington: John Vernon in the male line, Leveson Vernon in the female.

from the same ancestors, and as he had no heir, I have heard my friend John Vernon say he should not be surprised if one day he left him his estates. John had estates and good shooting near the town of Aldborough, called Knodgill, where we used to shoot. He had an old keeper there who had but one arm.

In this neighbourhood, at Saxmundham, lived Mr. Dudley North, Lady Hyde Parker, Lady Sarah Bailey, and also the Crespignys of Aldborough ; so there was no want of society, and we formed many pleasant parties. About this time I recollect seeing Lady Mary Beauclerk,[1] daughter of the Duke of St. Albans, at one of our balls at Ipswich. She was living at Lord Dysart's, at his seat at Helmingham, and had a fortune of £100,000. Lord Dysart had a corps of volunteers that used to be drilled in his park, and a little officer of the name of Saunders, a subaltern in the Derby Regiment of Militia, was sent over for that purpose. This little man, who looked very young, had a wife and two children. Lord Dysart asked him to dine at his table, and I am not certain but that he slept in the house. Lady Mary was quite young, not seventeen, when she used to walk with Saunders in the park and gave him every encouragement. But wishing to know as much of him as she could, she employed her maid, who got hold of a very material part of his history :

[1] She was daughter of the sixth Duke of St. Albans by his first wife, Miss Moses. He married, secondly, 1802, Louisa Grace, daughter of John Manners and Louisa, Countess of Dysart.

that he was already married and had two children. This effectually put a stop to her flirtation. She afterwards, in 1811, ran away with Lord Deerhurst. All the world knows how badly this match turned out, and Lord Deerhurst has no one to thank but himself.

When I was not with my friend Vernon I generally lived a good deal with the 10th. There was a nice handsome little man of the name of Captain Derby. He was the son of a niece of Lady Lade, and her sister was the Countess of Barrymore;[1] it was whispered that he was the son of the Prince of Wales. The Prince got him a writership in Bengal. Sir John Lade would not let him go. The writership the Prince eventually gave to Mrs. Siddons' son, whom I saw at Calcutta. It is a very remarkable trait of the Prince that whenever he was fond of a man or took an interest in him, he was sure to *get him sent abroad*, perhaps to keep him out of mischief and temptation, and he (the Prince) confessed this to a friend of mine. Lieutenant-Colonel Palmer commanded the regiment, Lord Charles and Robert Manners were the two Majors. Quintin, Lord William Somerset, Goddard and Robarts, the banker's son, had troops. The handsome Count de Grammont, Bowen, Hon. Francis Stanhope, Williams, Fitzgerald, Simeon, etc., were subalterns.

[1] Lady Lade is described as 'Mrs. Smith' before her marriage with Sir John Lade, of sporting celebrity. The Countess of Barrymore was Anne, daughter of Jeremiah Coghlan.

Of the 7th Hussars I remember Kerrison, Denshire, Lovelace, Thornhill, Lumley, Probyn,[1] Waldegrave, Goodwin, etc. Of the 14th Dragoons were Felton Hervey Major, and Colonel Talbot. Hervey lost an arm, and Talbot was killed in the Peninsula. Of the 16th Dragoons, Major Pelley, Lord Clinton and Belli Captains: Lincoln Stanhope, a Major on the Staff with General Cotton, and various others I cannot recollect. I was on terms of intimacy with all of these whom I have named. We used to play billiards in the day and cards at night. The high players were Hervey, Lord Clinton, and Belli. The game was chiefly whist.

I remember one night I was the partner of Lord Clinton, when I had only two cards remaining in my hand. The rubber depended on my playing the proper card. It was all a chance, and, unfortunately, I played the wrong one. It made a difference to Lord Clinton of £400. He never scolded, only put his hand to his head. It was no fault of mine, for the chances were equal. I beg leave to explain that I was not playing for these high stakes, not more than guinea points: quite high enough if you had a bad run. I recollect full well this night we played all night long, and until Lord Clinton's *vis-à-vis* came to the door of the White Horse Inn with four posters to take us the first stage to London. It was a dark morning in the month of November. His lordship and I mounted the box, and the snow

[1] Afterwards drove the Reading coach!—NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

was on the ground. At Stratford the boy on the leaders fell, and had a narrow escape of being killed. His lordship's own horses were put to here to be driven by him, and as he was dressed exactly like a common coachman—drab coat, red plush waistcoat, and corduroy smalls—and I like a gentleman, it was agreed between us that I should play the lord, and I got 'my lorded' all the way to Chelmsford, where the Honourable Captain Lygon, the present Earl Beauchamp, joined us at dinner. Here we slept, and got to Stephens's at four o'clock, where we all dined. There we saw Lincoln Stanhope, who gave us the news of his brother Fitz-Roy's[1] marriage with Miss Wyndham, the daughter of my dear old friend Mrs. Hodges. I only stayed two days in town.

About this time Mr. William Pole[2] was an Ensign in the Suffolk Regiment of Militia. I soon knew him, and became intimate with him from knowing his uncles. This young gentleman had just returned from Russia, and was sent as an Ensign into the Suffolks to keep him out of mischief. He was about twenty-one, very wild, but I did not think him half so clever then as he has since proved. At that time he had five hunters, some of which I used to ride. When his uncle went to Portugal he went on his staff, and was present at the Battle of Vimiera.

[1] The Hon. and Rev. Fitz-Roy Stanhope married Caroline, natural daughter of the Hon. Charles Wyndham.

[2] The well-known 'William Pole Tylney Long Wellesley,' afterwards fourth Earl of Mornington.

He came home and one day as he lay in bed he began to consider what he should do. He was in debt and difficulties. A sudden thought struck him. His mother was on terms of great intimacy with Lady Catherine Long, the mother of the rich heiress. He wrote to his mamma, and conjured her to do all in her power of putting him in Miss Long's company. He proposed six times and was refused. The Duke of Clarence at this time was besieging Miss Long, and to get rid of him she at last accepted Wellesley. He had fought a duel for her with Lord Kilworth, and that might have somewhat to do in his favour.

Among the officers of the 7th Hussars was a Baron Schemedern; he thought he could play at billiards, and gave me a challenge. We agreed to play eleven games. I was backed to win, but I lost the first five games. The officers who had backed me all left the table, thinking I must be beaten. But I won the six games running, and won my match and the ten guineas I was playing for. The Baron played another match, and lost that also.

It was at Mr. Vernon's that I first met Viscount Clermont, who came over to dine and shoot at a grand battue. I afterwards met him at a hawking-party with my old friend Major Wilson. Another very near neighbour of the Major's was John Merest, Esq., of Linford Hall, who married Vernon's cousin, Miss Jenkins. Merest had a fine estate in the Isle of Ely—good, rich land, which he

sold for £100 an acre, and he bought Linford for about £80,000, merely for the sporting. A great deal of the land was not worth half a crown an acre, being so very light. In fact, his £80,000 did not yield him more than 2 per cent., and hardly that He got into Parliament. Then he let his house to the Earl of Shannon, and, I believe, finally sold it, and has lost so much money that I understand he has become a clergyman. Fortunately he has no family. I won twenty guineas of him upon the famous battle between Crib and Molyneux.

Another neighbour of Major Wilson's was Lord Mountjoy, afterwards Earl of Blessington. He rented Oxburgh, the seat of Sir Henry Bedingfield, of that old Catholic family. It was afterwards let to the Marquess of Ormonde. We had also at Northwold, within a mile, Admiral Manby, with his pretty little wife and their two lovely daughters. The Admiral was, or rather had been, very handsome, and his name was mixed up with that of the Princess of Wales among many others. A few years since one of the Miss Manbys married a Mr. Dawes, a nephew of the celebrated Madame Feuchères, who was suspected to have shortened the life of the Duke of Bourbon.

Among the families at Ipswich from whom I received much kind attention was that of Mr. Fonnereau,[1] of Christ Church Park. The Rev. Charles

[1] Rev. Charles William Fonnereau, born 1764. Lieutenant of the *Conqueror* under Admiral Rodney, 1782. Died 1840.

Fonnereau had been a Lieutenant in the Navy, and served in that rank in Lord Rodney's victory over the French in 1782. Christ Church Park is situated in the town of Ipswich. You enter the premises by a small gate for foot passengers into a garden, the path of which leads up to a large, old-fashioned red-brick house, of the architecture of James I. It is to me quite a pleasure to view this old family antiquity. You enter the house by a small porch; on each side are worm-eaten wooden seats. There is a fine old hall, round which runs a gallery, both hall and gallery full of old portraits of the reign of Elizabeth and James. The house, like all the houses of that day, is low, and the rooms are generally small, and you have continually, in entering the rooms, to go up and down a couple of steps. I have observed this at Burleigh and also at Helmingham. At the back of the house lies the park with deer, and avenues of very fine oak and elm trees. I do not know whether it is a favour granted by the proprietor or as a matter of right, but the inhabitants enter Mr. Fonnereau's grounds at any time and at all seasons, passing close to the mansion house on their way to the park, and on a fine summer's evening, and particularly of a Sunday, it is crowded like Kensington Gardens.

From Colonel Stisted, of an old Suffolk family, I received much kind attention, as also from Admiral Page, who served in the East Indies, while I was there, in the *Caroline* frigate. There was

also a remarkably clever woman, the wife of a rich brewer of the name of Cobbold, who lived at the extremity of the town, at a place called The Cliff. She was a poetess, paintress, and a great patroness of talent and merit wherever she found it. And although she was not visited by the higher circles of the county, yet everyone knew her for her talents and respected her. She was very fond of patronizing the theatre, and all the profession that were deserving of recognition, either from their character or their talents; and here I met and dined with the celebrated tragedian Mr. Kean, who took me in his carriage to dinner with her and back to the theatre that evening, where he played Hamlet. We were both staying at the White Horse Inn. The present Mrs. Keeley, the clever actress, was brought up by Mrs. Cobbold. I recollect her as a little girl who used to come into the rooms, her arms and hands crossed over each other; she would then drop a profound curtsey to the company, sit down on the music-stool, and commence her morning's lessons on the piano. Her father was an honest whitesmith in Ipswich of the name of Goward. I little thought that this shy little girl would have turned out such a clever actress. I have heard that her husband, Keeley, made his first appearance at the Surrey Theatre, and on his début before the audience got so alarmed that he fairly ran off the stage, and did not appear any more that night. Mrs. Cobbold always gave a grand fête and supper on Valentine's

Day to all the young people of Ipswich. I remember meeting there Major Kerrison, of the 7th Hussars.

Major Kerrison was the son of an honest miller in Suffolk. He was immensely rich, but dressed quite homely, and was of simple manners; he wore blue yarn stockings, thick shoes and silver buckles, corduroy smalls, a long waistcoat with flaps, and a drab coat. He intended his son to be brought up to his own trade, but young Kerrison would be a Dragoon. His father would not hear of it. At last young K. threatened to enlist, when some friends of his who took an interest in his welfare spoke very seriously to his father, and advised him to purchase a cornetcy for his son. The old man was at last prevailed upon, and a cornetcy was purchased in the 7th Hussars, under Lord Paget. Kerrison was universally beloved and respected by everybody. He has proved himself to be one of the best cavalry officers in the Service, has got a regiment, a baronetcy, an estate in Norfolk of no less than £40,000 per annum—all acquired by his father, the honest miller—is the father-in-law of two peers of the realm,[1] and is a member of Parliament.

A friend of mine told me a very laughable story. One day K.'s father wrote to him to say he would pay him a visit at Ipswich, where his regiment was

[1] The writer might have said *three* 'peers of the realm.' Sir Edward Kerrison's daughters married respectively Lord Henniker, Lord Stanhope, and Lord Bateman.

quartered. Poor Kerrison was ready to expire, for fear of being quizzed by the dashing young officers of the 7th at his rich father's homely appearance. He took flight and sought refuge at the house of my friend forty miles off, and wrote to his father that he had gone away on duty.

I remember we had a very pleasant party staying with us at my friend Mr. Vernon's. Among the company was Sir Samuel Fludyer, whom I informed that I knew him when I was a very little boy at Colonel Monckton's, at Fineshade Abbey, Northamptonshire. Sir Samuel said he lived on the borders of that county still, and in the same house ever since, and made me promise I would come down to Uffington House, which he rented for many years of the Duke of Ancaster, and afterwards of the Earl of Lindsey. It is within a short distance of Stamford, whither Sir Samuel sent his carriage to meet me. He was a staunch fox-hunter, and I used to go out with him with Lord Lonsdale's hounds. Lady F. was fond of playing battledore and shuttlecock, and we one day kept up the game upwards of one thousand without the shuttlecock falling to the ground, a feat I never before witnessed. Sir Samuel lived in very good style, and we went over to Mr. Tryon's at Bulwick Hall, where I thought of the days long since gone. I stayed three weeks with Sir Samuel, and then returned to my old quarters. The annual races in July never arrived, but I regretted the loss of my beautiful

Eclipse racing mare. I make not the smallest doubt I should have won the King's Plate, for the horses in general were not very good, and when a good one did come he was sure to win. Juniper, I remember, won the King's Plate here, but he was a first-rate horse. I had a very fine and fast-trotting pony, what they call a true Suffolk cob. When Wedderburne Webster won his celebrated match of riding on one horse from Ipswich to Whitechapel Church, which is sixty-nine miles, this little pony accompanied him for twenty miles, ridden by Captain Derby, of the 10th, whose property he then was. Webster performed the distance within five hours, and won a very large sum—near £2,000. I had at this time a beautiful gray mare that I drove in a buggy—a very light one; she was also a most delightful saddle-horse, so extremely easy. She was all but thoroughbred, and would have made a complete lady's horse. I lost this delightful animal by an accident soon after. I bought her of a Mr. Morant, of the Somersetshire Militia, for the small sum of forty guineas. He had volunteered for the 29th Regiment, and was soon after killed storming St. Sebastian.

About this time it was our ill-luck to have a general officer sent down to Ipswich by the name of Acland. He pretended to be a great martinet, and his great delight was to make everybody uncomfortable and miserable, under the pretence of zeal for His Majesty's Service. The poor unfortunate officers in command of regiments were harassed to death by this tyrant

inspecting their accounts and looking into the men's knapsacks, and going round the men's barracks, and poking his nose into every hole and corner, endeavouring to discover something to find fault with. He was universally detested. At *this time* he had nothing to do with me, as I was under the command of the inspecting field officer, Sir William Aylett, early in 1810, which was about the time we were cursed with his hated presence.

Soon after this period I was ordered with my recruiting party to Stowmarket, distant from Ipswich twelve miles. Great indeed was my regret at being banished from all my gay friends at Ipswich. I had spent four years of uninterrupted pleasure and happiness. These four years were certainly the happiest years of my life, taken altogether. The only person I knew near Stowmarket was Roger Pettiward, Esq.,[1] of Finborough Park, a friend of Mr. Vernon's. I took up my quarters at the King's Head, and all the amusement I now had was my two horses, a brace of pointers, fishing in a stream of water, and amusing myself sometimes seeing the post-horses changing on the road to and from Bury. My friend Johnson lived about four miles off, at Bosmere, and Sir William Middleton at Shrubland Hall, who gave me a day's shooting, a good dinner, and a bed occasionally; a Mr. Rust, the squire of the town, was also very civil to me, and was very intimate with

[1] Roger Pettiward left his property in 1856 to a Mr. John Bussell, who assumed the name and arms of Pettiward.

Sir John Shelley, who lived at Gipping, at a short distance. There was also an old lawyer, of the name of Marryot, who lived in a snug house in the town. He also invited me to his house, and gave me leave to shoot all over his grounds. It is true they were not very extensive, but I contrived to pick up a brace of birds whenever I went out; and the farmers all around gave me leave to sport. There used to be a market dinner every Thursday for all the respectable and substantial farmers in the neighbourhood, and I used sometimes to dine with them, and used to win their hearts by mixing now and then with them. I could stand everything but their smoking, and to that I had an unconquerable aversion.

I used also generally to ride into Ipswich once or twice a week, sometimes sleeping there and at other times returning on the same night. When I was engaged this way the time passed pleasantly enough, but when it happened that I passed the day, and particularly the evening, alone at the King's Head, I was quite *ennuyé*. Nothing to do, no books to read, only the daily papers in the travellers' room, redolent with smoke and the fumes of tobacco. I got quite weary of this spiritless life, and asked for a month's leave of absence. I got it, and went up to London, taking with me my favourite mare and buggy, and a very nice young man as a servant. I had turned away my former servant a short time before. He was in the habit of taking my horses

out early in the morning before I was up, and riding them six miles off to a place called Grundisburgh, returning a little before nine to bring up my boots and hot water. The way I found this out was by going into the stable one morning before breakfast and finding a large, heavy horse bathed in sweat, the saddle not taken off, all over dirt and mire, smoking away. On that morning or the day after he proved dead lame; I was obliged to turn him out to grass for six months. The horse never got sound again, and I was obliged to sell him as a post-horse for £28. This horse had cost me fifty guineas a few weeks before he was lamed.

My friend Vernon lost a little blood thoroughbred horse just about this time from the ill-usage of one of his grooms. He was found in the stable with his fetlock broken in two, and had to be destroyed. My friend Mr. Johnson was served the following trick by a groom. Bosmere, where he lived, was about sixteen or eighteen miles from Bury. He and Mrs. Johnson went over in their carriage, and their groom rode a valuable thoroughbred horse got by Sorcerer. The groom returned with them, and had got nearly home when he missed his watch, which he had left at the inn by accident; he turned back to the inn full gallop, and returned home, the horse dead lame, having gone thirty-six miles in a short time. Such were the tricks which in those days servants played their masters, and I dare say they are not, many of them, much better now.

CHAPTER XVI

Young the tragedian—Kitty Stephens—A carriage accident—Dr. Andrews' suicide—Ordered to Maldon—Major Elers' death—Ill-luck in promotion—Maria Edgeworth—Sends in his resignation—His engagement broken off—A blessing in disguise.

I ARRIVED in town on the third day of my journey, and put up at the New Hummums, Covent Garden. At this time I was rather intimate with Mr. Charles Young, the justly celebrated tragedian. I used to drive him out, and he was quite delighted with the beauty of my mare and her great spirit, combined with great gentleness. Mr. Young at this time was a perfect enthusiast in music, and used to accompany himself on the piano and to sing Moore's melodies charmingly. He had not much power in the upper part of his voice, but the lower was deep and round, and by singing with exquisite feeling he effected a great deal more than many professional singers with greater powers of voice.

I used about this time to meet Miss Stephens, who visited his mother. She had just made her great impression on the town as Polly in the 'Beggar's Opera.' I have heard Mrs. Young say :

'Who would ever have thought that Kitty Stephens, who I recollect used to carry a pint of porter and cold meat for her father's dinner through the streets, should arrive at such fame and renown as a singer?' Miss Stephens' father was at first a carpenter, and lived in some obscure place in the vicinity of Lambeth. Lanza the music-master first taught her to sing, but could make nothing of her. Mr. Thomas Welsh afterwards took her under his care, and made her the great singer she afterwards became. On her first coming out I met the master and his pupil in Long Acre, going to or returning from Covent Garden Theatre. He introduced me to her, and I thought her then a very plain young woman. I after used to meet her at Mrs. Young's, who lived with her son Charles in Duchess Street, Portland Place, just opposite her master, Mr. Welsh.

Great pains must have been taken with the education of Miss Stephens after her début at Covent Garden, for she has the most pleasing, lady-like manners, and her handwriting (a great test of the gentlewoman) is excellent. I had a relation of my own so much smitten with her charms that he made her an offer of marriage; and I have in my possession her answer refusing him, but in the kindest and most amiable terms. My cousin was always on great terms of friendship with her and her brother, and they both spent some short time with him at his house in Northamptonshire, a very short time previous to his sudden death. As my cousin's

representative, I received a very friendly answer from her to a letter of mine. I requested her to mention whether I could send her anything of his that she would like to have in remembrance of him. She only asked for any book of his of little value. I sent her a small set of plays from his library. Miss Stephens used to live with her brother and her niece, Miss Johnson, in a small house in Connaught Terrace. She has ever borne an irreproachable name, and has lately married the Earl of Essex, who has for many years been much attached to her, and who, on the death of his wife early this spring (1838), shortly afterwards made her his Countess, with a settlement equal to her rank. And long may she live to enjoy it.[1]

I had the misfortune soon after my arrival in town to meet with a very severe accident, in August, 1811. I had dined with two ladies at Barnes, the daughter and granddaughter of my dear old friend Mrs. Streatfield. The weather had been very sultry all day, and as I entered Park Lane it rained in torrents, with thunder and lightning, and dark as pitch. This irritated my mare, and made her very impatient to get home. The West Middlesex Waterworks Company had taken up the centre of Oxford Street near the Park, leaving a deep excavation and the ground thrown up on each side. There was a temporary rail thrown up, but the lanthorns were all blown out by the tempest, so that it was impossible

[1] She died February 22, 1882, aged eighty-seven.

to see your hand before you. I had proceeded about twenty yards down the street, when my off-wheel was raised upon the mound of earth. The mare suddenly dashed forward, the gig turned over, and I was pitched on to the pavement over my servant's shoulder. He was very lucky to escape with a slight hurt, but I had dislocated my right shoulder, and was cut severely about the face. The shafts having broken, the mare ran away at full speed for about 150 yards, when she was stopped by a groom, who had happened to be crossing the road, but not sufficiently arrested in her progress to prevent her, on meeting with some iron rails, attempting leaping over them. This she tried to do, and the spikes entered her chest. When, after a minute or two, I had recovered from the shock, I ran after my mare. I saw her lying motionless and bleeding, and seeing there was no hope, and to put her out of pain, I ordered her instantly to be destroyed.

On returning back to the spot where the gig lay broken to pieces, I found I could not raise my right arm, and having been taken into a surgeon's close by, they discovered on examination that my shoulder was dislocated. It was very soon put in, and the accident having taken place so recently it had not had time to swell, and the pain was not very great, but quite enough. I afterwards walked to Stratford Place, whence a gentleman's carriage took me to Covent Garden.

The next day very early in the morning I sent a message to Charles Young to tell him of my accident, as I was engaged to dine with him to meet a musical party at his house, he having invited Braham, Miss Stephens, and several others on purpose to give me a musical treat. At about nine o'clock in the morning Young came down to see me, and when he arrived I was not dressed or washed after the accident, but was covered with blood. Young did not say a word, but took off his coat and tucked up his shirt-sleeves, ordered hot water, towels, sponges, etc., and got me clean linen on, and made me as comfortable as I could well be. He then brought me a Dr. Andrews, a clever man, a friend of his, and who was the medical man attached to both the theatres, to see me. I was under his care for about three weeks, when I went to Brighton, nearly recovered from my wounds, and getting better of the effects of the dislocation. Dr. Andrews would not hear of any pecuniary recompense. This excellent, kind-hearted man afterwards gave up all his theatrical practice to live with Mr. and Mrs. Coutts as their physician, and he there lost his health by Mr. Coutts, who was so old and so chilly, having his rooms kept up to eighty degrees of heat. He got leave to go down to Brighton for *one week only*. He stayed one or two days over the time, and on knocking at Mrs. Coutts' door in Stratton Street, the servant told him Mrs. Coutts had no further occasion for his services. Poor Andrews

went home and destroyed himself. Mrs. Coutts' feelings could not have been envied!

On my return from Brighton I proceeded to Stowmarket, when I found my party were ordered to Maldon Barracks in Essex. To that place I repaired early in September, 1811. Hitherto my military life had been one unvaried scene of pleasure and comfort, and I now look back with pride and satisfaction upon the fact that I was esteemed by all the commanding officers I had ever served under, and never got the slightest censure from the Horse Guards in all my various correspondence and communications with them. From the hour I set foot in Maldon Barracks until the day I left it, some time in January or February, 1812, my life was rendered miserable. There were now stationed at the depot, besides the 12th, about one hundred men, detachments of the following corps, viz., 16th, 17th, 24th, the strength of which corps were nearly equal to mine. I was at this horrid hole (Maldon) when I received the accounts of my poor brother's death in Spain, where he died of a fever aggravated by fatigue and worn out by his arduous duty. For the last six weeks of his life he never slept under cover. His constitution gave way under the fever, which was originally caught at Walcheren. He breathed his last in a waggon with General Drummond at Celerico, and he was so much honoured and respected by the 43rd Regiment, and was considered so good an officer, that the regiment wore

mourning for three successive days; and this is a very unusual compliment to be paid to any officer, particularly when officers are dying in the regiment every month or two on actual and arduous service.

It was at this period, the autumn of 1811, that my regiment was stationed at Mauritius, and Captain Forsteen, the eldest Captain of my regiment, obtained a majority without purchase in one of the West India Regiments. This made me the senior Captain in the 12th Regiment, and very soon after this it was given out from the Horse Guards that a 2nd Battalion was immediately to be raised for the 12th Regiment. All my friends congratulated me on the certainty that I should become the oldest Major of the 2nd Battalion, having also served near ten years in the rank of Captain, when, to my great mortification, only one-half of the promotions took place that we anticipated—that is, one Major, five companies, and so in the same proportion with the subaltern ranks *until* the regiment had received from the militia or other sources 500 men, which did not take place until the September following, in 1812. There was at that time a regulation of the Duke of York's that all officers, on being promoted into other corps, should positively join their regiments wherever stationed, and Major Forsteen made a show of going to Portsmouth with the understanding that he would not embark for the West Indies. You may judge of the surprise and disappointment I felt when I saw the *Gazette* that announced him the senior

Major of the 2nd Battalion of the 12th Regiment. I could scarcely believe what I read. To add to my ill-luck, I lost my venerable old Colonel, General William Picton; and Sir Charles Hastings,[1] a natural son of the late Earl of Huntingdon, was appointed Colonel of the 12th. We also got an Irishman as a Lieutenant-Colonel, who directly joined at Maldon, and superseded me in the command, which I was not sorry for; for the returns and signatures of the commanding officers, both by the week, fortnight, and month, were so numerous, and the responsibility of their correctness so great (and we had no assistance, neither Quartermaster nor Adjutant), that I was very glad to be superseded in the command.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stirke was about fifty years of age, and by birth an Irishman. He had risen to the rank of Major in the West India Regiments, and had seen but very little active service. He was a very indifferent regimental officer with respect to drilling or manœuvring the regiment, but he was a very good pen-and-ink man with respect to all the interior details of a regiment. We soon found him a very unpleasant commanding officer, and I, who had all my life been accustomed to be commanded by *perfect gentlemen* as well as *good soldiers*, found a

[1] Sir Charles Hastings, created a baronet 1806, married Parnell, daughter and heiress of Thomas Abney, of Willesley Hall, County Derby. His son, Sir Charles Abney Hastings, left his estates to the late Countess of Loudoun.

remarkable contrast in Lieutenant-Colonel Stirke. The officers of West India Regiments were in general in those days a very *queer* set, and certainly Colonel Stirke was not an exception. But of all our misfortunes the greatest was that of having that brute Brigadier-General Acland stationed at Chelmsford, about eight miles from us. He kept an orderly Dragoon, who was continually galloping backwards and forwards with reports and returns. He very often paid us visits of inspection, and his way of conducting himself was extremely similar to that pursued some years before by *General Whitelock* at Portsmouth, who was afterwards broke for cowardice.

At this time I had formed an attachment to a very lovely and amiable young lady who was on a visit in Essex, about twenty-five miles from Maldon. I had obtained the permission of General Acland to visit this young lady and her friends for a couple of days. He knew the errand I was gone on, and as soon as he ascertained that I had left Maldon Barracks, he sent an orderly Dragoon after me with orders to return after I had been there a couple of hours and just as I was sitting down to dinner. The pretence was some trifling error in a meat return. Similar instances of tyranny were of daily occurrence. Wearied out by all this, I wrote to the Horse Guards for leave to visit London, determined *never to come back again.* That I had made up my mind to. My object was to obtain permission of Sir Charles

Hastings to join the 1st Battalion at Mauritius. He would not listen to my wishes. The Marquess of Hastings was at this time going to India as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief.

A short time previous to this my cousin, Maria Edgeworth, who was on terms of the greatest friendship with the venerable Countess of Moira, who used to call her 'cousin' from her grandmother being a Hungerford, wrote to me and enclosed one of Lady Moira's letters to her, wherein her ladyship offered to forward the interest of my poor brother the Major on account of his descent from that family, she enjoying several baronies of that family from a marriage that took place in 1482 with Lord Hastings. I wrote to my cousin telling her of my brother's death, and the great desire I had to go out to India upon the staff of the Marquess of Hastings, and that she must, of course, feel less embarrassment in making this application to Lady Moira as she had so lately inclosed me her ladyship's letter offering to forward the interest of any of her family. I felt certain of my success, when to my great mortification my uncle, Mr. Edgeworth, would not suffer the application to be made to her ladyship.

The mother of the young lady to whom I was paying my addresses had an insuperable objection to my profession, as well as to the smallness of my fortune; and as I had determined I never would join the depot at Maldon again, and not being able to obtain the Colonel of the regiment's leave to

proceed to India (much as I detested the destination, anything—death itself—being preferable to returning to Maldon), in a fit of despair I was mad enough to send in my resignation of the Service to the Horse Guards. The Duke of York expressed his surprise, and held it back for three weeks to give me the opportunity of thinking better of it. I had none of my military friends of rank to consult with or to whom I could explain my situation. General Harcourt was in the West Indies and Sir Thomas Picton was in Spain. My fate was decided, and after having served sixteen years and purchased two of my commissions out of the three, I received only £1,100 for them. Not having served twenty years, I could not sell the ensigncy, the regulation price being £400.

I have already observed that one of the great objections the young lady's mamma had to my marriage with her daughter was my profession, and my being, of course, liable to be sent abroad, thereby separating her from her daughter. To my great surprise, having quitted the Service, one great impediment being removed, she then urged the objection that I was now without any profession. In short, nothing could be more vacillating and undetermined than the old lady was in this business. I offered to settle half my little fortune upon the lady—£3,000 out of the £6,000 which was all I had, together with every shilling her daughter possessed. All would not do, and the match was declared off.

A more amiable girl could not possibly exist than the young lady the object of my affections, and she behaved throughout this unfortunate business with the most devoted attachment to me, and was ready to make the greatest sacrifices. I firmly believe, such is the goodness of Providence, that everything in the end is for the best. I found out afterwards that there was decided insanity in her family. One of her sisters destroyed herself, and two of her children are at this instant confined in a private madhouse. The young lady herself married a clergyman, and I have heard died raving mad during one of her confinements. All this misery I escaped.

CORRESPONDENCE

Col. Wellesley to Capt. Elers, 12th Regiment.

BANGALORE, *Novr.* 19*th*, 1801.

DEAR ELLERS,

I have received your letter of the 11th instant. I have as yet received no answer to my application to Mr. North in your favour, and I rather believe, from circumstances which have occurred lately, that the Commander-in-Chief in India, and not the Govr. of Ceylon, will have the Patronage of the Malay regts. You should lose no time, therefore, in endeavouring to prevail upon Col. Harcourt to apply in your favour to Genl. Lake.

I heard from Col. Harcourt lately. He was with the Governor-General and at Patna.

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

LT. ELLERS.

NEVADA, *Decr.* 2*d*, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I received by the last Post your letter of 18th October. I am concerned that I cannot apply for the Promotion of any Officer that does not belong to this Army, or who has not distinguished himself under my command in other Countries in such a manner as to give

him, in my opinion, a claim upon the Service which I can bring forward with hopes of success.

Ever, Dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

CAPTN. ELERS,
12th Foot, Middlex Barracks, Essex.

The above letter I received from the Marquess of Wellington in Spain in 1811. I did not belong to his army, and therefore could not distinguish myself. And in India, when he did command an army against Scindiah, I was with my Regt. to the Southward, many hundred miles from him.

GEO. ELERS.

Letter of His Grace the Duke of Wellington to me, G. E.

LONDON, *Sept.* 7, 1829.

The Duke of Wellington presents his Compliments to Mr. Elers and has received his Letter.

As the Commanding Officer of the 43rd Regt. was not recommended for a Medal for the Battle of Fuentes d'Honor at the Period of the Battle, the Duke cannot now recommend that one should be granted to the Executors of Major Hungerford Elers who is dead.

Can anything be more unjust than this decision? The Duke of Wellington or the Commander-in-Chief, H.R.H. the Duke of York, published a General Order to the effect that Officers commanding Regiments in a General Action should be entitled to receive Medals in honor of it. And that in case of their decease, their Heirs or Representatives were to receive them.

Major Elers commanded the 43rd Regiment at the Battle of Fuentes d'Honor, which took place in May. He died early in August following. It is very likely the Order conferring Medals was not given out at that early period of the War.

However that fact may be, my brother never received the distinction. Ten years since I met Colonel William Napier in the Park, and I asked him who commanded the 43rd Regiment at the Battle of Fuentes (Colonel N. at that time was a Captain in that Regiment). He immediately replied: 'Your brother commanded it, and very well and gallantly, *for I saw him.*' I then said: 'My brother never received the honorary Medal.' Napier said: 'But you have got it.' I said: 'No, for I was ignorant of the fact.' Napier then said: 'Write directly to Lord Fitz-Roy Somerset and mention my name. I will undertake to vouch to the fact.' I did so, and did not receive a satisfactory Answer. I wrote instantly to the Duke of Wellington. And the enclosed was the Answer I received!

In early life I received many kind attentions from the Duke of Wellington. I *loved* him then as a friend, I *honour* and *revere* him *now* as the greatest man England ever had at the head of her Army. Yet even the Duke has enemies. They would be but too happy to get hold of this anecdote. But I regard him too sincerely, and can only recollect him as the friend of my youth.

GEO. ELERS.

My letter to the Duke of Wellington, enclosing one of his addressed to me when Arthur Wellesley! Can this Man have a Heart!!

February, 1828.

Impressed with sentiments of the most profound respect, I most earnestly request your Grace's attention to the following statement:

In the year 1801 at Cannanore in the East Indies I had the distinguished honour of receiving an invitation from you to accompany you to Seringapatam, to which station my Regt. was on the point of proceeding, and for three months I had the distinguished honour of constantly

MAJOR HUNGERFORD RICHARD ELERS

45th Regt

MAJOR HUNGERFORD RICHARD ELERS

43rd Regt

sitting on your left hand at Your Grace's table. Finally, on my Regt. quitting Seringapatam for Trichinopoly, Your Grace most kindly wrote to Mr. North, the Governor of Ceylon, to procure me a Company in one of the Corps on the point of being raised on that Island. The inclosed letter, which you did me the honour of writing, will explain the reason I never benefited by your kindness.

I subsequently purchased a Company in the 12th Regt., and in the year 1812, having served sixteen years, I was obliged from the situation of my private affairs (though not in a pecuniary point of view) to relinquish the service. I received only the regulated price of those Commissions I purchased; not having served the prescribed term, I was debarred receiving the price of the Ensigncy.

In the Year 1811 I had the misfortune to lose my brother, Major Elers of the 43rd Regt. He died serving with the Army under Your Grace's Command in Spain, after a service of Twenty Years in that Regt., accompanying it in all its various services and never absent from it. From his unfortunate death the values of those Commissions are lost to me as his representative.

Under the circumstances I have already had the honour of detailing, I humbly throw myself upon Your Grace's protection. And though I am perfectly sensible of my own demerits and the superior claims of the many brave men who have had the good fortune to have served so many years under Your Grace, yet still I respectfully submit, if I was worthy of your kind patronage so many years since (and I have the satisfaction to reflect I have done nothing to forfeit it in the intermediate time), and as in those days your power was not equal to your kind intentions, may I not therefore cherish the hope to receive your patronage *now* that you are so deservedly placed, by your transcendent talents, the first Subject in the State?

All I ask is *employment*, and I would accept with

gratitude any situation Your Grace would be pleased to confer upon me.

As the enclosed letter is the only memorial I have of your past kindness, and as I have for twenty-six years constantly preserved it, I should consider myself obliged by its being returned.

I have the honour to remain, My Lord Duke, with the greatest respect,

Your Grace's most Obedient and Obliged Servt.,

GEO. ELERS,
Late Senior Capt. 12th Regt.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G., etc.

LONDON, *Feb.* 28, 1288.

The Duke of Wellington presents his Compliments to Mr. Elers, and begs leave to acknowledge the Receipt of his letter of this day.

The Duke returns the inclosure, and regrets very much that he has it not in his Power to be of any service to him.

LONDON, *June* 28, 1836.

The Duke of Wellington presents his Compliments to Mr. Elers, and is much obliged to him for his Letter of this day.

The Duke has no occasion for a Newfoundland Dog, and will not deprive Mr. Elers of him.[1]

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[1] This note is a reply to a letter addressed to the Duke by Captain Elers, who had accepted the position of residuary legatee to a relative, the Rev. Thomas Speidell, Rector of Crick, Northamptonshire. Upon the death of that gentleman in 1836 Captain Elers experienced a grave disappointment, as his prospects of succeeding to a substantial inheritance gradually faded away as the number of debts payable out of Mr. Speidell's estate accumulated. Captain Elers was at a great loss to know what to do with a large Newfoundland dog which had belonged to Mr. Speidell. He first tried to get a lady who had jilted Mr. Speidell to take it, but she refused, although with many becoming

The Writer of this killed in a Duel the best and dearest friend I ever had—Henry Hervey Aston, the bosom friend of the Duke of Wellington, whose untimely death caused the Tears to flow from the eyes of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.—Geo. Elers.

TANJORE, 12*th July* [1798].

MY DEAR SIR,

I have directed your letter as you desired, and your boy will give you the Post Office Chit.[1] I have also directed my Servant to inform your boy how to prepare the salubrious draft; if he shd. err, do not lay your being poisoned to my door.

Pray do not sell your horse; report says we shall be under canvas almost immediately—Tippoo in the field, etc. In haste, with best regards to all the boys,

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

G. ALLEN.

The only letter I have of my dear Mrs. Aston's, Widow of my ever dear Hervey Aston. She was one of the great Heiresses of Viscount Irvin and Sister of The Marchioness of Hertford, Lady Wm. Gordon, Lady Ramsden, and Mrs. Meynell.

TEMPLENEWSAM, NEAR LEEDS, YORKSHIRE,
June ye 14*th.*

Mrs. Aston returns Captain Elers many thanks for his very obliging letter, which she only received this morning.

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expressions of regret, on the ground that her premises were unsuitable and that her gardener refused to be responsible for the animal. Thereupon Captain Elers vainly endeavoured to induce the Duke to accept it. There is no trace of what became of the dog after the Duke's refusal to adopt it.—ED.

[1] Chit=letter.—ED.

Some years ago Lady Powis obtained a drawing of the Monument for Mrs. Aston, but if Captain Elers will allow her to have a copy of the drawing he has taken, Mrs. A. will feel infinitely obliged to him.

The next time Mrs. Aston goes to Town she shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing Captain Elers, and introducing the children of his lamented friend to him.

From my dear friend Genl. Harcourt. I served on his Staff. He was Secretary to the Marquess Wellesley in India and high in his Confidence.—Geo. Elers.

BENARES, *March* 14, 1802.

MY DEAR ELERS,

I have received your various favours, and was most obliged by them.

My letter to Picton informs him of an event as unexpected as it is honourable to me: I am charged with Lord Wellesley's confidential dispatches to England, and which long ere this reaches your hands I shall be bearing toward that happy land; my stay will not exceed a fortnight or three weeks in England, when I shall return hither without fail—I *must do so*—therefore do not say, '*I shall never come back.*' I will write to you from Calcutta, for which place I set out this evening by Dawke [dâk],[1] and shall reach it in five days.

I cannot on this occasion omit assuring you of the happiness I shall feel on again seeing you. I am a fellow of few words on these occasions, but I thank my God that he has given me a heart to cherish the feeling of Friendship. God bless you.

Ever yours most faithfully,

G. HARCOURT.

LT. ELERS, 12th Foot.

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[1] Dâk = post.—ED.

EDGEWORTH TOWN, *Jany.* 23*d*, 1808.

Your affectionate letter and entertaining history pleased and interested all this family very much, my dear Cousin; and I thank you for the trouble you took in writing it to me. My father desires me to tell you, that he thinks it a most favourable omen in a young man's character that he should desire to keep up relationships, and he begs that you will impress this idea of your character on his mind by your actions, as well as by your letters, by making your uncle's house your home whenever you visit Ireland. Let me add that, besides your uncle and your cousin Maria, you have an aunt here, who is very desirous to see you, and whose esteem and regard you will, I am persuaded, desire to obtain as soon as you are acquainted with her. You have a number of cousins here of all sizes, and of all ages, from my age to two year old. I will not describe them to you, because I hope you will soon come and judge of them for yourself. You will find this a very cheerful family, and a hospitable house, where I hope some of the kindness may be returned to you which so many of us have received in your house, from my uncle and aunt Elers. I am sure for my own part I have a very full and grateful recollection of their goodness to me when I was very ill, and when I must have been often a great inconvenience and trouble to them.

I am, my dear Cousin,

Your sincerely affectionate

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

CAPTN. ELERS,
12 Regt. Foot, Ipswich, Suffolk, England.

EDGEWORTH TOWN, *July* 30*th*, 1811.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I am much obliged to you for your affectionate letter, and for your full account of yourself and your brothers. I am much gratified by the kind things you

say of my books, and very glad should I be that my name could be of either pleasure or advantage to you.

You mention my cousin, *Hungerford* Elers. I am glad that the name Hungerford is preserved in the family. Do you know that by the Hungerfords we have the honour to be related to the Moira family? The late excellent, admirable Lady Moira (mother to Lord Moira) had among eight barons' titles which she held in her own right that of Hungerford, and she signed herself E. Hastings-*Hungerford*-Moira. She for many years did me the honour to call me her *friend*, and a high honour I thought it, not from her rank and titles, but from her merit. She was so good [as] to claim relationship with me. When I recd. your letter I wrote to Lady Granard (her daughter and Lord Moira's sister), and mentioned my cousin Hungerford Elers to her in hopes that at some time or other the name might be of use to him. I send you Lady Granard's answer. You must not let it out of your own hands, and return it to me by the first frank you get. All that relates to your brother is in the second page. The rest relates to a Mrs. Rawdon, who was a friend of my great-grandfather Edgeworth,[1] of whom we have MS. Memoirs.

My father wishes to know whether you have any of the old pictures that used to be at Black Borton—particularly a picture of Mrs. Hungerford and a picture of a baptism of your great-grandfather Elers with the Elector of Metz standing Godfather. And have you a bow and arrows and a pair of pointed shoes with chains for the knees which belonged to Sir Edward Hungerford? Of him also there was a picture in the hall at Black Borton and several pieces of armour. I wish I could have any one of these pictures copied. Have you any notes or Manuscripts of my grandfather Elers? My father has some

[1] Colonel Francis Edgeworth. (See 'Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth.')

which he wrote for him when at College, and which are excellent.

What are become of all the old pictures the Mrs. Blakes used to have?

As you are so good to take an interest about my works, let me beg that you will take the trouble to deny my being the author of the 'Match Girl,' or of 'Tales of Real Life,' which I hear somebody has published in the name of Mrs. or Miss Edgeworth. There is also a person who takes the name of *Theodore* Edgeworth, and published the 'Shipwreck.' We know nothing of it or *of him*. *All our works are published by Johnson.*

I send you an Epigram of my father's upon certain fashionable Scotch marriages and divorces. The lines have been attributed in England to Sheridan, and have been sent as Sheridan's by different people back from England to Ireland. My father thinks it a high honour to have anything of his writing attributed to so accomplished and witty a writer:

'To ready Scotland boys and girls are carried
Before their time, impatient to be married.
Soon wiser grown the selfsame road they run
In eager haste to get the knot undone.
The indulgent Scot, when English law too nice is,
Sanctions our *follies* first and then our *vices*.'

My father and Mrs. Edgeworth desire me to repeat their hopes that you will let us see you at Edgeworth Town whenever you come to Ireland.

Believe me, my dear Cousin,
Affecly. yours,
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

EDGEWORTH TOWN, *March 20th*, 1833.

I am much gratified, my dear Cousin, by your kind remembrance of me—so fresh from the year 1822, when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Lady Elizabeth Whit-

bread's.[1] I am much obliged for the trouble you have taken to bring up all the *family history* to the present times, and putting out of the question natural affection, which all Irish born or bred like myself (*bred* not *born*) have for *kith and kin*, and cousin's cousins to the hundredth generation. Even if I had none of that natural touch in me, who could help feeling family pride and a glorified interest for relations who bear such names, for example, as Edward Hungerford Delaval Elers Napier! I only wish that *Edgeworth* could have come into that train.

Old Lady Moira,[2] mother to the late Marquis of Hastings, who showed me a pedigree she had made out for herself from Æneas (one link only wanting), was full as proud of signing *Hungerford* Hastings as of her great *Æneas connection*. I have letters from her (very entertaining, moreover) signed by the titles of all the eight baronies that centred in her body; and *Hungerford* was always written by her hand in large characters, conspicuous; and when writing to me she drew an emphatic line beneath *Hungerford*, indicating, with her Ladyship's characteristic courtesy, her acknowledgment of the relationship—I mean connexionship, subsisting through the Hungerfords with your unworthy humble servant.

Seriously, my dear cousin, I am truly glad to find that I am by the Elers side connected somehow with the Napiers. I am much attached to both Mr. and Mrs. Richard Napier, and delighted to feel that I am drawn closer to them by their brother's kindness, and generous adoption of my cousins.

I suppose you know all that I could tell you and more

[1] Daughter of Charles, first Earl Grey. Married Samuel Whitbread, the eminent brewer. Died November, 1846.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Theophilus, ninth Earl of Huntingdon, by the celebrated Selina, foundress of the 'Countess of Huntingdon's connection.' Her ancestor, Edward, second Lord Hastings, married Mary, daughter and heiress of Thomas, Lord Hungerford, Botreaux, Molines, and Moels.

of our *Beddoes* relations and *Kings*. The Monarch is going on prosperously I believe and hope, which is more than ever we believed or hoped of most Kings in our times —when they seem to be all up-side-down, and more than '*fear* of change perplexes monarchs.'

Tom Beddoes, my nephew, eldest son of the celebrated Doctor, is somewhere wandering about Germany, but where exactly I cannot say. Wherever he is he is a man of genius—and that is enough for him. I have known nothing of him for some years, nor have any of his nearer relations as far as I can learn, except what the newspapers told us, that he was banished from some place in Germany for too much democratic eloquence as far as I could understand. Some address or letter of his appeared in the papers about the Emperor of Russia's resemblance to the Upas tree and a Colossus of snow. The *Upas tree* simile I presume the Emperor might not relish if he knew what it meant.

My nephew, Harry Beddoes, is a most amiable young Lieutenant in the Navy, and I love him and his profession and everything about them. He is like his dear mother, who had her grandfather Edgeworth's genius, and the Elers' *black-blue* beautiful eyes and eyelashes, and original humour of her own, and a heart open as day to melting charity—all which her son, my dear Harry Beddoes, inherits from her. He is going to be married as soon as the necessary hundreds can be made out to a young lady whom he described to me (last post) as an angel, and who is an *Eagle*—at present, and will soon cease to be an Eagle, as soon as her mate intended can feather a nest for her. I am quite prepared to love her.

Of our Coulson relations at Bristol I have heard much often, and always *well* from my sister King, whom I suppose you are acquainted with. One of her most intimate friends of the family of Eryce has married a Coulson, much to her own and my sister Emmeline's

satisfaction. I presume you know Zoë King and Emmeline, your young cousins of the Royal stock.

I do not know whether you are interested for any of the brothers and sisters of Fanny—my dear Fanny, alias Mrs. Lestock Wilson. But I am sure you cannot help being interested for her, since you have lately sat an hour with her, as she informed me; and no one that had any taste or judgment (as far as I am informed, at least), ever knew her so long without feeling some interest sprouting within them towards her—upon the strength of which I may mention that you have six half-blood relatives of her mother's children, four females (herself included), viz., Fanny, Harriet, Sophy, Lucy; two males, Francis Beaufort E., and Richard Pakenham E.

Fanny married to Lestock Wilson, as you know.

Harriet to the Revd. Richd. Butler, *Vicarage Farm, Ireland*, and his parishioners, even Catholics, love him so much that they have printed their resolution to pay him his tithes. No children.

Sophy—married to Barry Fox, Esq., Cloona, King's County; children in plenty, but not one too many, for they are all agreeable not only to their parents but to those who are not bound to find them so. Their names be *Maxwell*, eldest son, from Ld. Farnham (Maxwell) an uncle. (I am not good at explaining these things. Excuse me.)

Marianne—Charlotte and Willy.

The two brothers of Fanny I have yet to account for.

Francis Beaufort E.[1] is married to a Spanish lady with beautiful eyes and a beautiful name, Rosa Florentina. *Erolles* was her father's name. If you want to know further, inquire of Mrs. Lestock Wilson.

They have one son lately born, *William*, and are living very happily at Florence upon very little. But they have

[1] His son, Antonio Eroles Edgeworth, is now owner of Edgeworths Town.

all they want. He is one of the cleverest and most amiable men, doing nothing and capable of doing anything, that I ever knew—and all who know him I believe love him, at least I can answer for myself.

Michael Pakenham E.[1] is on the high road to riches and fame in India at Ferrickabad, *the fort of joy*—or words to that effect. He is a most persevering son, and if he escape the fever of the country will certainly be rich and happy. But I fear I shall never live to see him again.

And now, my dear cousin, I am sure you are or may be tired of me, and I will only add by best wishes for yourself. I condole with you on the loss of the chance of that £4,000 per Annm. which might have been yours if the lucky lady who lost her lover and gained £10,000 by his death, also who had a £10,000 and £5,000 prize in the lottery, had but completed her good fortune by the timely death of her stepson. As you do not mention the amount of the legacy or the annuity she left to you after all, I still hope that you were not utterly disappointed.

You make me proud of my cousin Hungerford. Col. William Napier's[2] praise is a certain hope of honour with posterity.

If ever I am again in London, I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing my pretty cousin Georgiana.

I am, my dear Cousin,

Your affectionate Cousin,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

You will perceive by the date of this letter that I was not so dilatory in my thanks for your letter as may appear. But I cd. not sooner command a frank.

GEORGE ELERS, Esqre.,
15, Hookhams, Old Bond Street.

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[1] Michael Pakenham Edgeworth married, 1846, Christina, daughter of Dr. Hugh Macpherson, of Aberdeen, and had two daughters.

[2] Colonel William Napier, afterwards Sir William Napier, K.C.B., historian of he Peninsular War.

EDGEWORTH TOWN, *Augt. 27th*, 1833.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

You have heard I suppose of the death of your poor Cousin Mary Beddoes. She died the 30th July at Clifton. She had long been a dreadful sufferer under a spine complaint and a complication of diseases. And the result of examination after her death proved that no medical power or skill could have done more than prolong her sufferings. She was a most amiable, resigned, truly good creature. Her sister Anna, who had devoted herself to her for years, is left without an object in a most pitiable situation. I do not mean pitiable as to worldly pecuniary circumstances, for those are affluent, but to be pitied for the loss of that which money can never supply and for which it can never make amends. My niece Anna and my nephew Henry Beddoes are immediately coming over to *us* at Edgeworth Town. I hope soon to [see] my sister Harriet Butler of Trim, who is Anna's favourite friend.

Thank you for your account of the young hero Napier.

I have looked over heaps of papers to find the enclosed account of the Elers family for you. It contains all I know of the matter.

It fell into my hands in a curious manner. I went to see Jos. Wedgwood, of Etruria. The Wedgwoods are *hereditary* friends of mine. Mr. Jos. Wedgwood gave me this paper, which he said he found among his papers. I had occasion to apply to him when I was writing a book for young people which probably you never have seen, called '*Harry and Lucy concluded*,' in which there is an account of the potteries. I applied to Wedgwood for information about them and about a Mr. *Elers*, who by-the-by is by mistake call[ed] *Ellard* in one of the Cyclopedias, who was the first person who established the potteries in Staffordshire. This Mr. Elers was said to come from Germany. *So* in reply to my questions Mr. Wedgwood proved to me that this gentleman was my great-grandfather.

May be, my dear Coz, your aristocratic blood may shudder at this discovery of which I am nevertheless proud. I send you the paper which your great-great-grandfather wrote at all events, and if you like to take a copy of it you may, and you may either send me back your copy or this paper—which you please.

I shd. much prefer your copy because it would be written in such a beautiful and legible hand.

I pray you at the same time to send me for my fee for the trouble of routing out this paper for you an Emblazonment of the Hungerford arms—I see them on your seal and should like to have such a one myself, but the impression of your seal is not sufficiently distinct to work from. I wish I had a drawing complete of the tomb you described.

You may consider this wish as a very peculiar compliment from me, for it is main difficult to stir up in me any genealogical curiosity, tho' I have plenty of family pride as long as it gives me no manner of trouble.

I am, my dear Cousin, very proud and justly of my Hungerford cousinship,

Your affectionate Cousin,

[MARIA EDGEWORTH].[1]

Please if you have not a franker at your command to ask Mr. Spring Rice[2] of the Treasury to frank your packet to me. He will, for he is to me the most obliging of men and Ministers.

CAPT. ELERS,
Hookham's Library, Bond Street.

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[1] The autograph has been cut out from the original letter, but the handwriting proves its authenticity quite clearly.—ED.

[2] Mr. Spring Rice, afterwards the first Lord Monteagle. Died 1866.

EDGEWORTH TOWN, *April 27th*, 1836.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I have mended my pen before I began to write to you, but still have no hopes of writing as fair a hand to you as you write to me.

Thank you very cordially for your most entertaining and interesting history, and thank you still more for being certain that I should sympathize with you and rejoice to hear of any good fortune that befalls you. But the main point still remains to be ascertained, and I pray you not to leave me in the agonies of doubt. Let me know to what your Residuary-legateeship[1] entitles you—besides the carpet bag full of diamonds and pearls. You say you have been obliged to sell *all*. What do you mean by All—Do you mean all *assets*, all furniture and stock? or all house and land? If *all* house and land, what remains to you, Mr. Residuary? I am afraid you would be in the condition of an Irish Residuary legatee. And I don't see the great reason you would have to bless your amiable departed cousin—at least for any worldly good he has done you (saving always the carpet bag).

Pray write again and clear up this point, and tell me that I am very stupid and impertinent if you please and can, and I shall rejoice to hear it, and to have a competent idea of your good fortune realized, and a *Catalogue raisonné* pray add of the black cases and their contents issuing from the carpet bag, which is like a thing in a fairy tale and worthy of Prince Fortunatus.

A cousin of ours, Mrs. Anna Edgeworth, some years ago left me a legacy of a pair of superb diamond earrings, which as I never wished to wear I turned into a market-house, which I believe is very useful to the poor and *rich* people who frequent our village market and fairs. I will have my cousin Anna's name put upon it sometime. I wish you would come and see *it*, though it is not the least worth seeing—and US—if you don't think that you might

[1] To the Rev. Thomas Speidell. See note to p. 274.—ED.

say the same of us at the end of your journey. Notwithstanding all you may see in the newspaper, '*there is no fear* that your Honour's throat would be cut or a bullet put through your body if you would come to Ireland, please your Honour.'

Believe me,
Your affectionate and obliged Cousin,
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Pray answer this soon.

CAPTN. G. ELERS,
20, Seymour Place, Bryanstone Square.

Decr. 18th, 1836.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

To my shame I hear that I never wrote to thank you for your most entertaining letter and narrative which you sent me long ago at my own particular request. I really felt so much obliged that I thought I had written to say so. This you will please to set down to the natural propensity to blunder in your Irish cousin and [not] to any want of grateful regard. Alas! I have nothing new or entertaining to tell you in return for your overflowing quantity.

Our greatest interest in life at present hangs upon my two sisters, Fanny Wilson and Sophy Fox, who are with their mother at Clifton under Mr. King's care, as probably you know from my sister King. And our only hope is that Mr. King may be as successful as he is kind and skilful, and may do as much for these two most patient patients as he has done for my sister Lucy, whom he has quite restored and renovated.

My dear Cousin, if you have, as I presume you must have, intercourse and influence with Sir Charles Metcalfe,[1]

[1] Son of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, Bart., by Susannah Sophia, daughter of John Debonnaire. Born January 30, 1785; Governor of Agra, Governor-General of Canada, Member of the Supreme Council of India; created Lord Metcalfe, January, 1845; died, *s.p.*, September, 1846.

I wish you would put in a word for your cousin, my brother Michael Pakenham Edgeworth, who is Assistant to Mr. Clark, the Political Agent of the E. I. Compy. at Ambulla (*near* the Hymalayah mountains).

All I want you to say is that he is your relative, and that he is (and this you may say with perfect truth) a young man of excellent character and highly esteemed. He has been five years in India.

It may chance that Sir C. Metcalfe may have it in his power to serve or give him pleasure by his notice, either personally or by letters, and this is all I look to.

We want nothing for Pakenham at present. He is as well off as can be, and situated just as he likes with Mr. Clarke [*sic*], who is a worthy man and valued friend, and in a healthy country where he has the further advantage of beautiful flowers, weeds, insects to gratify his tastes for Botany and Entomology—Tastes which keep in health and happiness—and good temper, temper lately tried by the loss of microscope, telescope, all his books of Botany and *Hortus Siccus*, and all his 4 favourite horses in a disturbance at Ballawulla.

The extent of his losses at first he told us was £400. But he has been rewarded for his good temper by recovering all his horses, though in a starved condition.

Microscope, telescope, *Hortus Siccus*, and De Candolli all gone to the dogs or the *Sieks* [Sikhs]—worse than the dogs as to any chance of recovering the property.

We are at this moment at Edgeworth Town in the heats of an election, Lord Forbes's death having left a vacancy in our County. The Conservative Candidate, who is now hard at it, is my cousin Charles Fox (brother-in-law to Sophy F., and brother of Barry Fox—nephews both of the late Earl Farnham, I may mention, as I know all the Elers like anything tending to genealogy).

How it will end I don't know, but heartily hope, of course, for our own cousin. And besides being a private

pleasure this would be a public good, as this is a great struggle between O'C. [O'Connell] and Conservatives, and the quiet of Ireland, and of all property and principle, depends on the preservation of the spirit of order, religious, moral and political, against the Lord of Misrule and the *spirit* of Catholic revolution, who in the form of priests is now awfully at work.

I am,
Yours affectionately, my dear Cousin,
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

CAPT. ELERS,
20, Seymour Place, Bryanstone Square.

This letter is sealed with my brother-in-law Butler's arms partly per pale with Edgeworth.

EDGEWORTH TOWN, *March 12th*, 1838.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I have been absent from home at Trim with your cousin Harriet Butler and her husband, wherefore you have not sooner had my acknowledgments for your very kind and gratifying letter.

The best way in which I could acknowledge this to you I thought was by obeying your suggestion and writing to thank your good cousin, Mrs. Monson.[1] I leave my note open for you to judge whether it is what you wish and think proper—and if you approve fasten down the cachet volans (*sic*) and present the note to Mrs. Monson.

I am not sure whether I have written to you since we heard from Pakenham of his having been at the splendid marriage of Runjut (*sic*) Singh's grandson, and of his receiving from him fine bracelets, etc., *and* expressions of his respect for his character, and his mode of doing justice in his station. Pakenham in one of his letters mentioned

[1] Anne, daughter of John Debonnaire, sister of Lady Metcalfe, married, January 10, 1786, Hon. William Monson, father of William John, sixth Lord Monson.

moreover (and a great deal *moreover* it seemed to him) that the Governor had been pleased to express his approbation of his conduct and character.

As Pakenham said only *the Governor* I am not clear who he meant. Very likely it was Sir Charles Metcalfe. We are [none] of us quite sure whether it was before Sir C. Metcalfe left India, and I have not my brother's letter to refer to.

Sir Charles Metcalfe's honourable mention of him, however, in his letter to Mrs. Monson which you were so good [as] to repeat to me in your last letter, is everything we could wish and justifies my thanks to her. It is most true literally that we prefer for him such approbation to any advancement in situation. He is perfectly happy where he is—in a healthful situation near the Hymalaya mountains, and with a kind friend in his superior, Mr. Clarke, and I think he would be sorry to be removed as long [as] Clarke remains there. He is in the country of flowers, and being a great botanist, this is an everyday source of pleasure to him after his six hours of duty-work at *Cucherry*.[1] He will never be rich, but he will always be contented, happy and good. And I trust, my dear cousin, that some four years hence, when he is to have leave to come home, you will see him, and that he will have the satisfaction of thanking you in person.

I am sorry you have been suffering by cold. But so has everybody, if that be any comfort. Cold comfort you'll say if you ever allow yourself so vile a thing as a pun.

Do you know of any young man whose funds can afford to pay two hundred a year for having him well prepared for the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, and lodged and boarded for the years he is so preparing, in a very agreeable family, viz., with my brother Francis E. and his Spanish wife, Rosa Florentina E., now residing at Clewer Cottage, near Windsor?

[1] Cucherry=office.—ED.

If you know of such please mention your Cousin Francis E., and you will serve your friend and your friend's friends, whoever they may be, and oblige

Your affectionate Cousin,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.[1]

CAPTN. GEORGE ELERS,
20, Seymour Place, Bryanstone Square.

EDGEWORTH TOWN, *May 7th*, 1840.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I omitted to enclose in my letter of yesterday these notes for Mr. Burke, which it was the particular object of my letter to forward.

I omitted also to say that if Mr. Burke wishes to publish the motto I sent him he is at liberty to do [so], provided he does not put my name at full length to them, which I own I should not like to see to anything so trivial. Besides, my father advised me never to publish any rhymes, to content myself with plain prose. And I have given this *true* reason to Joanna Baillie, even my dear friend Joanna, for not letting my name be put to her collection of Verses by friends for a charitable purpose.

Whether you agree with my father and me or not, I am sure, my dear Coz, you will believe me quite sincere in what I say and not fishing for Compliments, and I trust therefore you will do and make Mr. Burke do as I desire. He may put at the bottom of the motto M. E. if he pleases, because nobody knows who M. E. is and there may be 100 M. E's. But I do not desire to see sprawling under such lines the *full length*

MARIA EDGEWORTH,
Yours affectionately and sincerely.

Was Mr. Baldy[2] an officer in the Navy? R.S.V.P.

[1] The autograph and part of the address are cut out of the original letter.—ED.

[2] See p. 9.—ED.

EDGEWORTH TOWN, *May 5th*, 1841.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I have delayed two days to reply to your kind and touching letter, only to obtain the necessary corrections for the new Edition of your friend Mr. Burke's work. I enclose them and the autograph which you desired for him.

I rejoice to see by the steadiness and beauty of your handwriting that you must have completely recovered from your illness. We have been profiting in another way by the distinctness of your handwriting; your Manuscript Memoirs are really as easy to read as print, and certainly this adds much to the reader's pleasure—especially in reading aloud. Your friend and relation Lady Ashbrook[1] must be pleased, I think, to see her beautiful little volumes so filled. We much admire, by-the-by, the readiness with which the books start up ready to the reader's hand out of their elastic case. This may be a case very common in the London world, but as we had never seen one of the kind before you have for it our raw country admiration.

We have all in this family, even those who have no Elers interest in the Memoirs, been amused by your History, and you will, I am sure, be glad to hear that they have afforded means of entertaining for several evenings a loved and much respected lady, Mrs. Mary Sneyd[2] (Our Aunt *by courtesy*), who is now in her 90th year just recovered from an illness. She took, with her very kind and ready sympathy, a lively interest in your ups and downs in life—and much regretted your loss of your right time for promotion and *Majority*. And even your *losses by horses* or otherwise she failed not to deplore.

There are some curious and valuable anecdotes—especially that of Sir David Baird's generous conduct to

[1] Emily Theophila, daughter of Sir Thomas Metcalfe, Bart., by Susannah Sophia, daughter of John Debonnaire. Married, June 22, 1812, Henry Jeffrey, fourth Viscount Ashbrook.

[2] Daughter of Edward Sneyd, of Lichfield, sister of Honora and Elizabeth Sneyd, successively wives of Richard Lovèll Edgeworth.

the Duke of Wellington, which I have heard variously told and sometimes its truth disputed. I never saw it so well ascertained or so clearly told as in your MS., and as you had it from Col. Wellesley's Aide-de-Camp at the time it cannot be disputed.

The death of Col. Aston is very striking and well and touchingly told. The Cobra de Capello *very* curious! Your loss of the heiress we deplore. But you were very happily saved from the marriage with the lady of your love, and may bless her hard-hearted mother.

As to fearing my criticism, put that quite out of your head. I never read to criticise. And as you did not, you say, think of writing for anyone's eyes but your nephew's, and as you do not think of publishing, there could be no use and could be only ill-nature *going to waste* in making corrections of the press—as to little matters which a Corrector undertakes and is paid for.

My dear Cousin, as to the hint of mine which you say prevented you from writing to me, I am sorry if it gave you a moment's pain. But believe me, it was meant only as an apology for my being a bad correspondent. And I have written the very same words, I believe, very lately to friends in America whom I particularly esteem, but with whom, as I frankly told them, it was absolutely out of my power to keep up a regular correspondence—merely from my not having time.

My sister Emmeline can tell you the same thing, and she never was hurt by my telling her the plain and absolute matter of fact.

I am very glad she and Zoë had an opportunity of being kind to you in a way and at a time when you felt it so affectionately.

Mrs. Edgeworth[1] desires me to say that if you should think change of air would be beneficial to you and if you

[1] Fourth and last wife of R. L. Edgeworth, Frances Anne, daughter of the Rev. Daniel Augustus Beaufort, died February 20, 1865.

could undertake a journey to Ireland (by-the-by, with rail-road and steam vessels, no *very difficult* thing) she and all of us here and I in particular, your blood relation, would be very happy to see you and would make you as comfortable as we possibly could.

Believe me, dear Cousin,
Affectionately Yours,
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

My sister Honora (married to Captn. Beaufort, Nov. 8, 1838, as the enclosed notes to Mr. Burke observe) is now with us; but she will be in London in the course of this month, probably at No. 11, Gloucester Place, where they reside. She desires me with her cousinly Compliments to tell you that she should be happy to see you if you would be so kind [as] to call upon her whenever you pass that way. You must have the goodness to excuse Captn. Beaufort from making the first or any morning call upon you, as his duties as the Hydrographer of the Admiralty keep him at his office from ten in the morning till late dinner-time.

I forgot to mention when speaking of your Memoirs that we have all an unsatisfied curiosity upon one point, and you must satisfy us. How did you get the 20 guineas into the custom-house officer's hand? Were they in a flat purse? Were they wrapped flat in paper? or were they in a paper rouleau? or were they loose?

I thought that they must have been loose, so that the officer should by the *touch* be made aware of their number.

But then the danger of his dropping them, and their rolling tell-tales about the floor! Your cousin Lucy opines that they were in a little leather purse *flat*, such as she has seen Mr. King use.

Mrs. Edgeworth, who is always most likely to be right, thinks they were in a rouleau, and that the weight of the rouleau made the experienced practitioner aware of the number. I know that 20 guineas put close together

will *exactly* (*it is said*) fill the space between the first joint of the middle finger and the palm of the hand. But I shd. think this measure might be inaccurate, because fingers differ in length at least a guinea or so. Mine are so short that I am sure he wd. have lost 3 by my measurement. At all events be sure to settle this matter in yr. next.[1]

EDGEWORTH TOWN, *July 14th*, 1841.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

Have you any recollection of the house and place of Black Bourton? If you have, I wish you would send me such a description of it, or such a scratch with a pen, as could enable anybody to form an idea of the sort of front or *look* of house it was. I have a friend who would from any such description or *scratch* make a drawing of it for me.

I have been returned here some weeks. I left Mrs. Wilson at Brighton, where she has been ever since, and is recovering slowly. I found Mrs. Edgeworth recovering from a severe rheumatic fever. She is now able to walk, and will, I hope, by degrees become as well as ever. She is now in Dublin for change of air.

We are in the turmoil of an Election at this moment, which I heartily wish was over.

I hope you will be able to give me a good account of your own health, my Dr. Cousin, and I am,

Sincerely and affecly. Yrs.,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

I see Mr. Burke has published his peerage. I thought he would have had the grace to have sent me a copy.

[1] See p. 188.—ED.

Lines by Maria Edgeworth on Burke the Genealogist.

Lines that may be prefixed to Burke's new Edition of the Commoners of Gt. Britain.

Since Reason says that 'To be born and die'
Of *half* mankind make *all* the history—
Let Nobles, Gentles grateful praise award
To him whose faithful Registers record
Their Births, their deaths, their Marriages, their heirs
And more than half th' historic page prepares.

Burke, may thy namesake Burke's immortal fame
Attend thy labors, and embalm thy name.

M. E.

Copy of a letter I suggested to be written to the King, which was written by Mrs. Crole, March 14, 1826. *And the request granted.—Geo. Elers.*

53, SLOANE ST., *March* 14, 1826.

SIR,

A few days since I received a letter from my dear son George, dated from Calcutta in October last. I am grieved to say he has had a slight attack of that disorder that has been so fatal in the East. He expresses an anxious desire for Your Majesty's permission to return home. He has now been absent from England eight years, and should any accident happen to him, I should be for ever miserable.

By every account he is a most excellent and amiable young man, and I doubt not will prove himself worthy of the kindness and protection you have so graciously been pleased to evince towards him. He has been now two years and a half a Captain, and I am most anxious to see him a Field Officer. Is it not possible that his promotion and his leave to return home might be effected at the same time?

I have the honour to remain Your Majesty's most devoted and obliged Servt.

E. C.

SLOANE ST., 30*th May*, 1826.

SIR,

On the 14th of March last, I addressed a letter to the King under cover to you, requesting you would have the kindness to present it to His Majesty. Not having received any answer or acknowledgment of its receipt, I conclude it must have been overlooked in the hurry of public business.

In that letter I stated, that I had received a letter from my son George, dated from Calcutta in October last, that he had suffered from an attack of the Cholera Morbus, and expressed a wish to receive His Majesty's permission to return to England, having been absent from this country eight years.

I should feel myself extremely obliged if you could afford me any intelligence respecting the letter I had the honour of addressing to H. M. on the subject I have already stated. I have the honour to remain,

Sir,

Your Obedt. Humble Servt.,

E. C.

SIR WM. KNIGHTON, BT., etc., etc., etc.

Copy of a letter I suggested Mrs. Crole to write to Sir Wm. Knighton, together with an addition by The Earl of Egremont in his own Handwriting.—Geo. Elers.

May 16th, 1828.

SIR,

I beg leave to inform you my Son, Major Crole, is arrived from the East Indies. As you have been so kind as to interest yourself about him, I should be much obliged to you if you wld. favour me with your advice as to the manner in which his arrival is to be announced to His Majesty, and what is to be done with respect to his future establishment. He is a very gentlemanlike young Man, quiet and unpresuming, but having been all his life accustomed to consider himself as the natural Son of the

King, and having for these last ten years lived in the families of the Marquis of Hastings and Earl of Amherst, accustomed to every splendour, he has under all these circumstances naturally acquired without extravagance habits of luxury and expense.

Any Advice you will favour me with upon these points I have had the honour of stating would confer a great favour upon,

Sir,
Yr. faithful and Obliged Servant,
E. CROLE.

As I am afraid of being misunderstood, I must add a few words to say that it is far from my intention to ask for anything unreasonable, and that I have no doubt that my Son will conform to whatever may be thought proper for him, but you will feel that a young man sent at so early an age and without any experience to India, and residing for ten years as Aide-de-camp to the successive Governors, where the circumstances of his birth could not be kept secret, is not fit to be turned loose upon London, without employment, and without any explanation as to his future destination, and without any restraint or support but such as I can give him.

An interesting letter of my Nephew's giving the Account of Napier's Victory over the Fleet of Don Miguel.—Geo. Elers.

PURBROOK, NEAR PORTSMOUTH,
July 16th [1833].

MY DEAR UNCLE,

As you will no doubt feel interested in the proceedings of Capn. Napier[1] and my brother Charles,[2] I lose no time in acquainting you with a few of the particulars we

[1] Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., Rear-Admiral, of Merchistown Hall, Hants. Born March 6, 1786. Died November 5, 1860.

[2] George Charles Elers Napier, born 1812; entered the Navy December 7, 1825; lost in H.M. frigate *Avenger*, December 20, 1847.

have just received from them, relative to the brilliant affair which took place on the 5th Inst. off Cape St. Vincent, between the fleet of Don Pedro, under the command of Don Carlos di Ponza (my father's nom de guerre), and that of Don Miguel. We have just received letters from both, which corroborate the accounts given in the papers of the action ; owing to the great disparity of forces the loss on the part of Don Pedro has been severe, two of the Captains killed, and nearly all the other officers wounded. My father escaped with a slight wound from a crowbar ; Charley was not, however, so fortunate, as he received no less than six, inflicted by bayonets and sabres. He was handled thus roughly on boarding one of the enemy's Line of battle ships (the *Nao Rahina*), where he and two others who succeeded in scrambling up first were left for several minutes unsupported. He, however, made the most of his time, as he killed four men with his own hand, when, unfortunately, his sword getting between the ramrod and barrel of a musket, he was disarmed and left to fight it out with his fists. Even then he succeeded in knocking down one fellow, and had seized a second by the throat when he was stunned by a blow on the head from the butt end of a musket. At this moment my father came up with the remainder of the boarding party and carried the ship.

Their loss has been great, but at the time he writes it was not ascertained what was the exact amount. Their next operations will, I should imagine, be on Lisbon, which, if it declares in favour of the Queen, will, I hope, put an end to the contest, and give us a chance of shortly seeing them both again safe and sound in England. My last accounts of my Regt. were up to the beginning of Feby., when they expected daily to embark, as they had marched from Hyderabad and reached the coast. I have been daily looking out for them for the last two months, and do not know what to make of their non-arrival.

We lost a Lieut.-Col. and a Captain a short time before I heard of them. The vacancy of the former has not been filled up, which I think is decidedly a hard case, as it occurred whilst the Regt. was still on foreign service. I am now so high up amongst the Captains, that I think it would be folly to think of exchanging, and I am, therefore, determined to take my chance and stick to the 46th.

We have received a letter from Eliza, dated 15th Feby., announcing her safe arrival at Madras, where, at the time she wrote, she was already an old Indian of five days' standing. She was delighted with the place; wrote in capital spirits and health, which I hope she may long enjoy.

By the bye, in mentioning the loss of one of our Lieut.-Colonels, I forgot he was an old friend of yours; it was no less than poor Col. Ogilvie, than whom a better-hearted man did not exist. Mrs. Ogilvie I saw on her way to London a couple of months ago. I do not know whether you were acquainted with her, but, poor thing, she is so much pulled down and altered by the death of her husband, of whom she was very fond, that I scarcely knew her.

My mother and sisters are all quite well, but of course feel very anxious until they hear further accounts from Charles, who I hope and trust is doing well. He is to have the command of one of the captured vessels, and having had a noble opportunity of proving his personal courage, may now have occasions to show his talents as a naval man.

I shall now conclude this scrawl, and believe me, my dear Sir, to remain,

Ever sincerely yours,

E. E. NAPIER.[1]

[1] Edward Hungerford Delaval Elers Napier, born 1808; a Major-General.

My brother goes by the name of Captn. George Chorley, of H.M.F.M. Service.

CAPTAIN G. ELERS,
Hookham's Library, Bond Street, London.

EXTREME OUTPOSTS, S. SEBASTIAN,
May 13 [1836].

MY DEAR ELLERS,

On the night of the fourth the army sallied out of the gates of S. Sebastian at 3 o'clock. The grey of the morning saw the first lines of the enemy taken, but many of our brave comrades lay stretched on the field: the light brigade, consisting of the 3d, 6th and rifles, then attacked the centre. This was a tremendous position, of course; the enemy had no cannon, or the taking would have been impossible, but every house on each side of the road which was the object of contention was transformed into a battery, filled with Infantry, every window loopholed and bricked up. By the bye, one 18-pounder they had.

This was the dreadfully disputed point. Col. Tupper led up the 6th to the attack; they stood as long as they could, but were repulsed with great slaughter; my cousin in charge of a company behaved as gallantly as ever Soldier did, and fell wounded in front of his company after two hours' hard fighting. Between 200 and 300 men fell before this position: still it remained untaken, and the 6th, I am sorry to say, as well as the rest of the light Brigade, refused to advance any farther. The Irish Brigade, consisting of the 7th, 9th, and 10th Regts., attacked the left flank of the enemy's positions and gallantly took the first lines, though with great loss. The first Regiment, the only one of our Brigades that had landed, accompanied them; the second lines, however, firmly resisted; the 1st charged the battery 3 times and were 3 times repulsed—the 10th the same. The 9th then attempted it, were repulsed and refused to return. Every one now despaired, though the *Phœnix* Steamer had opened a breach. The

men were disheartened. At this critical moment the *Salamander* Steamer was seen to enter the Port, bearing the 4th and 8th on her decks; they disembarked, and company by company, as landed from the boats, marched along the sands, ascended the heights, joined the Army and formed. The honour ot attacking the battery was given to the Fusiliers. The Adjutant-General came up to them, and addressing them, told them that every Regiment had been repulsed and that the honour of taking the battery remained for them! We gave our loud Hurra! and disdaining to fire a shot, we rushed up the hill at the point of the bayonet, burst thro' the breach, and in a moment the battery was ours!! I had the honour, my old Friend, of leading the right wing upon this occasion, and my conduct having been approved of by the General, I was yesterday gazetted Bt. Lt.-Colonel.

Adieu.

Yrs ever,

AUGUSTUS LOSACK.

P.S. . . . I wish we were near one another, to take one another by the hand. . . .

We expect to attack Passages in a few days: Ours only lost one Captain killed, and two Officers wounded in the charge. 76 British Officers were put hors de combat—12 or 14 killed.

In great haste and much Bugle blowing.

CAPT. ELLERS,
at Mr. Hookham's, Old Bond Street,
London, England.

Miss Losack's letter to me giving the Account of the Storming the lines of St. Sebastian. 5th May.—G. E.

PUXTON HALL, ST. NEOTS, HUNTSHRE,
15 *May*, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have much pleasure in letting you know that I have received a letter from my Brother, part of which was

written after the brilliant victory gained by the British Legion near St. Sebastian on the 5th of this month. I am happy to say the Fusiliers had a splendid opportunity of distinguishing themselves, as you will see in the copy of the latter part of Augustus' letter which he desired me to forward to you, and which I have also much pleasure in doing.

Believe me to remain,
My dear Sir,
Yrs very truly,
CHRISTIANA LOSACK.

St. Sebastian! Hurra! May 5th. We landed and instantly were marched to storm a battery that had foiled the whole Legion. The Adjutant-General came up to us and told us that there were plenty of crows upon the heights, that every other regiment had failed, and that the Fusiliers had an opportunity to crown themselves with glory. We landed from the Steamer, we marched from the beach, and we took the battery without firing a shot!! My conduct has been approved of. Col. Harley behaved like a hero. I am now writing this in a café at St. Sebastian. I carried this letter in my cap through the whole of the fight. We have 600 killed and wounded and upward of 30 Officers!! We have carried every thing before us.

Poor William is wounded. I traversed a fire of 40 Carlists to go to his regiment to know how he was. His wound is slight, thank God, and he behaved nobly throughout the affair.

CAPT. ELLERS,
Hookham's Library, Old Bond Street, London.

From my clever friend Lt.-Col. Losack, K.S.F., about to be married to a lady of Fortune. 10 *Novr.*, 1839.

BREVUSCA, *Nov.* 20 [1836].

MY DEAR ELLERS,

For the future I have the pleasure to inform you that you may direct your letters to Major Losack, Q.M. General's department, British Auxiliary Force, Spain. I am attached permanently to Head Quarters, where all letters for the Legion are sent. This is the very Siberia of Spain, and as unlike the idea we in England form of the country as Scotland is to Italy. The inhabitants may possess more energy than those who live in the sunny plains of Andalusia; they may be brave, hardier—but they are a set of as ignorant brutes as ever neglected the passing ages of civilization. You may take my word for it that we are generally disliked. The greatest part of the inhabitants is composed of Carlists, and even the others, when we leave this country, will say that they could have done without us, tho' some few have acknowledged to me that the Queen's party tremble with fear directly we quit their towns, saying plainly that they have no confidence in the prowess of their own troops. Carlos has 20,000 men, and they are all troops far superior to the Queen's. The army of the Queen does not reach 30,000. Cordova, indeed, had the other day an affair in which he had the advantage, but I firmly believe that the enemy had not more than half his force. Who knows but in less than three or four months I may pick up my Lt.-Colonelcy in their ranks—I don't mean that I am going to turn Carlist! but amidst the carnage of their ranks, as a few days will see us at Vittoria, and early in the spring we shall come to blows. If you think we lead a pleasant life here you never were more mistaken in your conjectures. We suffer every species of privation, and that is a sort of thing one gets no honour for, therefore my desire is to set about the thing in earnest and finish it, then let them put

us into some good towns as garrison for the remaining part of our service. But this is not likely, and as the French proverb has it, 'As I have drawn the wine I must drink it.' I do not give you much intelligence in this letter, as I have written a detailed account of my adventures in another quarter where you will see it.

VITTORIA, *Dec. 7th.*

Three days' march brought us here. Grand preparations were made for us, complimentary Arches, carpets hung out of the windows, and other follies; we arrived, however, at six at night, and they could neither see us, nor we them. I always disliked Spaniards, and I have not changed my opinion yet.

I have not yet heard of any Spanish lady having taken an Englishman into her good graces! Vittoria has one square, built like the Palais Royal, the rest are miserable dirty streets. We are badly lodged, badly fed, and no smiles to recompense us. I wish I was safe back again with my remuneration in my pocket. However, if the first affair gives me the cross and a Lt.-Colonelcy, it certainly would smooth things a little. I don't like this drudging on as a major: I think the second row of lace round my cuff looks more gentlemanly. But the fact is, if they were to make me Jesus Christ, I should not be content until I got the other *step! !*

We are to have a ball here in a day or two—in my next you shall hear about it. I was at one at Bilbao, but that's a long while ago, when I was a poor devil of a captain in the Fusiliers. Give my best regards to Mrs. Hodges, and tell Mrs. F. that the Spanish Ladies are like her, quite insensible to all my most insinuating looks.

I remain, my dear Ellers,
Always your friend,
AUGUSTUS LOSACK.

Dec. 9th.

The ball was as brilliant as splendid uniforms and a Theatre could make it, but no supper, which in my opinion rather spoilt the general effect. The women are damned ugly and I did not dance.

Previous to the ball there was what I am sure they thought a glorious display of fireworks, a transparency bearing this inscription—VIVEN LOS INGLESES—and for the benefit of we ignorant islanders they were kind enough to translate it, which they did in the following elegant manner, 'The English, let them live.' If they call stopping two-thirds of our pay for three months letting us live—why, I've done. Well, never mind, there is some difference between drilling and drudging in a regiment, and galloping in the midst of a gorgeous Staff, with a cocked hat and tremendous plume, and having nothing to do but to look full of business and importance! ! This is a sad world, my friend, in which those who most deserve are too often the least rewarded; my sufferings, you know, have been *long* and *many*, and it is but just I should have *my turn*.

CAPTAIN ELLERS,
at Mr. Hookham's Library,
Old Bond Street, London.

CHART LODGE, 4 *July*, 1841.

MY DEAR MR. ELERS,

. . . Your gallant relative carried his election gloriously, and notwithstanding in some respects the elections have not done much for the Whigs I consider the Corn laws are done for. It does not signify much whether the Tories or the Liberals bring it about, but I can easily see before 3 sessions are over—the restrictive policy must go by the board. I only suspect that, *as usual*, the delay will render very much larger concessions necessary, than would be the case now.

Farewell, my dear Mr. Elers, with every hope for the restoration of your health and that we may still enjoy some merry days together.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

WILLM. MONSON.

JAMAICA, *20th Decr.*, 1841.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN ELERS,

I have four letters from you, three written in September and one in October. The last from Jersey and the others relating to your determination to go there. I trust that you may recover your usual health and strength and derive comfort from your residence in that beautiful Island. Your description almost tempts me to think of it as the place for my own retirement after my return to England, which I hope will take place in a few months, as I have sent in my resignation and requested to be relieved, having accomplished, according to my own notion, and I hope to the satisfaction of Her Majesty's Government, the purpose for which I accepted the Government of Jamaica.

As I only came to render this service to my Country, there no longer exists any reason for my remaining, and I therefore wish to return Home, and presume that my application for permission will be complied with. Lord Monson will I am sure do Honour to his Title, and to any wealth that may accompany it; and I cannot but rejoice at his accession to the Rank of his Forefathers.

Believe me, My dear Capt. Elers,

Yours very sincerely,

C. T. METCALFE.

CAPTAIN GEO. ELERS.

JERSEY, *Jany.* 1, 184:

MY DEAR LORD AND COUSIN,

May it please the great disposer of all things to grant yourself, Lady Monson and all your family many

happy returns of this day. I think I told you Curtis's Banking-house apprized me of your kindness to me. I hope you have reced. the expression of the sincere thanks I feel towards you for that kindness. I looked forward with delight and pleasure when I shall see you at Brighton and I hope also at Chart, when my Spirit of Prophecy will be fulfilled. When in answer to one of your hospitable invitations to that place—I said, something like this: 'Wait awhile until we shall all meet *there*, under happier 'circumstances than at present.'

From the first hour I saw you in Queen Ann St. I had a presentiment you would become what you now are. Your poor Mother used to say, 'For my part, I never built or anticipated. If it comes to pass, well and good.' You must have heard her say the same thing a hundred times.

Last night *We* gave a Grand Ball in Honour of the Birth of The P. of Wales. All the *Beauty* and *fashion* of the Island were present. We turned the Theatre into the Ball-room. We had a superb Supper. The finest French Wines. The Theatre decorated with Regal Crowns, Flags, Laurel Transparencies, etc., etc. A fine Band in the Boxes, who were concealed from view by the decorations. It was a superb affair.

I wish in the Summer you would *all come*. I would get you a good House, and shew you the Lions.

You never tell me anything of Ly. A.[1] or Mrs. S. or Sir Chas.[2] Is he coming home?

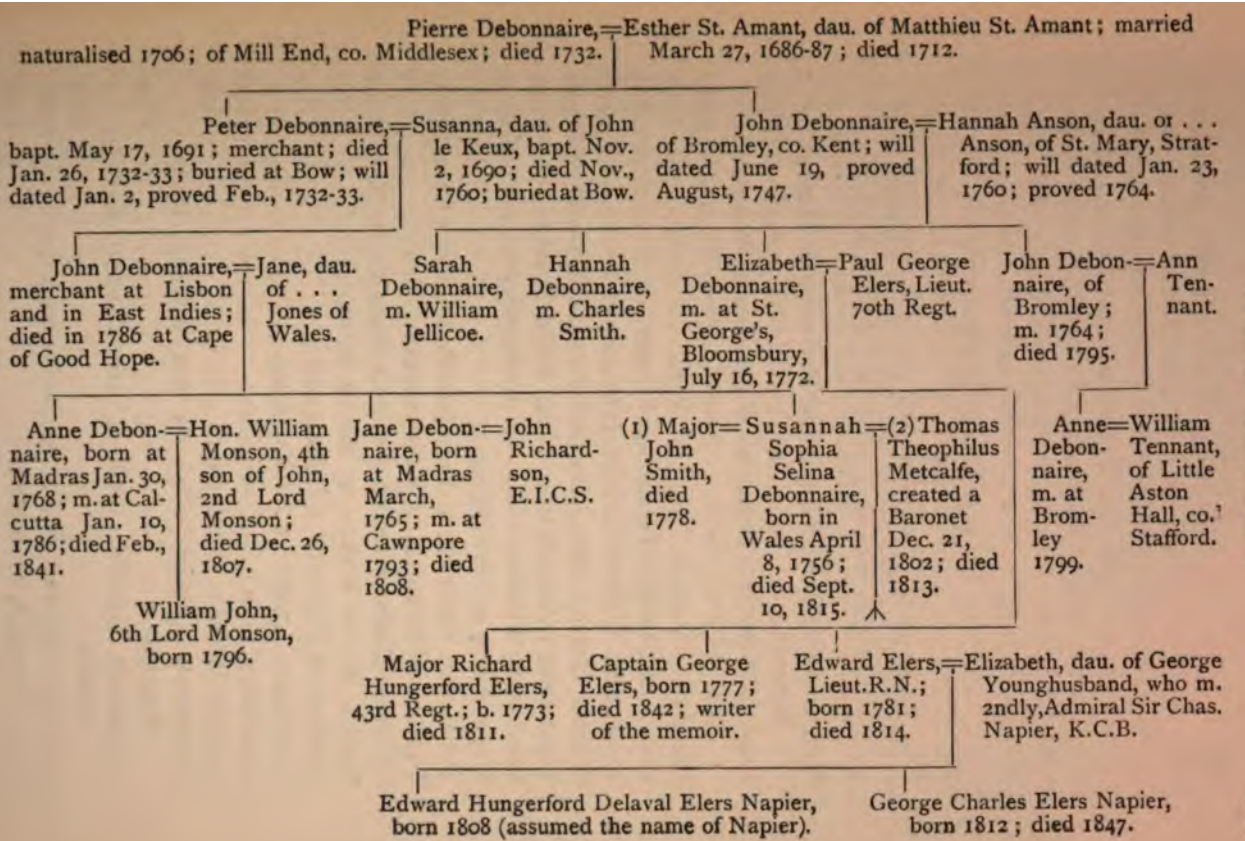
Believe me,

Your obliged Cousin,

GEO. ELERS.

[1] Viscountess Ashbrooke.

[2] Sir Charles Metcalfe.


Pierre Debonnaire, naturalised 1706; of Mill End, co. Middlesex; died 1732.
Esther St. Amant, dau. of Matthieu St. Amant; married March 27, 1686-87; died 1712.
Peter Debonnaire, bapt. May 17, 1691; merchant; died Jan. 26, 1732-33; buried at Bow; will dated Jan. 2, proved Feb., 1732-33.
Susanna, dau. of John le Keux, bapt. Nov. 2, 1690; died Nov., 1760; buried at Bow.
John Debonnaire, of Bromley, co. Kent; will dated June 19, proved August, 1747.
Hannah Anson, dau. of . . . Anson, of St. Mary, Stratford; will dated Jan. 23, 1760; proved 1764.
John Debonnaire, merchant at Lisbon and in East Indies; died in 1786 at Cape of Good Hope.
Jane, dau. of . . . Jones of Wales.
Sarah Debonnaire, m. William Jellicoe.
Hannah Debonnaire, m. Charles Smith.
Elizabeth Debonnaire, m. at St. George's, Bloomsbury, July 16, 1772.
Paul George Elers, Lieut. 70th Regt.
John Debonnaire, of Bromley; m. 1764; died 1795.
Ann Tennant.
Anne Debonnaire, born at Madras Jan. 30, 1768; m. at Calcutta Jan. 10, 1786; died Feb., 1841.
Hon. William Monson, 4th son of John, 2nd Lord Monson; died Dec. 26, 1807.
William John, 6th Lord Monson, born 1796.
Jane Debonnaire, born at Madras March, 1765; m. at Cawnpore 1793; died 1808.
John Richardson, E.I.C.S.
(1) Major John Smith, died 1778.
Susannah Sophia Selina Debonnaire, born in Wales April 8, 1756; died Sept. 10, 1815.
(2) Thomas Theophilus Metcalfe, created a Baronet Dec. 21, 1802; died 1813.
Anne Debonnaire, m. at Bromley 1799.
William Tennant, of Little Aston Hall, co. Stafford.
Major Richard Hungerford Elers, 43rd Regt.; b. 1773; died 1811.
Captain George Elers, born 1777; died 1842; writer of the memoir.
Edward Elers, Lieut. R.N.; born 1781; died 1814.
Elizabeth, dau. of George Younghusband, who m. 2ndly, Admiral Sir Chas. Napier, K.C.B.
Edward Hungerford Delaval Elers Napier, born 1808 (assumed the name of Napier).
George Charles Elers Napier, born 1812; died 1847.

APPENDIX

A List of the Officers who died during the Sixteen Years I was in the Regiment

Lieutenant-Colonel Grey, Cape of Good Hope, November - - - - - 1796
Captain Winstone, Prince of Wales' Island, November - - - - - - 1797
Lieutenant Cassidy, Tanjore, April - - 1798
Lieutenant Swyer, Pondicherri, June - - 1798
Lieutenant William Gahan, June - - - 1798
Colonel Hervey Aston, December 23, at Arnee - 1798
Lieutenant George Nixon, killed Seringapatam - 1799
Lieutenant Thomas Falla, killed Seringapatam - 1799
Major Allen, at Seringapatam - - - 1799
Lieutenant Perceval, at Seringapatam - - 1799
Captain Buckeridge, at Seringapatam - - 1799
Assistant-Surgeon Bagot, at Seringapatam - - 1799
Ensign Walter Gahan, at Seringapatam - - 1799
Lieutenant Edwards, Chitteldroog - - - 1799
Lieutenant Langford, Wallajahbad - - 1800
Lieutenant Grace, at Cuddalore - - - 1800
Captain Whitlie, Pondicherri - - - 1800
Lieutenant Gordon, died at sea coming from Batavia - - - - - - 1800
Lieutenant Neville, died at sea coming from Batavia - - - - - 1800
Lieutenant Parker, died at sea to the southward - 1801
Major Woodall, at Madras - - - - 1802

Lieutenant Shaw, at St. Helena - - - 1802
Captain Erlam, Trichinopoli - - - 1804
Dr. Campbell, fifty miles from Seringapatam - 1805
Lieutenant Charles Rist, Seringapatam - - 1805
Captain Cavendish, Seringapatam - - - 1805
Captain Moyna, Seringapatam - - - 1805
Captain Grant, Seringapatam - - - 1805
Captain Gainfort, Seringapatam - - - 1805
Lieutenant Jagger, Seringapatam - - - 1805
Quartermaster Stewart, Seringapatam - - 1805
Paymaster Jenkins, Seringapatam - - - 1805
Lieutenant Purdon, Seringapatam - - - 1805
Major O'Keef, killed by cannon, Isle of France - 1809
Major Wilson, died at Ceylon - - - 1809
Captain John Rist, shot himself, Chelmsford.
Lieutenant-Colonel Forsteen, died suddenly in Berkshire.
Captain McKedy, wrecked off coast of Portugal.
Major-General Picton, found dead in bed, Wales.
Major Frith, died in India.
Major-General Taylor, Isle of Wight.
Major-General Harcourt, St. Croix, West Indies.
Lieutenant-Colonel Hardy, West Indies.
Captain Kater, England.
Robert Erskine, Surgeon, London - - - 1828
Together with upwards of 1,500 non-commissioned officers and private soldiers.

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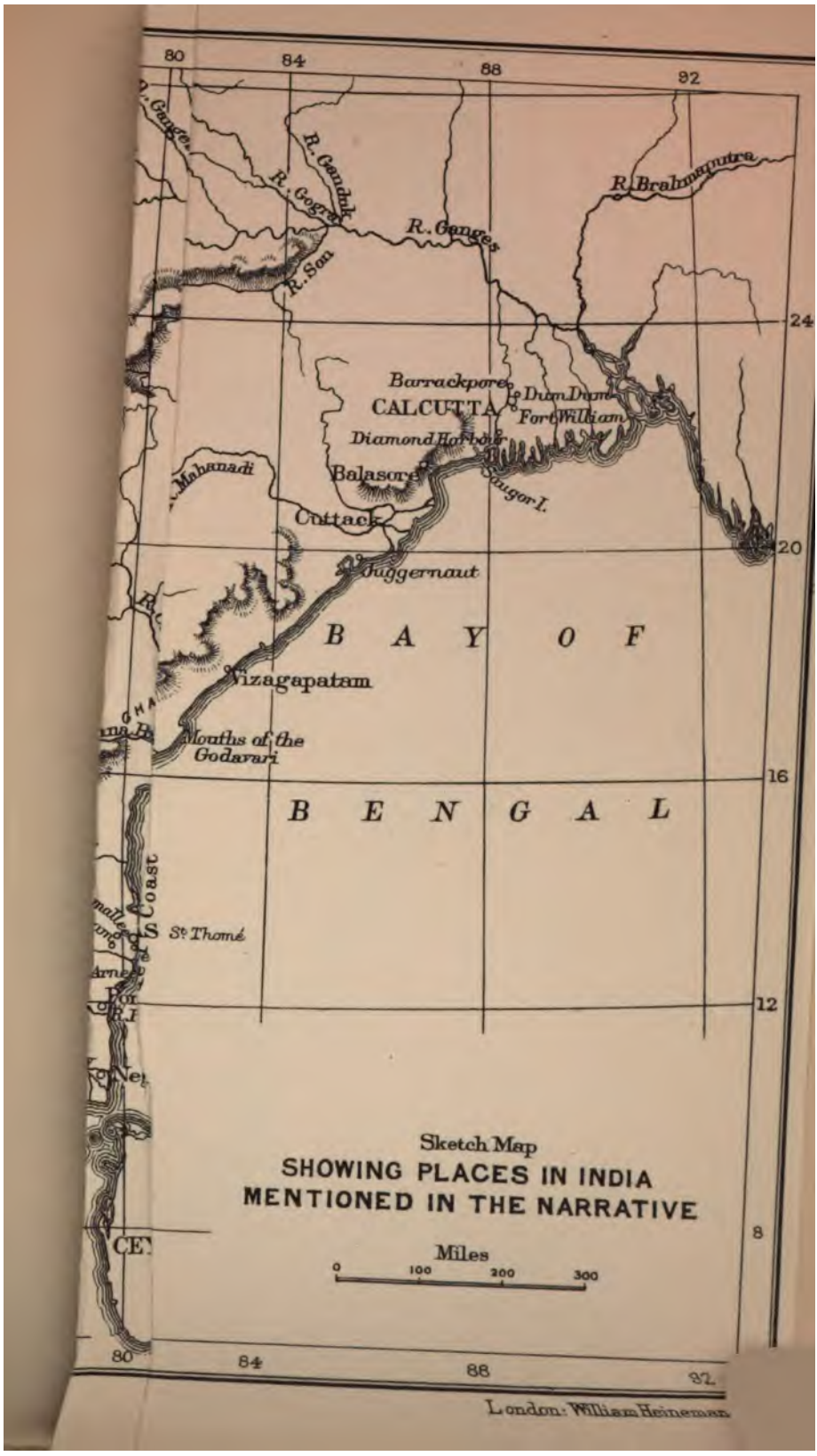

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